

Mary

Cooper

THE
DELIVERY
OF
JERUSALEM.

AN
HEROICK POEM.

By TORQUATO TASSO.

In TWENTY BOOKS. R

Translated into *Engliſh* Blank Verſe,

By PHILIP DOYNE, Eſq;

To which is Added,

The Life of TASSO, and an Eſſay on the
GERUSALEMME LIBERATA.

VOL. I.

Ne ———

*Migret in obſcuras humili ſermone Tabernas ;
Aut dum vitat humum, nubes et inania captet.*

——— *Quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit Natura.*

DUBLIN:

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MDCC LXI.



Advertilement.

THIS Poem, had the Reverend Dr. JOHN LAWSON, Senior Fellow of Trinity-College, liv'd, I had dedicated it to him : I can now, alas ! only make it sacred to his Memory ; not as a Testimony of those Virtues, which made him the Delight of all who honoured Piety and Learning, and which are too deeply regretted, by those that knew him, ever to be forgotten ; but as a Declaration of the great and numerous Obligations which I, and all his other Pupils, owed to Dr. LAWSON, while under his Care in that University, and the high Regard and Reverence I shall ever bear to his Memory : As his Modesty, when
alive,

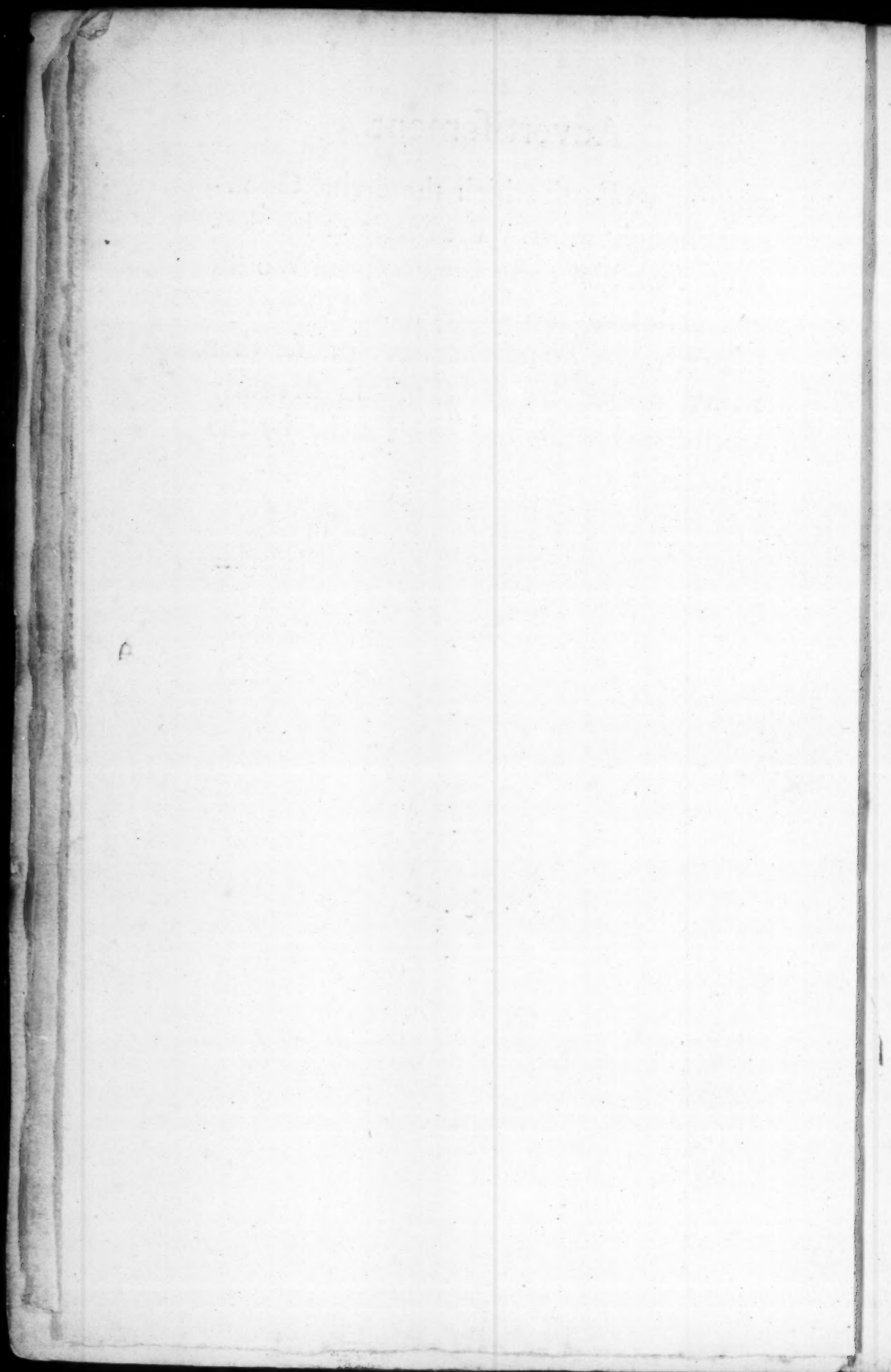
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alive, constantly shun'd those Praises, which his Learning and Goodness deserved, so neither will I flatter his Character when dead : This all who knew him will believe, when I only say, that he was pious, learned, and unaffected ; that he lived a Life of the greatest Innocency and Humility, and an Example to Mankind of every social Virtue ; a Divine, whose Life was wholly dedicated to the Service of God, and the good and Instruction of his Fellow-Creatures : In him Religion appear'd to be universal Benevolence, and Learning the happy Power of being pleasing and useful to Mankind : As a Preacher, who hath not revered him ? as a Scholar, admired him ? and as a Man, lov'd him ? He never taught a Virtue which he did not practise ; but Charity was his darling Theme, and thousands of Orphans have sent up their Prayers to the Almighty, imploring Blessings on his Head : God heard their Prayers ; he saw the Sincerity of his Heart, and having
nothing

Advertisement.

nothing on Earth which the divine Goodness thought worthy the Merit of his Servant, took him early from a sinful World, and bestowed on him an eternal Crown of Glory, where he now for ever praises that Being, which his just Soul so devoutly worshipped while here on Earth, by the practise of every Virtue.





ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of this translation, hopes the publick will pardon the great inaccuracy of this Edition, which was wholly caused by his being unacquainted with the method of correcting the Press; the first editions of books have ever been liable to literary faults and mistakes, which are hardly possible to be prevented by the most careful Corrector: There are many errors in the pointing, but as they have occasioned no material alteration or perplexity in the sense, the Translator submits their correction to the judgment and candour of the reader: There are some lines in this Poem, that may not appear to some readers as harmonious, and which the Author might easily have avoided, but it is his opinion that they are necessary on some occasions, as they create a greater variety in the periods; there are many such lines in Milton, which to a reader, who hath a true ear for that poet, will be found a great and necessary beauty in his versification.—The most material faults of the Press are here noted; they are errors which others have committed before, in works of this nature, who are much his superiors.

ERRATA.

PAGE 1, line 4, for *and* read *who*. p. 5, l. 59, for *sudden* r. *deepest*. p. 7, l. 127, for *summons* r. *summon*. p. 8, l. 150, for *rendezvous* r. *rendezvous*. p. 10, l. 214, for *prophan'd* r. *prophaned*. p. 11, l. 239, for *affecting* r. *afflicting*. p. 12, l. 268, for *empire* r. *high command*. p. 16, l. 396, for *sorrowful* r. *lost in love*. p. 17, l. 413, for *coast* r. *realms*. p. 18, l. 448, for *Otton* r. *Otton*. p. 19, l. 463, for *better* r. *bitter*, p. *idem*, l. 482, for *way* r. *ways*. p. 22, l. 561, for *your* r. *our*. p. 24, l. 625, for *amaz'd* r. *amazed*. p. 34, l. 103, for *irresolute* r. *all irresolute*. p. 37, l. 169, for *she* r. *her*. p. 38, l. 217, for *it was she* r. *'twas his love*. p. 40, l. 264, for *prepar'd* r. *prepared*. p. 53, l. 644, for *bath* r. *have*. p. *idem*, l. 655, for *bath* r. *bast*. p. 57, the

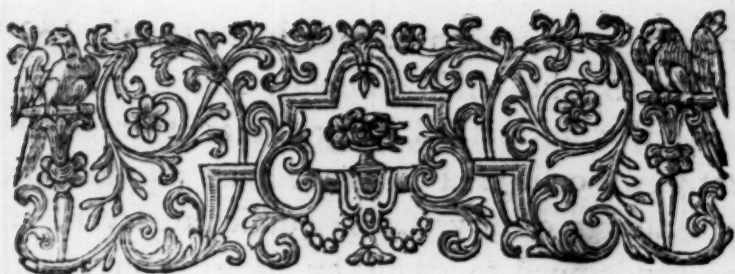
57, the lines from the 775 to 785, are to be left out, and the following to be read in their stead :

'Twas night. In silence lay the slumb'ring world,
Hush'd, were the tempests and the swelling waves,
And weary'd mortals sweet repose enjoy'd ;
The creatures, that inhabit the vast main,
Or lodge in bottom of the liquid lakes,
Or those who lye in dens, or lurk in folds,
Or painted birds, in deep oblivion,
Beneath the lonely awfulness of night
Rest'd, from all their fears and toils and cares.

Page 63, line 58, for *adored* read *ador'd*. p. 71, l. 302, for *were* r. *was*. p. 74, l. 379, for *has* r. *hath*. p. 75, l. 422, for *impos'd* r. *imposed*. p. 80, l. 551, for *great* r. *blest'd*. p. 93, l. 226 for *Argo in Delos* r. *Argos and Delos*. p. 94, l. 275, for *resembles* r. *resemble*. p. 101, l. 472, for *till* r. *still*. p. 107, l. 644, for *is* r. *are*. p. 124, l. 258, for *heir* r. *hair*. p. 128, l. 381, for *but* r. *to*. p. 150, l. 205, for *campaign* r. *champagne*. p. 163, l. 594, for *safely* r. *safety*. p. 180, l. 74, for *overwhelms* r. *o'erwhelms*. p. 186, l. 260, for *bath* r. *bast*. p. 217, l. 49, for *or* r. *nor*. p. 222, l. 194, for *but it pleasing was* r. *had it pleasing been*. p. 223, l. 228, for *do'st doubt*, r. *dost thou doubt*. p. 231, l. 463, for *or* r. *nor*. p. 232, l. 499, for *or* r. *nor*. p. 248, l. 130, for *silent* r. *silant*.

The candid reader will here remark, that the Errata's are mostly in the four first books, the Author being afterwards better instructed in correcting the errors of the press ; if there are found to be any more, they shall be noted in the second Volume, which the publick may be assured shall be corrected with all possible care.

T H E



T H E
L I F E
O F
TORQUATO TASSO.

By Mr. L A Y N G.

 HERE is something so entertaining, so noble, so piteous, so marvellous in the fortune of Torquato Tasso, that I know not any man's story more interesting or more instructive. Nature seems in every step she took relating to him, to have formed him for our admiration. How are we struck with a pleasing kind of amazement that

ends in horror, when we are told from the best * hands, that he talk'd distinctly almost incredibly soon; that he learned his grammar at three, was sent to the college of Jesuits at four, repeated with applause his own verses in public at seven, and was condemned to death by proscription at nine years of age? To begin then; the family, says Monsieur Mirabaud †, which was very ancient and noble in the Milanese, was forced from thence, where they were long known by the name of La Tour, into the district between Como and Bergamo, where they took that of Tasso from an eminent mountain so called in that country. Bernardo Tasso, the father of our poet, who was himself also a poet, was a gentleman in high esteem, and of the first character. His affairs fix'd him early in the interest of Ferrand de Sanseverin, prince of Salerno. The prince plac'd such an entire confidence in him, as to entrust him with all his affairs, and to make him his Secretary. With this great man he pass'd over to the kingdom of Naples, and married there Porcia de Rossi, a lady of Quality. Our Tasso was the issue of this match, who was born at Sorrento near Naples (from whence he is often called the Neapolitan poet) the eleventh of March, 1544.

The

* John Baptist Mansi, Marquis de Ville, Lord of Bisaccio and Bianca, who knew him intimately, and wrote his life in most pure Italian.

† See *Abregé de la Vie du Tasse*, a Paris 1724.

The reader, I presume, grows impatient to know the particulars of the execrable sentence which I said was passed upon an innocent child; but he may be very sure that nothing less than his surprizing talents could entitle him to such uncommon cruelty. No pardon is ever granted for infirmities, no excuse admitted for mistakes, no allowance made for misfortunes, to a person that is once cry'd up for superior parts. His manly understanding mark'd him out for a punishment never inflicted on a child; and his surprizing genius, accelerated the ruin that involv'd the unhappy son with the miserable father. The occasion was this: Don Pedro de Toledo, Viceroy of Naples, was determin'd at all adventures to establish the inquisition there. Against this the Prince of Salerno, a man of virtue and spirit, undertook to remonstrate, and to represent in person to the Emperor Charles V. the rights and privileges of the Neapolitan constitution. The great popularity from this opposition, gain'd him just as much hatred from the Viceroy, who never ceased till he had thoroughly preposessed his master, that Sanseverin was too shrewd an Observer, and of too impracticable a temper for his purpose. The prince, being not unacquainted with the ill impression made of him on the Emperor, sent to beg the honour of a guard to escort him to his presence, where he was convinc'd he could justify

himself, and satisfy his Imperial Majesty. But the Emperor answered his messenger in the Laconic stile, that 'twas never his manner to treat with any of his subjects. The prince did not want any clearer conviction that his enemies had the advantage of him at court, and therefore resolved without delay to quit his country, and transfer his allegiance. Tasso, the father, without hesitation ran fortunes with his patron, and carried with him his son Torquato, then but nine years old. The Viceroy, in a manner becoming a bigotted zealot, grown more furious from his disappointed revenge, published, immediately on the prince's departure, an edict, declaring both him and all his adherents, without exception, to be rebels, and to be guilty of death accordingly; which cruel sentence included the unfortunate boy, notwithstanding his tender age.

During these convulsions in his affairs, which by the Sycophants to a haughty tyrant, were term'd his disgrace, Bernardo knew too well the value of a good education, in which any neglect at that time of life is never to be recovered, to spare any cost to give his son the best that could be procured. Accordingly he placed him in Rome, under a most celebrated sophist*; where, so far from forfeiting the high expectations that were conceived of his
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* Mauritius Cattaneus.

surprizing genius, by the time of his being twelve years of age, besides a wonderful proficiency in the Latin and Greek languages, he went thro' the other liberal arts, that were then taught in public schools, such as Rhetoric, Poesy, Logic, and Aristotle's Ethics. His father being now at Mantua, where he was principal Secretary to that Duke, sent for him in order to remove him to Padua, an university in those days as famous for the lawyers, as it has since been for the eminent physicians it has produced. The study of the laws, he judged, would find employment for the most active talents, and probably was not displeased at the prospect, by the emoluments that accompany success in that profession, of repairing the fortunes of his family, which, by the resentment of the Emperor, had been much shatter'd.

It was impossible for one of his astonishing abilities heartily to enter upon any studies (and he seems always to have been in earnest) without shewing himself like Achilles among the mob of heroes, taller *κεφαλὴν ἢ οἱ ἄλλοι ὄμους*. Agreeably to this, when in his academical exercises, he maintained in public any thesis in divinity, philosophy, or law, the schools rung with applause. And indeed several of his pieces published afterwards; such as the treatise upon heroic virtue, nobility; and particularly the dialogue on friendship, entitled, *Il Manso*, in honour of his bosom friend; and
many

many others in Plato's manner, shew that he had been early set right in a method of study, and had regularly pursued it. 'Tis for want of such an institution, that so many crude systems are every day obtruded on the world. Notwithstanding these popular acclamations, he was too wise to neglect Horace's advice, not to look for one's self abroad, for conscience judges better for us than flattery. So after having maturely examined the bent and ply of his own inclinations, as well as tried his strength, he found that the study of the law was a service into which he was press'd; and where few make any figure but those that have a particular turn for it, which is usually discerned by their having none for any thing else. It appeared to him, (I mean the Roman law, which is widely different from that noble profession so justly esteem'd with us) what the painters call a Salvator-like prospect, very horrid, and very difficult of access; where among broken rocks, wither'd shrubs, blasted trees, and a vast variety of ruins, a few ladrones securely divided the booty among themselves.

Whereas poetry presented to his view a wide parterre, open to all that pleased to divert themselves in it; where each, according to his disposition, might enjoy himself in shady walks, by gently flowing, smooth canals, or in cool grottos, fit by sounding water-falls. No horrid pits deformed the
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the surface dug in search of oar, and the trees, which were ever-greens, bore no rich fruits, 'tis true, but serv'd to diversify the scene, or to conduct the eye to a beautiful edifice, called, The Temple of Fame, where all the vistas ended as lines meeting in their proper center.

In this enchanting Sejour he chose to indulge his genius, and that to such a degree, that by the time he was eighteen years old, he composed a compleat heroic poem, called Rinaldo.

An epic poem was a Phœnix, which the world for above a thousand years had despair'd of seeing; and this, from the age of its Author, was looked upon as a prodigy. Now fame seem'd to contend with merit; That scorn'd to be out-done, and This to be equal'd. He had taken care, like his two masters, Homer and Virgil, to oblige many Kings and great men, by an honourable mention made artfully of their families or predecessors in his works.

Charles IX. of France was so pleased with him for making the hero of his poem a Frenchman, that after long solicitations, by the influence of Cardinal Este, he got him to his Court, where he loaded him with presents worthy of the prince and the poet. Universities complimented him with honours; and richer bodies of men, as well as
Car-

Cardinals and Princes, with noble presents. But Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara, and his brother, Cardinal Cynthio, prevailed on him to take up his residence in the palace there. Now he seem'd to have overcome his ill fortune, as the Indians think the moon gets the better of enchantments, when she emerges from an eclipse. He was furnished with every advantage that could improve his mind, as well as make it easy ; both which are equally necessary to form a good writer. The surprizing progress he made in his studies, shews that he neglected nothing that could serve to promote the end he propos'd. In order to which, he made himself master of the sublime manner of Pindar, the sweetness of Anacreon and Tibullus, with the vivacity of Propertius. This appears by his excelling in all these kinds of writing. But what is to his immortal praise, he rais'd the dignity of pastoral poetry, from what he found it in the Bucolics of Theocritus, the Eclogues of Virgil, and the Tuscan Sannazarius, into a noble dramatic poem, 'The Aminta,' where the unities of action, time and place, are so exactly observed, that it has often, with great applause, been performed on the stage.

Thus he soar'd from one degree of eminence to another, till at length he reach'd the summit, where at his ease he compos'd that master-piece of human wit, the *Gerusalemme Liberata* ; which was
scarce

scarce sooner known in Italy, than it was communicated not only to all Europe, by translations of it into the principal tongues there, but even into the oriental languages. So that Tasso's fame was spread over regions,

* *Qua Gesta nondum cognita Cæsaris*
Qua nec Maronis Scripta —

The warmth of the glory that blazed around him, awaked whole swarms of Dunciad writers, under the various denominations of critics, wits, and philosophers. These he soon dispersed or demolished with great address, as well as force. And altho' the attack was again furiously renewed by the partizans for the ancients, under Mons. Boileau in France, I think he has long since been quietly in possession of the third † place in the college of poets.

Here again, as by the force of invention, which shone in him in the highest degree, he struck out a new pastoral poem, so he freed the epic from the load of mythological trumpery founded on the Pagan religion, which, consequently, when that was abolished, must be cold and unaffecting. Instead of it, he introduced a machinery suitable to the

* See Smith's verses on Dr. Pocock, in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*.

† See Dryden's dedication of the *Æneis*.

the Christian system, or at least, to the superstition that authority grown blind with age, or credulous tradition, had mix'd intimately with it. This delivered the work down much easier to Milton's hands; who was not at all ashamed of his obligations to him, as is evident from almost all his poems, as well as from the 4th book of the *Jerusalem Freed of Tasso*, in which Satan convenes the wicked spirits in council, harangues and employs them, in a manner that gave a natural rise to the *Pandæmonium*.

Thus have I follow'd our Author from his orient brightness, thro' a sour, tempestuous morning, up to his serene meridian. Here we find him receiving compliments from the triple crown, invited by Emperors and Kings, and entertain'd by a Sovereign Prince, who thought himself honour'd by his company. Nothing was wanting to make his happiness compleat but a mistress; which is held as necessary for a poet as a Knight-errand. Fortune allotted him the Princess Leonora, sister to the Duke; whether she intended it for a favour will admit of some dispute. So rich a present seems quite unnecessary; for a poet might have taken a lady of lower quality, and have made her at least a Princess in the first Pindaric ode. Leonora was the most compleat lady of that polite age. She had a taste for wit, and he was not insensible of beauty. This mutual admiration for
the

the most brilliant accomplishments grew insensibly into a stronger passion. What share mere human nature had in this affair, under the favour of frequent opportunities, wou'd at this distance puzzle an ecclesiastical court to determine. The Marquis Mansi, who is so jealous of the honour of his friend, that he will not suffer the least imputation to be cast upon it; (and which he defends not only from the simplicity, but even sanctity of his manners,) will allow it to be nothing more than what Tasso himself says of it,

*E basta ben, ch'i sereni Occhi e'l Riso
M' infiammin di piacer celeste e santo.*

But Monf. Mirabaud, who like a true Frenchman loves an intrigue, or at least to talk of one, will by no means permit this matter to steal off so; wit and beauty, he thought, were made for each other, and both are thrown away upon those that are insensible of their charms; if so, the most delicate perception of their merit will be apt to appear to be the most just recommendation. This title a poet cou'd easily make out for his heroine, how much more clear is it when the poet is himself the heroine? Besides the qualifications for this mutual admiration were very justly dispos'd; she had beauty in the first degree, and wit in the second; he wit in the first, and beauty in the second. These are circumstances, that under proper dispositions

fitions of the planets, in the families of Princes in certain epochas, serve to furnish matter sometimes for a war, and sometimes for a lampoon. As to his person, Tasso was (says Casoni in his life) *d' alta statura, di nobile presenza*. He had eyes *cerulei, e vivaci le carni bianche, le membra tutte con debita simmetria proporzionate*; his air intelligent and graceful, which recommended and made him easily a favourite with every one, except (according to the Italian Concetto) with fortune. Whatsoever grounds then there was for censure, there was more than enough for suspicion: And scandal is of so ductile a nature, that a little of it will set a whole court a whispering. Tasso, who was enraged for the lady's sake, at what had transpired, fix'd it upon a confidant of his, whom in his fury he struck, not far from the Prince's person. This was no very likely method to suppress the insinuations. A challenge immediately ensued. He was very punctually at a secret place according to appointment; where expecting his adversary alone, he was surpriz'd at the sight of three more, who all like assassins fell upon him. He receiv'd their charge with great firmness, and by his agility in traversing the ground, skill at his weapon, and uncommon strength of limbs, he soon broke their line, and when he got at each separately, he so gall'd them with wounds, that in a manner worthy their intention, the villains left a single gentleman in possession of the field.

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The Duke, who knew enough of this affair, perhaps too much, receiv'd him in transport, both for his safety and the fame of his gallantry. He made use of a *Finesse* that cou'd hardly escape an Italian politician, which was to pretend to have so great a regard for his person, that to defend him from any unfair play for the future, he favour'd him with a strict confinement, which by proper degrees ended in an absolute imprisonment.

The Princess Leonora's case in this conjuncture was highly to be pity'd. 'Twere barbarous not to employ her interest in his favour; and to find him always us'd the worse for it, was a wretched dilemma to which unfortunate lovers are often reduc'd. But I leave her complaints, soliloquies and menaces, to be describ'd in a pathetic poem by that poet, who shall in the manner of Ovid, or his equal Antonio Bruni, write an *Epistola Eroicha* from Leonora to Tasso.

Tasso had from a child a spice of madness in his constitution; as those of excessive, or as they have been call'd of immoderate parts, usually have. And if we will believe Aristotle in his problems, a saying of Democritus, and Plato in his *Phædrus*, they can scarce fail of having: Which may physically be accounted for thus; that the animal spirits, be they what they will, either the

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most

most refined and ethereal part of the blood, or purely immaterial, being hurry'd up, if matter, in undue quantities, if spirit, in undue actions, for the service of the imagination, and not properly wasted, in the use of the senses, as in men of less violent thought, cause an unnatural tension of the membranous parts of the brain. In this opinion one is confirm'd by experience, as the cure is solely performed by relaxation.

But to return; the loss of the Duke's favour, a gloomy apartment in the *Prigione di sant' Anna*, and a tedious solitude coinciding with his temperament, got the better of that understanding, which had been the admiration of mankind, and reduc'd it to a deplorable state of ruin. A most afflicting object, when it befalls the truly great! And what made his case, if possible, the worse was, that when he was thoroughly rowz'd, he had the use of his understanding in all its strength; as many of the critics against him felt to their cost, and as appears by several of his letters, during the intervals to Cardinal Gonzaga and the Duke d' Urbino. So that he suffer'd the only addition that cou'd be made to his misery, in a strong, lively perception of it. Which is a privilege, if we will believe * Mr. Prior, reserv'd for those of the finest parts.

What

* *Vide* Prior's Solomon.

What avails it to be wise,
 To view this cruel scene with quicker eyes,
 To know with more distinction to complain,
 And have superior sense in feeling pain?

At length the Duke, rather weary than satisfy'd,
 in persecuting him, conniv'd at his escaping out of
 prison. But alas! the liberty he so much long'd
 for, added nothing to his happiness. He wandred
 up and down a melancholy fugitive, meeting just
 as many friends as those that want them will be
 sure to find. Till at length his truly noble patron
 Cardinal Aldebrandino, who knew his merit as
 well as the undeserved severity of his fortune, found
 him out, and effectually recommended him to that
 great encourager of learned men, his uncle,
 Clement VII. The Pope carefs'd him with all the
 tenderness that his hard fate requir'd, and resolv'd
 he should have the honour of the poetic laurel,
 and be crown'd in form in the capitol.

So that at length he seems arriv'd at the Acme
 of human glory, if we will believe Cardinal Palla-
 vicini; who says of a great prelate, that in his
 youth he was admired by the court of Rome,
 whose glory it is not to admire even what is mar-
 vellous. *La Corte di Roma la quale si gloria di
 non ammirare eziandio l' ammirabile.*

Now precedents were search'd, that the procession might every way be perform'd *more majorum*. Antique carrs were built, triumphal arches erected, and adorned with trophies and festoons expressive of the occasion. The whole college of Cardinals were to receive him in their richest habits, and to present him to the Roman Senate, whose trappings were as magnificent, and beards as venerable, as when they were truly great by their liberty and virtue. The tedious fatigue of so pompous a ceremony, was more than he had constitution enough left to bear. At one time a severe regimen, at another improper exercise, in combination with corrosive reflections on his own hard fate, and on what sort of creatures fortune pours down her favours, had reduced him to so emaciated a habit of body, that it was thought highly proper to defer the procession till he should be better able to undergo it. To recruit his strength, he was lodged in the Convent of St. Onuphrio, where he was attended with all care and respect: But his weakness increas'd so fast, that it was evident to all about him, that, according to his own delicate expression, it would never be his fate to be crown'd

*Di caduchi allori,
Ma su nel Cielo infra i Beati Cori
Di Stelle immortali aurea Corona.*

Car-

Cardinal Cynthio behaved on this, as on all other occasions, in a manner worthy of his true nobility; which, whatever certain heirs apparent, of great hopes, or rather of great expectations, may imagine, does not consist in pride and titles. He scorned to deceive a friend, any otherwise than by doubling his kindness as the case required. He attended him through his sickness, and administer'd assiduously all the comforts of religion, which is the greatest act of friendship that man can shew to a fellow creature. Nor did such generosity lose its reward: For one may venture to say, that he is more known, and more esteemed for being Tasso's friend, than for his high honours and illustrious blood, which might well contend with the first in Europe.

As he saw death advancing with larger steps, he wasted not the little time that remained in any affected philosophical disquisitions, of points that must for ever be doubtful, or are sufficiently established, but in explaining the sublime truths of religion, and deducing from them arguments for humility and resignation, which he did in so masterly and pathetic a manner, as to draw tears from all that heard him. He had so entirely divested himself of all pride and vanity, that when they consulted him about his monument, he answered that a rough stone would be sufficient. And that
 desire

desire of fame, which bears up heroic spirits with an enthusiastic energy, through all dangers and labours, was so thoroughly corrected and mortified; that as Virgil had done for his *Æneis*, he earnestly entreated, as far as was possible, that his works might be suppressed, or at least condemned to the flames.

Thus in the fifty-first year of his age, when parts and judgment are usually in the height of perfection, died Torquato Tasso; a man distinguished by natural abilities, by learning, virtues, and misfortunes, above the sons of men. In his account of himself, he divides his own life into the years of his banishment, his imprisonment, and his infamy. An example to teach all prosperous villains, that there must be a time -----

———*Si quid*

Uſquam Juſtitia eſt & Mens ſibi conſcia recti.

In which the inequalities in their and his fortune must be set right. The following epitaph is inscribed in the church of St. Onuphrio in Rome, on a magnificent sepulchre erected to his memory by Cardinal Bevilaqua.

D. O. M.

TORQUATO TASSO.

23

D. O. M.

TORQUATI TASSI

Ossa hic Jacent.

Hoc ne nescius esset Hospes

Fratres hujus Ecclesiæ

Posuerunt.

Anno M. D. XCV.



A N

FORGOTTEN

M. A. D.

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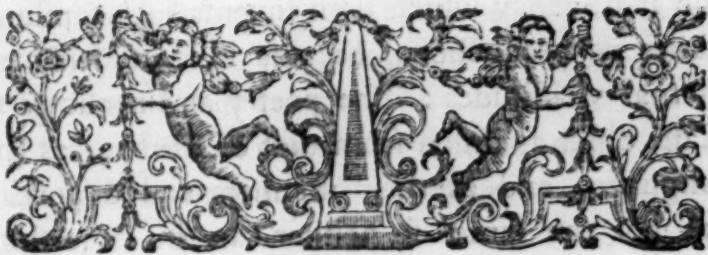
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A N
E S S A Y
O N T H E
Delivery of JERUSALEM.

T is my intention, in this essay, to take notice of the beauties and blemishes in this wonderful poem, to compare, the Jerusalem Liberata of Torquato Tasso, with the Iliad of Homer and the Eneid of Virgil, and to shew, as far as I am able, wherein he hath excell'd, or fall'n short of these two excellent poems. In the execution of this design, we must first consider the beauties that are essentially necessary to this kind of writing.

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It

It is difficult to lay down absolute rules for poetry ; the same fancy which hath invented it, constantly varies its productions, because it is itself liable to eternal vicissitudes : The poetry and music of the East, differ as much from that of Europe, as their language ; and as their manners and dispositions are not the same, so neither can the same things please them ; they think not in any respect alike ; and we must expect to find, their poetry as opposite to each other as their religion. In process of time, nations hardly bear any resemblance to themselves, and there are not more revolutions in governments, than in arts and sciences : they are perpetually on the wing, and like birds of passage, resorting to various climates ; they glide away imperceptibly, like full rivers, and are to be stay'd by no bounds, a sudden deluge comes, and all is made desolate : They cannot be fixed by rules and definitions.

Homer began this art, at least for what we know ; and some have erred as much, in making his writings the standard of perfection, as others have, by judging of his poetry according to modern times and manners. The first of these, have believed, that every thing must be in its own nature, what it was when contrived first ; but Homer wrote two poems of a different nature, and commentators have been forced to invent rules to reconcile the Grecian poet to himself. Those men also are equally mistaken, who censure many passages of
Homer,

Homer, because they seem repugnant to modern manners ; for they do no more than say, that a man, who wrote two thousand years ago, in a strange and distant country, ought to describe in his poem, the customs of the English and French at this present time ; and not those of the people among which he wrote ; yet our customs wou'd have seem'd equally preposterous to the Greeks.

The habits and dresses of nations have been extremely different from each other, but they all concurr'd in this one essential, to cover the body ; the rest was casual ornament, which caprice or custom might create, preserve and destroy at their will : The Indian adorns his head with a plume of feathers, the Turks and Moors with vast folds of linen, the Europeans with great heaps of hair, and the Greeks and Romans with steeled caps and helmets ; each of them wou'd seem strange, if not ridiculous to the rest : Thus it is with epic poetry, it can only be defined in general terms ; Aristotle has made a definition of it that suits Homer, and an Indian, if he had such a poem, wou'd form his definition according to that. However I may venture to say, that it is a discourse in verse. Let the action be simple or complex ; let it lie in one single place as in the Iliad, or all the world over as in the Odyssey ; let there be one single hero as in Virgil, or a great many as in Homer and Tasso ; let its end be happy as in Tasso, or
unhappy

unhappy as in Milton ; let the heroes be furious as Achilles, pious as Æneas and Godfredo ; let them be kings or generals, angels or spirits ; let the scene lie in Greece or Italy, in Palestine as in Tasso, in India as in Camöens, America as in the Araucana, or Paradise Heaven and Hell, as in Milton ; the poem will equally merit the name of epic, and may be equally excellent.

Here then the difficulty only lies, to discover beneath the casual beauties or deformities, of various manners, tastes and customs, what excellencies all polite nations agree in, and in what they differ : For what belongs to good sense, belongs to all the nations in the world ; and it is much easier to find out graces, than to demonstrate defects in this kind of writing : there are beauties which are relished by all the nations of the world ; and there are others which only please particular nations, and at particular times ; many of both kinds are to be found in Homer and Tasso ; and custom has introduced a kind of taste peculiar to each nation.

Let all the good epic poems be translated into one language, and the discerning critick will soon distinguish the country of each, by the stile and manners ; he need not be told, that the Iliad was wrote by a Greek, or the Jerusalem by an Italian. The rudeness and simplicity of Homer's poems
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wou'd point out the age and country ; the elegant exactness of Virgil wou'd tell us he lived in the Augustine age : We wou'd at once know Tasso by his softness, and over-nice symmetry of expression, to be an Italian, but above all, by his sweet tales of love : The daring boldness and rough freedom of Milton, wou'd evince him to be an Englishman, and his meddling so much with points of divinity and abstruse theology, wou'd point out the age in which he lived ; and we wou'd at once discover the French exactness, in the *Henriade* of the elegant Voltaire.

We are the admirers of the ancients but not their slaves ; a fine genius in oratory will chiefly consider how to suit his discourse to the tempers and passions of his auditors ; what Demosthenes utter'd to the Athenians to incite them against Philip, wou'd be improper among the Indians, and the poet, who wou'd describe the modern French, with the same manners, that please us so in Homer, and which really had existence among the ancient Grecians, wou'd shock us with the absurdity ; we are not therefore to expect the same customs, and consequently not the same beauties, in Tasso as in Homer ; it suffices only to the perfection of either poet, that he described the manners that then prevail'd, and that his poem was adapted to the taste and dispositions of the age in which he lived. The language of Italy is very

different from that of Greece ; the religion the very reverse ; the battles, sieges, fleets, are not the same they were in Homer's time ; and as these, as well as arts and sciences, vary every day, so every epic poet, that is a real genius, may be new with propriety if he pleases.

Homer and Virgil are considered with too superstitious a reverence ; our esteem for them is apt to betray us into a contempt of every thing that has since appeared. Yet there are authors, in Italian, Spanish and French, that are almost equally worthy our knowledge ; the moderns have improved arts and sciences, and as those languages are living ones, they are more necessary than either Greek or Latin.

Criticks have laid down rules, whereby, (they say) we are to judge of the superior merit of Homer, to all other poets : And these rules are drawn from, and founded on, the practice of the Greek poet ; this is partial and unjust : However some of these rules seem to have received the approbation of all succeeding poets, who have carefully observed them ; and it will be therefore no injury to Tasso, to consider him in this respect along with the Roman and Greek poets.

It is said, that the story should be simple and uniform ; yet there is no doubt, but that several incidents

incidents may be made use of, which may be divided into various fables ; but then they are only allowable, when they all unite, and constitute one grand event and action.

Homer to preserve this unity, hastens into the middle of things, and artfully interweaves into the succeeding parts of his poem, an account of every thing material, that had before happen'd, relative to the siege of Troy. After the same manner, *Æneas* makes his first appearance in the *Tyrrhene* seas, in sight of *Sicily* ; because, the action proposed to be celebrated, was that of his settling in *Italy*. And this rule, we shall find the *Italian* poet strictly observing. The action proposed, is the taking *Jerusalem* by the *Christians* ; and for that purpose, *Tasso* opens the scene, not with the origin of the *Crusaders*, or their landing in *Asia*, but with the immediate preparations for the siege, and the electing *Godfredo* general. If in the *Iliad*, *Apollo* first appears, incensed and taking vengeance of the *Greeks* for despising his priest ; If in *Virgil*, the revengeful *Saturnia* is the first person we discover, sitting in the clouds, and scattering the *Trojan* fleet by a violent tempest ; so in *Tasso*, the poem opens, and we behold, no feigned deity, no unjust and passionate *Jove* sitting on *Mount Ida* ; but the great creator of heaven and earth, with the ever-wakeful eye of providence, disposing of events, and beholding the secrets of the heart ;

then sending his angel down, to command the Christian hero immediately to undertake the delivery of the Holy City.

An almost essential property of such a story is, that it should be complete, perfect in its parts, natural, and satisfactory in its conclusion.

Homer's design in the *Iliad*, being to relate the anger of Achilles, and all its fatal consequences ; the poem begins, with the cause of that anger, and ends when his resentment is fully appeased : yet the Greek poet lay certainly under an inconvenience, by making the part of an action an whole : I do not mention this, as a fault in the *Iliad*, for had the poem gone on to the taking of Troy, it wou'd have been tedious and unwarrantable ; all I mean is, that as we are interested in the destruction, or preservation, of that city, I have often wish'd to see the siege terminated, one way or another ; tis true, Homer frequently tells us that it wou'd be taken, and Virgil informs us of all the melancholy story. The *Æneid* also ends properly, and satisfactory ; the death of Amata and of Turnus, the change of Juno's mind, and the terms of peace which are settled and agreed upon in heaven, contain all that was necessary to inform us of the establishment of *Æneas* in Italy. Let us now for a moment, consider the conduct of Tasso ; the subject he chuses leaves nothing behind it, imperfect,

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or unsatisfactory ; he proposes to sing the delivery of Jerusalem, and we see the preparations for the siege, the siege itself, and a grand, terrible and proper conclusion, in the taking the town ; the poet having, with the most consummate judgment made the castle hold out, till the Egyptian army was overthrown, that the taking of that might conclude the poem : And yet notwithstanding this, there have been authors, who have wrote continuations to the poems of Virgil and Tasso, the one in three books, and the other in five.

The subject of the epic poem must be great and interesting : thus we find, that the anger of Achilles, embroil'd the Kings of Greece, and destroy'd the heroes of Asia : Æneas's settlement in Italy, produced the Cæsars, and gave birth to the Roman Empire ; nor is Tasso in this respect less worthy the attention of the reader : The time of the Crusades is the most amazing æra, in the history of the World ; we there behold, all Europe pouring into Palestine, as into a circus, to contend for empire, with Asia and Africa ; an uninterrupted series of devastations reigning throughout the World, and more than millions perishing by sword, famine and pestilence ; nations falling back upon nations, by prodigious emigrations, which laid the foundations of vast empires : the whole force of Christendom rushing to oppose Turks, Arabs, Indians, Persians, Tartars, Moors ; and Syria made the

burying place of the world, a true asceldama, or field of blood. This story too was peculiarly adapted to Italy; it was there plan'd and there executed; and there the mitred tyrant sat, who, by taking advantage of these events, not only became the spiritual, but the temporal lord, of the Christian world.

It is not only necessary in poetry, that the general design should be great, and worthy our attention, but, like an elegant and well finished building, there should be nothing strange or mean in the whole composition; a single defect amidst such a pile of magnificence, is at once discerned and disgusts. I will not blame Homer, because there are many things in the divine Iliad that seem mean and useless to us: the architecture of those ancient times was rude, the manners simple, and widely different from our's: Homer represented men and times as he saw them, he is therefore natural and just. But men and times are since altered, are civilized and improved; Homer is still just. The poem of Tasso is like an elegant and well finished building, that delights the eye at a distance, and improves at nearer view; it has all the graces of the Italian architecture; every thing is suitable to the design, just and magnificent in all its parts, though graced with every different ornament; and each is so artfully disposed in its proper place and distance, that they all unite to form one exquisite
piece

piece of perfect propriety in all its parts and symmetry in the whole. The action is so exceedingly diversified, and so beautifully extended, by the invention of Episodes, the machinery of angels and spirits, and every poetical ornament, that it is certainly the most agreeable story in the world, sufficient to employ the memory without over-charging it. His poem seems like a beautiful and majestic river, rolling thro' variety of large and flow'ry fields, and landscapes of garden, wood and lawn; as it were sometimes delaying its hastning waters, to admire the beauties through which it past, and at length, unwillingly forsaking its charming and enchanting banks, to continue its destined course.

The distress of the Epic, as well as the Dramatick Poem, ought to be deeply interesting, to arise from the action itself, and the nature of the Undertaking; in Homer it is Jupiter causes it, at the request of Thetis, to satisfy the inhuman resentment of Achilles. This indeed carries in it something very shocking; but such were the notions of the Supreme Being which then prevailed in Greece; and the fault lies in the theology of the Heathens, not in the poet: some person hath called the opposition of Juno to Eneas a noble fiction; I am not of that gentleman's opinion; Virgil lived in a more enlighten'd age than Homer, and should have had better notions of the gods: every virtue which we discover in the pious Eneas serves to re-

present that termagant deity in the most odious light.

But the distress in Tasso springs from the noblest source; we there see all the powers of hell and darkness uniting their force to oppose the advancement of the true religion; and a pious warrior, by perseverance, prudence, and trust in the Almighty's assistance, gloriously defying their efforts, and at last trampling upon all the ruined glory of infidels; this is great, this is divine.

There is another qualification necessary to the delectable in poetry, which depends upon the persons introduced, and upon their manners, passions and interests being rightly managed; as there is nothing more cold and disgusting, than to see personages of no character; even good painters represent all their figures either passionate or attentive; and such as are most lively, and have most of the character upon them, are the most delightful to the eye; 'tis just with poetry as with painting.

The epic narration must be moving and passionate; it must transport the mind of the reader, and fill him with inquietude, throw him into consternation, and make him sensible of the violence of all those emotions. This wonderful power of poetry Horace somewhere compares to the force of magic. Here then let us read Tasso, and consult
our

our own hearts; this poet can awake every different emotion of the soul; he hurries us along, like a mighty torrent that bears away all opposition; Are we to be struck with awe and reverence? Behold! the Creator of heaven and earth unveils his glories to inspire it. What prudence, resolution and fortitude appear in the person of the great Godfredo! How are we hurried away by the youthful and heroic ardor of Rinaldo! It is impossible but we must sympathise in the unfortunate love of the generous Tancred! What beauties do we not see in Armida! our souls are captivated by her fascinating arts, and we would dwell for ever in the bower of love: How are we struck with admiration at the warlike virtues of the fair Camilla! What truth and constancy appear in the tender Erminia! nor is it possible for the human heart to behold the affection and unfortunate end of Edward and Gil-dippes, without feeling the most tender sensations; How doth the extreme valour of Argantes astonish us! We tremble at the despair and fury of the cruel Soliman; we are fill'd with apprehensions at the approach of the Egyptian army, and with terror behold the powers of hell in arms. But these are beauties that cannot be described, they can only be felt.

In the proper conduct and management of the manners, much of the excellency of the poet is seen. Manners are either good or bad, virtuous or vicious; they must be strongly marked, and suitable

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to the age in which the heroes of the poem are supposed to have lived. Thus Tancred and Argantes are both brave, yet the one was an amiable and pious warrior, the other a cruel and impious homicide. There are also inclinations which belong peculiarly to some particular adventure; such, for instance, are valour, clemency and generosity; others are more universal, and appear in every thing; thus Soliman is passionate and violent in every thing; Godfrey and Raymondo mild and prudent, even in the heat of battle. The difference of disposition should also be varied, according to the different ages of the heroes. Thus Rinaldo is younger than Godfrey, because Godfrey was to be wise and prudent, Rinaldo furious and passionate, like another Achilles.

It is certain that we are not sufficiently interested by Homer for his heroes; Achilles is too boisterous to inspire us with any tender concern for him; and suppose his very fierceness could extort from us that admiration, which the idea of valour generally forces from us, yet his long idleness wears away the thought of him; and as the poet lays him aside, so does the reader: Menelaüs, who is the occasion of the war, makes but a paultry figure amidst the Grecian chiefs, and tho' our affections ought to center in him, he is far from being a shining character; Paris his rival indeed is still beneath him, and often excites our contempt; Agamemnon, the king of kings, shocks us with
his

his pride, without giving us any great idea of his conduct; I don't know how it comes to pass, but we are apt to bear an ill will to the wise Ulysses; the fair Helen is insignificant enough, and as she seems indifferent about her husbands, we are not interested in her fate, or anxious to whose share she is to fall. When two warriors fight in the Iliad, we are aw'd indeed with the description, nay often transported with their fury; but we feel neither hope nor fear for any of them: we pity indeed the misfortunes of Priam, and he merits our tears; yet I wish Homer had interested us more for the Greeks, since he intended to praise them, and they are the heroes of the poem.

These are things that to us would appear improprieties, did we not consider that Homer described his Grecians as he really saw them; that all the heroes that liv'd in his age, were men strong in violence, deaf to pity, and bred in contention; often only the chiefs of a band of robbers or pyrates; that the Grecian dames, like the modern Asiatics, tho' famous for their beauty, were not permitted to concern themselves with publick affairs, and always became the property of the most powerful ravisher; it was the custom, and women were obliged to submit: and in Priam we see an affecting example of a person ruined by the vices of his children. If we consider things in this light, however strange the manners and characters of the Iliad may appear to us, we must allow that they

they are natural, and a lively representation of those barbarous times.

As Tasso lived in a more enlightened age, and nearer to the present time, his conduct is more correspondent to our ideas of things, and therefore more pleasing. His subject seems nobler to us than that of Homer, inasmuch as all Europe rising up in arms for the recovery of the land, which was consecrated by the birth and blood of their god, strikes the mind with a more awful idea than Greece fighting against Troy for Hellen, yet was the Trojan war the most remarkable event in the Grecian annals at the time Homer wrote. Godfredo, like Agamemnon, is elected chief of the princes, and acts with as much grandeur, less pride, and more wisdom. Rinaldo is among the Christian princes what Achilles is among the Grecian heroes; his courage is full as boisterous, but his character is more amiable; the fall of Jerusalem is reserved for his sword, as that of Hector was for the spear of Achilles. Aladine, like Priam, is the king of the besieged town, and Argantes, like Hector, the strongest bulwark of the city; but sure it is, that Tasso has acted with consummate judgment, in representing them rough and unamiable, and creating an aversion for them in the mind of the reader; because had it been otherwise, instead of being concerned for the Christian princes, we should look on them as plunderers, united together
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to lay waste a foreign country, and to massacre, in cold blood, a venerable Eastern monarch, with all his innocent subjects; nor do I think the *Iliad* would have been a worse poem than it is, if Hector had been made a less amiable character, since he was to be treated so cruelly, and dragged round the walls of Troy as a publick spectacle: if Achilles must abuse the body of some one, if there was a necessity for it, could he not have been made to vent his hellish fury on a vicious person?

Yet hath Virgil, in a civilized and judicious age, gone further; his Turnus is a brave, virtuous and admirable prince, who resists an unjust invader, and fights for every thing we are taught to hold dear, his wife, his crown, and his country: yet is the good, the pious, the merciful Eneas made to refuse quarter to this prince, imploring for life on his knees. Hath Tasso acted thus? far from it. We are so far from lamenting the deaths of Argantes and Soliman, tho' they are characters eminent for strength and resolution, that we are pleased to see the world delivered from such monsters, such heroes delighting in blood.

It was reserved for Tasso to do justice to the fair Sex; and he hath not only represented them in the most favourable light, but given them that share in the transactions of the world they so justly merit; even the fascinating Armida is represented so beautiful,

tiful, that we can scarcely blame Rinaldo's ill-tim'd passion, or the love of the Christian princes. In how conspicuous a light do we behold Sophronia's piety! a woman who, in the bloom of life, is ready to lay it down, and suffer an horrible death, to preserve her people. Can we help applauding the virtue, tenderness and truth of the sweet Erminia; or admiring the grandeur of soul that appears in Clorinda! but the poet has drawn a Gildippes, the most perfect pattern of connubial love and affection that ever was.

All the personages in a picture do not appear in an equal degree; the principal ones must always be conspicuous, and be view'd at their full length, as much as art and perspective will admit; there are others that are half hid, and many that represent only a great number of persons. The case is just the same in poetry. The author leaves the greatest part of his actors at a distance and in obscurity; yet there are many to whom Tasso pays a particular regard; and there are others whose characters are set off in a greater or less light, according to the interests they are made to have in the various parts of the story.

After Godfrey, of whom we hardly ever loose sight thro' the whole poem, appears Rinaldo; his character is every way suitable to a young hero, valiant to excess, immoderate in his desire of fame,
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and impatient of injury and insult; upon him the poet hath artfully chosen to work on by the two strongest passions that touch the youthful heart, niceness of honour and tenderness of disposition: Armida next appears, who, as she is to be the instrument of imposing on this young warrior, is represented amazingly beautiful, passionate, daring and ambitious; and all those characters are supported and made use of with the most consummate Judgment. To this character, tho' odious in itself, yet hath the poet given all the softness that is proper for the subject, and raised it by all the beauties he found it capable of receiving. What an amiable hero appears in Tancred, and what female delicacy and modesty in the enamoured Erminia! What suspicious cares and anxieties wait around the tyrant's throne! in short, every character throughout the whole poem is strongly marked with some peculiar and necessary distinction from the others, and preserved through the whole with propriety and consistence.

Since the epic is an elevated and divine species of poetry, by which the author proposes to himself the advancement of heroic virtue; at least his engaging the invisible powers in the design contributes to the embellishment of the poem, and the making it sublime and admirable: to the Supreme Being we may attribute all the good that is done, to the infernal spirits all the evil; sometimes the Almighty
may

may make his will known by inspirations, such as we meet with in Tasso frequently, in the visions and prophecies of the Eremite Peter ; the other way is, by the ministry of angels, altogether miraculous ; such is the appearance of the angel to Godfrey in the first book, &c. The poet shou'd converse as much with angels as with men ; Urania, immortal muse ! is an inhabitant of heaven. 'Tis thus that a poem is distinguished from history, not by numbers only, but by a poetical fury and divine transport, that appears in every part. He therefore that wou'd be a poet, must leave an historian to say, that a violent tempest parted the Christian and Paynim armies ; and tell us, that all the powers of Hell raised that storm.

There is no person, I believe, but will own, that the attributes and perfections of the supreme being, have furnished our Italian poet, with an endless stock of sublime ideas, and excellent sentiments, productive of every kind of virtue. The Christian institution hath in this respect, supply'd Tasso with other guests images, to raise and adorn his work, than can be found in the foolish and ridiculous system of Pagan divinity.

Homer and Virgil founded their stories upon tradition ; and

Prisca fides facta, sed fama perennis : is a proper

per excuse for many monstrous tales, which they have introduced ; such are allowable, if they were believed in the times their heroes lived ; nor shou'd an epic poem be without them, as they throw daring and extravagant graces on the subject, if rightly managed. It was the fate of those ancient fables, in which the beginning of every nation is involved, to be revered for their antiquity. Virgil hath follow'd Homer closely, and Tasso only at a distance ; the consequence is, that Virgil falls frequently short of the Grecian in his imitations, and Tasso as frequently excels him : Certain it is, that the great genius of the Roman poet, did not need to borrow any passages, similies or descriptions from Homer ; it was rather a compliment paid by him to his predecessor ; and tho' he has not crowded into his poem so many heroes, as we find in the Iliad ; yet is the action surprizingly busy and diversify'd ; Virgil sung the actions of Æneas, and Homer the anger and obstinate inactivity of Achilles ; the Greek poet therefore, lay under an absolute necessity, of supplying the absence of his hero, with some other warriors ; but the same conduct wou'd have been preposterous in Virgil, who had too much art, to drown his principal character, in the crowd of many other heroes indifferent to the main action : He has therefore center'd all our concern in Æneas ; Tasso in that respect observes the same method as Virgil, and keeps his Godfredo continually in our view. It is most certain, that the

latter part of the *Æneid*, is far less animated, than the first ; and the milder light of the last six books, is obscur'd and overpower'd by the lustre of the others ; but this is a defect that none but great genius's can fall into ; I mean, that of exceeding themselves ; none but Virgil cou'd write better than Virgil ; and the Roman poet, reach'd the utmost pitch of his art, in the middle of his course.

It is true, that Milton also towards the end of his poem, begins to trifle and is frequently very low ; but this was owing to the disposition of the poem, and the nature of things ; it is a great mistake to believe, that an author can soar when the subject sinks ; and as the mind of the reader, is apt to be tired in works of such length, every art shou'd be used, to awaken his attention with new and superior beauties as he proceeds ; this I mention chiefly, because Tasso hath shewn herein the most striking judgment. Every book in his poem, as we advance in it, becomes more and more sublime and interesting : In the first second and third books, the beauties are more thinly scatter'd, than in the fourth and fifth ; and in the like manner these are inferior to the succeeding, till at length we become astonish'd, at the wonderful sublimity and genius we meet, and our attention is kept in a continued amaze and transport to the end. Such a poem may be compared to the morning, which
first

first appears but faintly visible in the sky, and struggling with the shades of night, by imperceptible degrees the dawn becomes more and more distinct, spreading over the heaven, till at length every shadow being removed, it breaks upon us with a blaze of splendor, and the sun ascends in glory from the sea, which continues its destined course, and sets in as much magnificence, as that in which it rose.

I have already said, that one of the chief excellencies in Tasso, is the variety of characters ; but he has gone further, and made different shades of the same colour, different kinds of the same virtue ; he has distinguished the valiant from the valiant, and the prudent from the prudent. Godfrey is sedate and wise, Aladine anxious and cruel ; the generous valour of Tancred, shines in opposition to the brutal impetuosity of Argantes ; love in Armida is a mixture of coquetry and rage, in Erminia a gentle tenderness ; every one of his actors is known by some distinguish'd mark, as in the Iliad ; and every one of them act suitable to their character ; and in this respect he has improved the art which Homer taught him, but an art which Homer learned from none ; 'tis that interesting way of interesting us for his heroes, 'tis that unexpressible address, in interweaving the different adventures of the poem ; and leading us from the alarms of war to the allurements of love ; and from love back again to war ; in working up

our concern by degrees, and rising above himself from book to book ; it is these excellencies that challenge the unanimous admiration of Europe.

I have also said, that the poetry of every country hath many things peculiar to itself, and which seem odd and strange to other nations ; and upon this principle have I defended Homer from many censures, unjustly passed upon him ; tho' there are great blemishes in the Iliad, yet they are such, as he must necessarily have fallen into, considering the age and country in which he lived ; his goddesses may box, and mortals wound his deities ; Thersites may abuse his kings, and Ulysses knock him down ; the Grecian poet may compare Ajax to an ass, Ulysses to a pudding, and Agamemnon to a beef-stake ; because there was nothing mean in such phrases among the Greeks : Glaucus and Diomed may converse together for several hours in the midst of a battle, and then strip themselves, and change armours in the field ; because such things, I suppose, were customary in those days, and their engagements were not like ours, but skirmishes, and often only single combats in various places between the chiefs ; all these, I say, may thus be excused in Homer ; and to do justice to Tasso, we must consider some parts of his poem in the same manner.

There

There is a piece of machinery in the *Lusiada* of Camöens, and in this poem of Tasso, which the Italians and Portuguese think the most shining part of these two poems; I mean the enchanted island in which Tasso makes Armida keep Rinaldo, and the island of bliss in Camöens, which he makes rise out of the sea, to entertain his sailors in their return home, and which Spencer has copy'd in the *Fairy Queen*: Yet every other nation wou'd think this an extravagant fiction; the Christian princes turned into fish, in the ponds of Armida, and a parrot singing amorous songs of his own making, are strange things to a French reader. Ubaldo is sent to an holy conjurer, who carries him into the center of the earth, and then sends him to Ascalon, to an old woman who carries him in a little ship to the Canary Islands; thither he arrives in the name of God, to fetch Rinaldo back to the camp of the Christians. But what was the great exploit that must necessarily be perform'd by Rinaldo, and by him only? He was destined by providence, and brought by enchantment, from the Pike of Teneriff to Jerusalem, to cut down some trees in a forest, inhabited by elves and hobgoblins: This is the great machinery of Tasso, and near half the poem is employ'd about it; in that wood Armida peeps out of a myrtle, while she is some miles off in the Egyptian army, and totally unapprized of her being in two places at once; tho' she was the greatest forcerefs in the world: These are

very strange things, yet is Tasso easily to be excused.

Every one knows what the taste of the Italians is in poetry ; and we all have read the monstrous fictions of Ariosto ; a poem cou'd no more please the Italians, without such tales and enchantments, than it wou'd please the French with them : The virtuosi in Italy have disputed a long time, and still dispute, which of the two, Ariosto or Tasso deserves the preference ; but every where else the chief exception that men of understanding take to Tasso, is that of having followed Ariosto in some of his extravagant tales, and preserved his manner ; this will fully excuse Tasso, for running into these absurdities ; because they were the taste of the times, and no poem cou'd have hoped to have succeeded in Italy, without such machinery ; such fairy tales in the time in which Tasso lived, were the fashion not in Italy only, but in all Europe ; and Tasso, sensible that they were inconsistent with the dignity and gravity of epic poetry, attempted to turn them all into an allegory equally absurd.

The army of the Christian princes, (says Tasso) represents the body and soul ; Jerusalem is the figure of true happiness, which cannot be obtain'd without danger, labour and difficulties ; Godfrey is the mind, Tancred, &c. the faculties of the mind ; Armida, Ismeno and the Devils, are temptations,

tations, and evil spirits that besiege our souls, and lye in wait to destroy us ; the spells and illusions of the enchanted forest, shadow forth the false reasoning into which our passions are apt to mislead us. Such is the key that Tasso thinks fit to give us of his Poem, and in so doing, is like that Embassador, who having spent all the time of his embassy in debauchery and riot ; wrote to his master, that he was whoring and drinking for the service of his Majesty.

As to the stile of Tasso, it is perspicuous and elegant thro' all the Poem ; and when he enters into descriptions, which require strength and majesty, it is wonderful how the natural effeminacy of the Italian language, soars up into sublimity and grandeur, and assumes a new character in his hands ; there are lines in Tasso that equal the most sonorous passages in Homer. But the reader must be cautioned, that in many places his lines flatten into the most pitiful conceits ; which nevertheless are to be found in him, less frequently than in any other Italian writer.

Thus have I, as far as I am able, strove to consider the Jerusalem of Tasso in an impartial light, but must confess that I have been greatly assisted in this essay, by some little pieces of the celebrated Voltaire ; that which now remains, is only to inform the reader of some few particulars, in re-

gard to this translation, which I now offer the publick. I learned the Italian language meerly to have the pleasure of reading Tasso; being always a great admirer of that author in the old translation of Fairfax, who, I was told, had in many places done him great injustice in his version: I was soon convinced of this, on comparing several passages of Godfrey of Boloigne with the Italian: the English poem consider'd in itself, and making allowances for the time in which it was wrote, hath undoubtedly great merit; and there are many passages which breath the noblest spirit of poetry: the author may be considered as an English classick, and his versification is for the general superior to that of Spencer. Yet hath he fallen into the most gross and unaccountable mistakes, in regard to the meaning of his author; and often appears bewildered, and to have totally lost sight of the Italian poet. I shall trouble the reader with only a few passages of this sort.

Tasso introduces his Rinaldo in the 1st book, with these beautiful lines, Cant. 1st, Stanz. 58th.

*Ma il fanciullo Rinaldo, e sovra questi,
E sovra quanti, in mostra eran condutti;
Dolcemente feroce alzar vedresti
La regal fronte, e in lui mirar sol tutti.*

Which are thus englished by Fairfax:

But

But these and all, Rinaldo far exceeds,
 Star of his sphere, the diamond of this ring,
 The nest where courage with sweet mercy breeds,
 A comet worthy each eye's wondering!

In like manner Tasso's beautiful description of Sophronia is burlesqued by Fairfax, without his ever attempting to give the meaning of any one word of the beautiful original. Cant. 2d. St. 14th.

*Vergine era fra lor, di già matura
 Verginità, d'alti pensieri e regi:
 D'alta beltà; ma sua beltà non cura,
 O tanto sol, quant'onestà sen fregi.
 E' l suo fregio maggior, che tra le mura
 D'angusta casa asconde i suoi gran pregi:
 E da' vagheggiatori ella s'invola
 Alle lodi, agli sguardi, inculta, e sola.*

Among them dwelt her parents joy and treasure,
 A maid, whose fruit was ripe nor over-year'd;
 Her beauty was her not-esteemed treasure,
 The field of love with plough of virtue eared,
 Her labour goodness, godliness her leisure,
 Her house the heaven by this full moon ay cleared.

The translator was very fond of introducing his own thoughts instead of those of Tasso; and in the 18th St. he calls Sophronia

A shop

—— A shop for merchandize,
Full of rich stuffs, but none for sale exposed.

In the 40th St. we find Fairfax betraying a total ignorance of the language: Tasso, in his description of Clorinda, says

—— *e fra le selve,*
Fera agli uomini parve, uomo alle belve.

But the English versifier mistakes the Italian verb *parve* for the Latin adjective *parvus*, little, and would have it agree with *uomini*, men; taking it to mean fairies. His words are

The fawns and fairies wild
She chaced oft, oft took, and oft beguil'd.

There is another passage where he has yet more grossly blunder'd; it is in the 3d Cant. 32d St. where Tasso compares Clorinda retiring before the Christian army, to a bull assaulted by dogs. The lines are

Tal gran Tauro, talor nell' ampio agone,
Se volge il corno ai cani, ond' è seguito, &c.

The translation by Fairfax seems to understand the word *volge*, derived from the verb *volgere*, to turn, for the river Volga, when it says,

As

As the swift Ure, by Volga's rolling flood,
Chac'd thro' the plains, the massive curs to forn.

I have seen a translation of this book by Henry Brookes, Esq; who hath stolen the passage, with all its errors, from Fairfax, and renders it thus :

As on the wilds of Pleffa's bordering wood,
Or where broad Volga rolls a deep'ning flood,
The savage Ure, &c.

In the 55th stanza of the second Canto, where Aladine is said to have turn'd all the Christians fit to bear arms out of Jerusalem, but to have retained the women and old men as hostages, the poet makes the following beautiful reflection :

*(Dura division) scaccia sol quelli
Di forte corpo, e di feroce ingegno;
Ma il mansueto sesso, e gli anni imbelli
Seco ritien, sì come ostaggi in pegno.*

These are Fairfax's lines, which are put in the stead of a translation; and which appear to be astonishingly incomprehensible.

An hard division ! when the harmless sheep
Must leave their lambs to hungry wolves in charge;
But labour's virtues watching, ease her sleep,
Trouble best wind that bears salvation's barge.

The

The speech of Aletes, the Egyptian Embassador in the second Canto, is one of the finest pieces of oratory in the world : I will give the reader a sample of Mr. Fairfax's manner of translating it ; the Italian lines are these, in the 62d St.

*Il nome tuo, che non riman tra i segni
D' Alcide, omai risuona anco fra noi :
E la Fama d' Egitto in ogni parte
Del tuo Valor, chiare novelle ha sparte.*

These be the sheaves that honour's harvest bears,
The seed thy valiant acts, the world the field ;
Egypt the headland is, where heaped lies
Thy Fame, Worth, Justice, Wisdom, Victories.

In the 3d Cant. 69th and 70th Stan. comparing the translation with the original, we find two extraordinary passages, I shall set the Italian and English both down, to satisfy the reader's curiosity.

*Vivi beata pur, che nostra sorte,
Non tua sventura, a lagrimar n' invita :
Poscia ch' al tuo partir sì degna, e forte
Parte di noi, fà col tuo piè partita :*

Our loss, not thine, provokes these complaints and tears ;
For when we lost thee, then our ship her mast,
Our chariot lost her wheels, their points our spears,
The bird of conquest his chief feather cast.

The

The other passage is, if possible, more extraordinary.

*E come a nostro prò veduto abbiamo,
Cb' usavi, uom già mortal, l'arme mortali;
Così vederti oprare anco speriamo,
Spirto divin, l'arme del Ciel fatali.*

For if our God, the Lord omnipotent,
Those armed angels in our aid down send,
That were at Dothan to his prophet sent,
Thou wilt come down with them.

There are some passages, in the 4th Canto, that
I cannot avoid presenting to the reader's view.
The 34th Stan. is one;

*Come al lume farfalla, ei si rivolse
Allo splendor della beltà divina :
E rimirar da presso i lumi volse,
Che dolcemente atto modesto inchina ;
E ne trasse gran fiamma, e la raccolse
Come da fuoco suole esca vicina.*

They are translated thus :

This was the fowl that first fell in the snare,
He saw her fair, and hop'd to find her kind ;
The throne of Cupid hath an easy stair,
His bark is fit to sail with any wind,
The breach he makes no wisdom can repair.

His

His translation of the 72d St. 4th Cant. is equally strange and ridiculous.

*Non tu, signor, nè tua bontade è tale;
Ma 'l mio destino è, che mi nega aita.
Crudo destino, empio destin fatale,
Uccidi omai questa odiosa vita;
L' avermi priva, (oimè) fu picciol male,
De' dolci Padri in loro età fiorita,
Se non mi vedi ancor del regno priva,
Qual vittima al coltello andar cattiva.*

So both thy goodness and good hap deny'd me;
Grief, sorrow, mischief, care hath overthrown me;
The star that rul'd my birth-day has betray'd me;
My genius sees his charge, and will not own me;
Of queen-like state, my flight hath disarray'd me;
My father dy'd ere he five years had known me;
My kingdom lost: and lastly resteth now
Down with the tree since broke is ev'ry bough.

He hath translated the 92d Stan. 4th Cant. in the same strange way.

*Abi crudo amor, ch' egualmente n' ancide
L' assenzio, e' l mel, che tu fra noi dispensi;
E d' ogni tempo egualmente mortali
Vengon da te le medicine, e i mali.*

Cupid's deep rivers have their shallow fords
His griefs bring joys, his losses recompences,

He

He breeds the sore, and cures us of the pain ;
Achilles lance, that wounds and heals again.

I shall trouble the reader with one out of the
5th Cant. 61st Stan.

*Ma ben che sia mastra d'inganni, e i suoi
Modi gentili, e le parole accorte ;
E bella sì, che 'l Ciel prima nè poi
Altrui non diè maggior bellezza in sorte ;
Tal che del campo i piu famosi Eroi
Ha presi d'un piacer tenace, e forte.*

These lines are thus englished.

By this false queen of craft, and sly invention,
Whose looks loves arrows were, whose eyes his
quivers ;
Whose beauty matchless, free from reprehension,
A wonder left by heaven to after lovers ;
Among the Christian Lords had bred contention,
Who first shall quench his flame in Cupid's rivers.

I shall not quote any more of these strange passages ; these are enough already to shew that there was great room left for a new translation of Tasso—and it is with the greatest pleasure, that I must do justice to Fairfax, by saying, that there are several passages in his translation, which equal if not exceed the original ; this also I hope will plead my excuse,
for

for having sometimes borrowed a line from him, when I despaired of equalling his version : and perhaps the reader will wish I had taken a greater number of lines than I have, instead of blaming me for taking so many.

There is a beautiful account of Tasso in Scudery's excellent romance of Clelia, part 4th, Book 2d, where he represents Caliope, shewing to Hesiod on the top of Helicon, all the celebrated poets of all ages ; I shall beg the indulgence of the reader, to quote it in this place.

But turn thine eyes, upon an illustrious and unfortunate person, lawful heir to the glory of Homer and Virgil : He shall cause shame to the Princes of his own times, and he shall be the greatest honour of Italy for poetry. 'Tis the famous Tasso I spake of, the greatest genius of his nation, and one of the most judicious poets in the world ; almost in his childhood he shall make an heroic poem *, extremely ingenious, and begin to give the world an essay of his abilities ; afterwards he shall compose another †, the fable of which shall be wonderful, and yet probable, and the styles of it various, agreeable and natural ; the texture of his words shall have no confusion ; he shall

* Il Rinaldo, an epic poem in twelve books, on Rinaldo the Paladine, mentioned in Ariosto.

† Gerusalemme Liberata.

shall relate things in the most pleasing manner ; he shall excite compassion and admiration, he shall be very amorous in many passages, and shall express very much in few words. He shall introduce shepherds on the theatre, and shall make a pastoral comedy, which shall be the pattern of all others, and a master-piece, which many shall imitate, but none equal. He shall also make several other poems, but it suffices to mention only the most famous. Tasso shall be born in a town near a very fair city, which shall be called Naples at that time ; yet it shall one day befall him, as it did Homer, that several places shall challenge to themselves the honour of his birth : He shall be of a race so illustrious, that his ancestors shall have been Lords of a considerable city ; but his family being ruin'd, his father whose name shall be Bernardo Tasso, shall strive to hinder him from following poetry, that fruitless and unprofitable art. In brief, after many adventures, Tasso shall go to Rome ; afterwards to Ferara, France, Mantua, and return back to his own country, and then again to Ferara ; but into what place soever he goes, shall he find glory and poverty. Fortune shall begin to persecute him in Ferara, love shall be the principal cause of all his unhappiness, for he shall be enamour'd of the sister of his master, and render the name of Leonora, for ever famous by his passion and verse ; yet he shall conceal his love as long as he is able, and among three wo-

d

men

men of the same name, endeavour to disguise the truth; he shall also fight with an heroical courage against a man, that shall have discovered part of his passion; but at length he shall forsake Ferara, and spend several years wandering about in indigence, and wanting every necessary; he shall be in prison, he shall dread being poisoned, and at length, see himself so unhappy and overwhelm'd with misfortunes, that the very greatness of his mind shall serve to render him more miserable; since it shall be one of the causes of his loss of reason: He shall not have so much happiness as to be ignorant of his folly, and he shall have intervals of reason to let him know he is the most unhappy of all men; he shall run mad, yet shall find his virtue respected by a barbarous Captain of a multitude of out-laws; who having besieged a place without knowing Tasso was there, shall change his resolution as soon as he knows it, and deprive himself of a great booty, only for his sake. Thus Tasso shall be the object of universal admiration; at length the injustice of the Princes of his times, shall be detested by all posterity; who shall judge it strange, that the greatest poet of the world and the most illustrious person of that age, should live without being master of a poor cottage of his own, to hide his misery, tho' he had been universally admired, and lived in the politest Courts in Europe. In fine, Tasso having endured a thousand misfortunes, and feared all the woes that
cou'd

cou'd possibly befall mankind ; shall die, just before he is to be crowned Prince of poets at Rome ; but his glory shall never die, and his Aminta and Gerusalemme Liberata, shall be translated into all the languages in Europe.

Such, were the sentiments the French entertained of Tasso in the last century ; let us now see what is the opinion of the elegant Voltaire, in his essay on universal history : These are his words,

In regard to the Iliad, let every impartial judge consult his own heart, and tell us, what he thinks would be his real opinion, upon the first reading of this poem, and that of Tasso, without knowing the names of the authors, and the time in which they wrote ; but determining only by the pleasure he received from each ; could he possibly avoid giving the preference to Tasso in every respect ; would he not find the Italian to be more interesting, to have more oeconomy, order, variety, exactness, and elegance ; in a word more of that softness, which adds lustre to the sublime ; I question whether they will ever bear a comparison in a few ages hence.

What are the sentiments of the Spaniards in regard to Tasso, may be easily imagined ; when the reader is inform'd, that one of the first poems in that language is a translation of Tasso, with this dif-

difference only, that the author hath altered the names, and given it the title of *Sevilla Restaurada*, instead of *Gerusalemme liberata*, and made Ferdinand his hero, and not Godfrey.

It would be needless to add, what were the sentiments of the Italians in regard to their great poet; it suffices to say, that his works are in every body's mouth, and sung publicly about the streets. If the reader's curiosity would lead him any further, let him look into Boccacini, the best critick in that, or perhaps any other nation; and read, the 59th advice, first century; which is intitled, "Apollo exceedingly charmed, with the noble qualities of Tasso, creates him Poet Laureate, and Lord High President of Italian poetry."



T H E



THE
A R G U M E N T.

C A N T O the First.



AFTER the proposition and invocation, the poem opens with the descent of the angel Gabriel to Godfrey, and commands him immediately to undertake the delivery of Jerusalem.—Godfrey gathers the christian princes together, and excites them to the undertaking; they all with one voice, by the advice of the hermit Peter, chuse Godfrey for their commander.——The armies assemble, the various bands and leaders pass in review before the general, and they begin their march,
B followed

ARGUMENT.

followed by the fleet, which coasts along the shore.---Mean time the old sultan of Jerusalem called Aladine, prepares to defend the city, and the poet here takes occasion to inform us, who were the inhabitants, and what was the kind of government that then prevailed in Jerusalem.



THE



THE
DELIVERY
OF
JERUSALEM.

 SING the pious arms and chief re-
nown'd,
Who freed Messia's glorious sepulchre;
Much did his prudence, much his valour toil,
Much did he suffer in that great acquest,
And hell in vain oppos'd him; and in vain 5
The hosts of Asia and of Lybia arm'd:
Heaven gave him favour; and his erring friends
Beneath his holy standards he reduc'd.

Immortal muse! that not with fading bays
Deckest thy brow by tuneful Helicon, 10
But fittest crowned with resplendent stars
In heaven, the blest angelic choirs among;

Breath thy celestial ardour in my breast
 Enoble thou my verse : And oh ! forgive
 If feigned ornaments to truth I weave, 15
 And with fictitious beauties grace my lines.
 Thou know'st with how much eagerness the world
 Runs to Parnassus, by its flow'ry charms
 Allur'd ; and truth with gentle verse adorn'd
 Persuasive can entice the most reserv'd ; 20
 So to an infant when diseas'd, we give
 The cup, whose brim is sprinkled o'er with sweets ;
 And thus deceiv'd, he drinks the bitter draught,
 And thus is kindly cheated into life.

Oh great Alphonso ! who from fortune's rage 25
 Do'st rescue and to safety's port conduct
 Me, wandering stranger ; by the dangerous shelves
 And surges tost ; just swallowed in the deep :
 To thee these tales of glory and of love,
 This my vow'd offering of verse I bear ; 30
 Perhaps hereafter, the prophetic muse
 Deeds such as now she sings, shall sing of thee.
 For (if the christian nations e'er enjoy
 Concord among themselves ; and strive by war
 To win from the usurping infidel 35
 Fair Sion's captiv'd towers) they must commit
 To thee the sceptre of the christian world,
 Or yield the sole dominion of the seas.
 Oh rival of Godfredo ! while you read
 Our martial songs, prepare yourself for arms. 40

J E R U S A L E M.

5

Six years had roll'd away, since in the east
 The christians had the cross triumphant spread;
 Nice by assault, and potent Antioch
 By stratagem was conquered; which they held
 By arms against th' innumerable hosts 45
 Of Persia; and Tortosa's towers subdu'd;
 Unto the rigours of the wintry time
 They yield reluctant, and the spring attend.
 Past were at length wet winters, fullen hours,
 That stopt the progress of their victories; 50
 When from his lofty throne the eternal Sire
 Plac'd in the purest firmament, as high
 Above the bright stars, as from lowest hell
 The stars: look'd down. In one glance and in one
 Instant, the earth and all therein he saw. 55
 To Syria the omniscient father turns
 His eyes, upon the christian potentates;
 With that divine perception, that discerns
 The sudden secrets of the human mind;
 Godfredo there he mark'd, who sought to drive 60
 The impious Pagans from blest Sion's wall;
 And full of faith and zeal, all mortal praise
 And glory and dominion, lightly held.
 In Baldovin, he view'd an eager mind
 Thirsting for worldly greatness and renown: 65
 Tancredo there with silent anguish mourn'd
 So woe begone, so martyr'd with his love,
 And Boëmondo founded his new realm
 In Antioch, and framed holy laws;
 New arts, and better customs, introduc'd; 70

B 3

And

And the true worship of the deity.
 On this design the mighty warrior
 Turn'd all his thoughts, on this alone intent.

He found, in young Rinaldo martial thoughts,
 And spirit of repose impatient; 75
 No lust of riches or dominion,
 But an immoderate desire of fame;
 On Guelpho's words attentively he hung;
 Who told him wond'rous things of ancient chiefs,
 And fir'd his heart to imitate their deeds. 80

Thus when the sov'reign of the world had seen
 The secret counsels of each warrior's breast;
 Out of the shining Hyerarchies, he call'd
 Gabriel, the winged saint, obedient came
 Forth, from the prime celestial essences; 85
 Between God and the souls of righteous men
 Faithful interpreter, blest messenger!
 The fixt decrees of Heaven to Earth he bears;
 And wafts the prayers and zeal of Earth to Heaven.

Thus to his messenger Jehovah spoke. 90
 Seek out the bold Godfredo: In my name
 Demand, why doth he rest? Why not renew
 The prosperous war, and oppress Sion free?
 Let him to counsel, summon all his peers,
 And rouse the negligent to noble deeds: 95
 For chieftain of the rest, I him elect,
 Earth shall allow the choice; his fellows late
 Shall now become his subjects in the war.

He spoke: Nor Heavens bright minister delays,
 With speed, to execute the charge impos'd; 100
 His

His viewless form an human shape assum'd,
 And his pure spirit, to mortal sense appear'd:
 Human his aspect, human was his form,
 But yet of heavenly majesty compos'd,
 A stripling nigh to manhood, full of youth, 105
 Celestial splendors grac'd his golden locks.
 Of white wings he a shining pair assum'd
 And tip'd with gold: Unweary'd of swift speed.
 With these, the winds and yielding clouds he parts,
 Sailing impetuous over earth and sea: 110
 Thus clad, the heavenly messenger, divides
 With nimble wing, the pure skies; and descends
 Upon the top of shady Lebanon;
 And shook his plumes.

Then from the mountain flung 115
 His flight impetuous to Tortosa down;
 The new sun orient on the eastern shore
 Appeared bright, and blushing from the wave
 Part but in view; Godfredo then address'd
 His morning orisons to Heaven, for such 120
 His pious custom was; when with the sun
 That then shone bright, but brighter than the sun,
 The Angel in the golden East appear'd.

Godfredo! (thus the Seraph spoke) behold
 The season opportune, and fit for war; 125
 Now serves the time, if no delay prevents,
 To free Jerusalem; summons in haste
 Thy peers to counsel, rouse the negligent
 To end this glorious expedition:
 Thee chief the Lord elects, and all the hosts 130

Shall willingly to thee as chief submit.
 Me, his swift messenger, Jehovah sent
 In his great name, his great behests I bear;
 How just thine hopes of signal victory;
 What holy zeal thy bosom shou'd inflame! 135

He ceas'd, and to th' Empyreum, went away
 That sacred place, most pure and most serene:
 The brightness and command amaz'd the chief,
 Daz'led his eyes, astonished his heart.
 Recover'd, much he ponders in his mind, 140
 Who came, who sent, and what the great command;
 If once he wish'd, now ardently he long'd,
 Elected chief, to terminate the war:

Nor yet did pride dilate the hero's breast
 That Heaven had him to all his peers prefer'd; 145
 But still to God's great will, his will aspires,
 As mounts the spark amidst the kindling flame.

Forthwith, those mighty heroes, his compeers,
 Not distant far, impatient he invites
 To th' rendezvous, and post on post he sends 150
 And messenger on messenger; and joins
 Council with strong entreaty; noble minds
 At once, allures, and stimulates to war;
 At once the valiant but supine excites,
 All were assembled; so successfully 155

He urg'd them, by an undispleasing force.
 The leaders all, and mighty men at arms,
 Save Boëmondo, came. Some were encampt,
 Some round the country, some Tortosa held
 In her proud walls, the mighty armies join'd, 160
 A glorious

A glorious senate, on a solemn day;
At length, the silence good Godfredo broke,
August his manner, and distinct his speech.

Warriors, by Heaven elected, sacred Hosts,
To fight for Christ, and the true faith restore! 165
And by his care preserv'd in dangerous wars,
From the deceits of earth and the fierce waves
Of furious ocean; ye who have subdu'd
To his worship, long rebellious provinces;
And in subjected Empires, rais'd the cross 170
A trophy of your conquest and his name!

But not for this we left our happy homes
And native soil; believe me not for this;
Nor trusted to the faithless sea our lives,
Expos'd to hazard of a far sought war, 175
To gain the idle smoke of vulgar fame,
And the possession of a barren land.

That, for our sufferings, were too mean reward,
For that to shed our blood and lose our lives:
But this was the great end of our desires, 180
To scale Jerusalem's illustrious wall;
And free the christians from a shameful yoke,
And an hard bondage. In fair Palestine

To found new thrones, where godliness might reign
For ever; and have there a seat secure; 185
That thither holy pilgrims might resort
T'adorn Christ's tomb, and pay their promis'd vows.
What to this hour successively was done
Was full of peril great, but honour small;
Nought to our first designment. If we avoid 190
The

The purpos'd end, and turn the force of arms
Elsewhere ; what boots it, that all Europe rous'd
To the great war, all Asia to subdue :
If this of all our conquests is the end,
Not kingdoms to erect, but overturn. 195
Not as we list, new Empires must we raise,
On earthly frail foundations : Few are those
Who own the christian faith, and aid our cause,
Amidst innumerable infidels.
For nought on faithless Greece can we depend, 200
And far remov'd are succours from the west.
He, who stirs ruins, that himself o'erwhelm,
Nothing constructs, but his own sepulchre.
The Turks and Persians conquer'd, the proud walls
Of Antioch overthrown ; are mighty deeds 205
Of glorious praise ; yet this was not perform'd
Save by Heavens favour, and these victories
Were wonderful. But if we now revolt
And turn from that great purpose, which the God
Of battles pointed out ; I fear, we'll lose 210
His loving kindness, and at length, become
A by-word of the nations, and the scorn.
Then let not, I entreat you by the Lord,
These blessings be prophan'd, be abus'd,
And poured out ; to such great enterprize 215
And prosperous beginning, let the end
Be corresponding. Open are the ways,
Behold ! the gentle season is approach'd ;
Haste we to Sion, Sion is the goal
Of all our conquests ; why shou'd we delay ? 220
Princes

Princes I vow, and witness to my vow
 Ye times and ages, future, present, past;
 Hear all ye blest in heaven! The lucky time
 For this great enterprize, is now mature:
 And who would let slip Opportunity? 225
 He's most uncertain, who is most secure;
 Well I presage, if longer we delay,
 That Egypt, will half conquer'd Sion, save.

He ended, and a murmur low ensu'd.
 When Peter rose, the pious solitary; 230
 Who, tho' a private man, in council sat
 The peers among: I was the author chief
 Of this emprize, what Godfrey hath advis'd
 I council; and where truth is manifest
 Raise not a doubt, your future acts will shew 235
 That you approve his speech; but one thing more.
 If I mistake not, those delays and strifes
 The trials of your virtue, by yourselves
 Excited, or by Heaven's affecting hand;
 These turbulent opinions and delays 240
 On th' edge of execution perillous;
 These, to another source I must refer,
 Source of licentious crimes, and dangerous broil;
 I mean, authority in many plac'd,
 Different in opinion, but alike in power. 245

Where one alone, holds not the sov'reign power,
 Distributing impartial justice round,
 By punishments severe, or high rewards;
 The government and offices dispers'd;
 Erroneous is that system, and must fall. 250

One

One body, must the friendly limbs, support;
 Create one head, over the rest to rule:
 To one the regal power and sceptre yield,
 To bear the sway, and semblance of a king. 254

The hermit ended. Sacred spirit! What thoughts
 What holy ardors didst thou then infuse,
 Inspiring the good solitary's words,
 And stamping them upon the warriors hearts!
 Removing from each breast ambition
 Of rule, and independency, and fame; 260
 With Guelpho wise and William, all agree
 To chuse Godfredo, leader in the war.

This was the power they gave, the high command,
 To judge for, and to govern all the rest;
 Laws to impose on conquer'd provinces, 265
 And when and upon whom, he pleas'd make war.
 To hold in due subjection all the rest,
 All to be subject to his empire:
 Then fame flies forth, and the glad tidings spreads
 In all the tongues and nations of the world. 270
 He shew'd himself unto the soldiery,
 Him worthiest to command at once they own'd,
 With transport and mild bearing, he receives
 Their first salutes, and military applause:
 With every mark of affability, 275
 Gracious, he answer'd their obedience.
 Then ordered, that next day in th' open fields
 Assemble should, the multitude in arms.

The golden sun in the blue East appear'd
 Serene, and with unusual brightness shone; 280
 When

When ev'ry warrior clad in burnish'd arms
 With the new day, beneath the standards, form'd;
 And shew'd himself in martial equipage
 To the great Bulloigner, that march'd, around
 Th' extended champain, till at length he stopt:
 And view'd distinct the armed multitudes 286
 Of foot and horse; as they before him past.

Memory! Oblivions foe, and foe of time!
 Guardian, disposer of each worthy deed!
 Aid me this once; assist me, to rehearse 290
 The numerous leaders, and the numerous bands,
 To sing those chiefs, in ancient story fam'd,
 But now by time in dark oblivion hid.
 These strains, that from thy treasures I derive,
 Let every age admire, no age destroy. 295

And first the Franks advanc'd; their leader late,
 The warlike Hugo, brother to their king:
 From the sweet isle of France, the warriors came,
 Surrounded by four rivers, large and fair!
 The golden lillies, when their Hugo dy'd, 300
 Their wonted standard! They to battle brought
 Under Clotare; a leader excellent;
 Second to none in arms, a kingly name.
 They were a thousand armed heavily.

And next, another troop of knights advanc'd 305
 Unlike in nature, and in discipline,
 Unlike in arms, for ev'ry fight prepar'd.
 All Normans; Robert was their general;
 Robert, the native ruler of their land. 309
 Two rev'rend pastors next, their standards proud
 Unfurl'd;

Unfurl'd ; juſt William and good Ademare.
 The ſacred office of their miniſtry
 Together, they with piety perform'd ;
 And horrid Helmets preſs their flowing locks,
 Skill'd in the hardy exerciſe of arms : 315
 From Oranges throng'd walls and rich confines ;
 Four hundred chevaliers good William choſe ;
 And Ademare, to fight from Poggio brought
 His troops, the ſame in number and in arms.

His ſtandard next great Baldovin diſplay'd 320
 Amidſt his Bulloigners, renown'd in arms ;
 His brothers hoſt ! To him Godfredo gave
 The rule, when he the king of kings became :
 His place the count Carnuto nobly fill'd,
 Grave in advice, well verſed in the deeds 325
 Of bloody Mars : Four hundred knights he brought :
 And thrice four hundred Baldovin obey'd.

Next bright in arms, the troops of Guelpho ſtand,
 A chief whoſe fortune equal'd his deſert :
 Who by his latin fire from the houſe of Eſte 330
 His ancient noble pedigree deriv'd ;
 Of Germany his empire and his name,
 A great deſcendant of the Guelphian line :
 Carinthia was his kingdom 'twixt the ſtreams
 Of Iſter and of Rhene ; the country once 335
 Poſſeſt, by Sueves and Rhetæans fierce.
 This was his mothers right and heritage,
 To which he added numerous acquiſts ;
 A nation thence he brought, that dar'd defy 339
 Danger and death, at their lov'd chiefs command.

In

In baths they us'd the winter to allay,
 With hospitable rites, and social joy.
 Five thousand once, the third part, scarce remains;
 The rest, had perish'd by the Persian sword.

With white and curled locks the nation came 345
 'Twixt France and Germany, by Arden's wood!
 Where the Mosel and noble Rhene o'erflow;
 The land with corn and savage beasts abounds:
 With them the islanders, who oft repair
 Their mounds of earth, against the surging sea; 350
 That sea, which swallows up the merchants wealth,
 And towns and kingdoms in its headlong waves.
 United now the bands a thousand form'd;
 The nations both, another Robert led:
 A greater squadron from Britannia came 355
 William their lord, their sov'reigns second son;
 The English archers all, and with them join'd
 A people, bordering on the northern pole
 Divided from the world; wild amidst woods,
 Whom to the war, furthest Ierne sent. 360

Tancred advanc'd, Rinaldo stern, except
 None more renown'd in deeds of chivalry;
 Or fairer in his arms, and noble port;
 High were his thoughts, undaunted was his heart;
 His fault was love, and nothing else but love 365
 Could darken his bright fame; a luckless love
 Bred in the dangers of adventurous war,
 And tho' with torments nurs'd, new force it gain'd.
 For fame reports, that on that glorious day
 When Persia fled, before the sword of France; 370
 And

And Tancred in the end a conqueror
 The savage Fugitives with ruin chas'd;
 That tyr'd with toil of war and length of way
 He fought, to find refreshment and repose;
 Retiring to a silver stream, that ran 375
 Among wild herbs, high arching woods beneath;
 When, unawares he met a damsel fair,
 All but her face cover'd with blazing arms;
 She was a Pagan, and the same design
 Had brought her thither, to repose a while 380
 After her toil; he saw her, and admir'd
 Her wond'rous charms, and as he view'd, he burn'd.
 Oh wonder! Love that was but lately born,
 Now giant grown, this warrior subdu'd.
 Her helm the virgin don'd, and but she fear'd 385
 Another might arrive, and aid the foe,
 She had assail'd him: From her slave she fled,
 Thro' sad necessity a fugitive;
 Yet did her beautiful and warlike form
 As fixt, in his enamour'd heart remain 390
 As life; for ever in his thoughts remain:
 The attitude, the place, in which he saw
 This dame so fair, all added to his flame.
 Hence o'er his cheek distemper'd anguish spread,
 And prey'd upon his life! How warm, how vain 395
 Is hope! Now full of woe and sorrowful
 The chief became, with sad and downcast eyes.
 Eight hundred chevaliers Tancredo brought,
 Leaving the beauteous mountains of Champagne;
 Natures first pomp! And those delightful hills, 400
 Fertile and fair, which Tyrrene sea admires.

Two

Two hundred Grecians to the war advanc'd,
 Cover'd from head to foot in shining steel ;
 A crooked faulchion pendant from their sides,
 And bows and quivers ratling on their backs; 405
 Their horses good, and to the chase inur'd,
 In diet spare, and unfatigu'd with toil ;
 Ready to charge, and ready to retire ;
 To combat, flying, broken, disarray'd.

Latinus led the band : Latinus sole 410

Of all the Grecians joyn'd the Christian host,
 Disgrace and sin and shame ! Ill govern'd Greece !
 Were not these dire commotions near thy coast ?
 Yet sat'st thou as an idle looker on,

Carelessly waiting for the doubtful end 415

Of this sad Tragedy. If now enslav'd,
 It is the justice of high Heaven, no wrong.

In order last, the mighty squadron came,
 But first in honour, valour and in skill,
 Th' adventurers : Heroes unconquerable ! 420

Terrors of Asia ! Thunderbolts of war !
 Cease Argo of your Minois, Arthur cease
 To boast your errant knights, and fancy'd tales,
 For these surpass'd all of ancient time,
 Surpass'd all with victor laurel crown'd. 425

Dudon of Consa was their general ;
 All equal were in virtue and in birth ;
 But him, as chief, with one accord they chose ;
 Most actions he had seen, most deeds perform'd ;
 Grave was the warrior, mature and wise ; 430
 His looks, declar'd a vigorous old age,

C

Declar'd

Declar'd the noble marks of dignity :
 Old scars of grievous wounds the hero bore.
 Eustatio then, a warrior esteem'd
 Much for his own, much for his brother's sake; 435
 Gernando then, Norvegia's monarch's son,
 Vain of his sceptre, title, and his crown :
 Ruggier of Balnavilla 'midst the chief
 In dignity; and gallant Engerlan ;
 Gentonio then, the warlike bands among 440
 Renown'd : Rambaldo and the Gerrards brave.
 Ubaldo then, and Rosmondo the stout;
 Rosmondo heir of noble Lancaster !
 Tuscan Obizo with the rest advanc'd,
 Well worthy praise for many a noble deed; 445
 And those three Lombards, brethren much renown'd,
 Achilles, Sforza, and strong Palemede;
 Then valiant Otlon, with his conquer'd shield
 On which, a snake a naked child devours.
 Guasco and stern Ridolpho both in arms 450
 Renown'd, in arms the Guidos both renown'd :
 Nor Eberardo stout, or Gernier strong,
 In foul oblivion can the muse forsake :
 Let me with secret rapture, here rehearse
 Edward and his Gildippes; gentle pair! 455
 Oh join'd in war, and join'd in faithful love,
 Together blest they liv'd, together dy'd.
 What is not taught within the school of love?
 There learn'd this faithful lady war and arms;
 Still by the side of her lov'd lord she went, 460
 And both their lives upon one fate depend ;

To

To one alone no wound was dangerous,
 And undivided was the better pain;
 They for each other only seem'd to feel,
 They fought together and together dy'd. 465

But these and all, Rinaldo far surpass'd,
 Amidst ten thousand eminently known;
 This warrior uprear'd his kingly form
 Serenely fierce, the gaze of all the host.
 His expectation far outran his years, 470
 And ripest fruit amidst his blossoms grew:
 When clad in arms, he seem'd the god of war,
 Without those arms, he seem'd the god of love.

Beside the flow'ry banks of Adigè
 Him Sophia bore; Sophia the beautiful 475
 Bertoldo's spouse; fair mother of fair son.
 E'er he was wean'd, Matilda took the child,
 And brought him up in ev'ry kingly art:
 Until the trumpet of these wars he heard,
 That sounded in the distant orient: 480

Five summers, thrice the beauteous youth had seen,
 When by himself, thro' lonely way he fled;
 And past th' Egean Sea and Grecian shore,
 And join'd in lands remote the christian camp;
 A noble flight, which noble souls might boast, 485
 And his descendants greatly imitate:

Three years the warrior had spent in arms,
 And a small down upon his cheeks appear'd.

Now all the horse had past, the infantry
 March in review; the sage Raymondo, first; 490
 Lord of Tolosa! from the cloudy hill

Of high Pyrene, to Garronna's streams
 And th' ocean, stretch'd his potent empire :
 Four thousand foot, well disciplin'd and arm'd,
 He brought; inur'd to danger and fatigue. 495
 Valiant the troops, and mighty was the guide,
 Nor cou'd they find a braver general.

Five thousand next, great Stephen of Amboise
 To battle brought, from Blois and distant Tours!
 A people not laborious and robust, 500
 But all reluctant in their polish'd arms :
 The land itself, is soft, glad, delicate,
 And like the land are its inhabitants :
 The troops, impetuously begin the charge,
 But soon they languish, and as soon retreat. 505

Alcastro, like Capaneus when he march'd
 To leagure Thebes, the third division led :
 Six thousand Switz, a bold and fiery race,
 Who live in castles on the Alpine cliffs :
 The iron which the rocky country plough'd, 510
 In a new form they carry to the war ;
 And with these bands, that guarded late their flocks,
 He threat'ned monarchs, and their rage defy'd.

The glorious standard last, to heaven was spread ;
 With Peter's keys and diadem adorn'd : 515
 Seven thousand troops valiant Camillo brought
 Of foot, all glorious in the blaze of arms :
 Glad, in this great adventure, to revive
 The ancient honour of his ancestors ;
 And shew, that unto none in bravery 520
 They yielded, tho' unus'd to discipline.

Now

Now ev'ry banded regiment had past
 Of horse and infantry, equipt for war ;
 When great Godfredo summon'd his bold peers
 To counsel, and his princely will express'd. 525
 Soon as the morning in the heaven appears
 Let ev'ry band advance, prepar'd to march
 With expedition to Jerusalem ;
 Sudden with th' utmost haste, by secret march.
 Be ye all ready for the enterprize, 530
 For hardy combat and glad victory :

He ended. And the hero's daring parole
 Inspir'd their souls with ardor for the war ;
 All were prepar'd to go, at day's first dawn,
 All were impatient for the glorious morn : 535
 But yet their prudent chieftain fear'd some dire
 Event. And in his heart those fears conceal'd.
 For he, by certain tidings was assur'd,
 That the Egyptian emperor advanc'd
 To Gaza by swift marches ; that he sent 540
 To th' Syrian frontiers, an unnumber'd host :
 Nor could he think a warrior inur'd
 Like him to war, and vers'd in enterprize,
 Would e'er delay his journey. Him, the chief
 Consider'd, as a dangerous enemy ; 545
 Then Henry, faithful messenger ! he call'd.

Go, take with th' utmost speed, a pinnace light,
 And hasten over to the Grecian shore :
 There shou'd arrive (for so my letters say
 Receiv'd from one that never yet deceiv'd.) 550
 A royal youth, renown'd for chivalry,

And our affociate in this enterprize;
 The prince of Danes; an hardy host he brings
 Of soldiers, from beneath the Artick pole,
 But, for I judge the Grecian emperor 555
 Deceitful, will exert his wonted craft;
 To stay his passage, or elsewhere divert
 The necessary succours; therefore haste
 Mine herald good, my trusty counsellor;
 Tell him from me, that haste will best besit 560
 His honour and your need; his utmost force
 Entreat, his swiftest expedition!
 Delay would him and the great cause disgrace.
 Return not thou; but still remain behind
 And seek assistance from the emperor; 565
 Tell him his royal promise is engag'd,
 Tell him, that he is bound by covenant:
 This said, and thus instructed; he receives
 Letters of Credence and of kind salute;
 And speeds him to perform his lords behest, 570
 Godfredo, with these thoughts was satisfy'd.
 The following morning, when the worship'd sun
 Stept from the portals of the orient;
 Loud trumpets and shill clarions num'rous blew,
 And all the ardent hosts prepar'd to march; 575
 Nor yet, more grateful is the thunders sound
 In summers burning season, that brings hope
 Of wanted rain; than to those warriors fierce
 The clangor of their martial instruments.
 At once the ardent armies laid aside 580
 Their robes of peace and suddenly appear'd
 Sheath'd

Sheath'd in bright arms ; at once the mighty peers
Asssemble, and the various multitudes
Follow their various chiefs ; loose in the wind
Wave, their proud standards with magnificence ;
The mighty ensign, royal and superb, 585
And the triumphant cross, they spread to Heaven.

Mean time the sun, great regent of the day,
Had mounted to the height of burning noon !
And smote the glittering armies, as they stood 590
With tremulous beams, that dazled ev'ry eye :
The air around them seemed all on flame,
And cast, as from a conflagration, light ;
Neighing of horses, and the clash of arms, 595
Made a dread sound, that deaf'ned all the plain ;
The cautious general from ambush, fought,
And sudden inroad, to protect his host :
And sent a troop of horsemen lightly arm'd
To scour the woods, and unfrequented plains :
The banded pioneers advanc'd before, 600
To level for the march th' uneven roads :
They fill the hollows, smooth the wild abrupt,
And give wide passage to the rushing hosts ;

No Pagan armies in their march they meet,
No bulwarks, with an ample rampier fenc'd ; 605
No torrent, woody hill, or broken steep,
Could interrupt their way : So, when his banks
The emperor of rivers hath o'erflow'd,
Proud with the melting snows ; in hideous fall
Foaming, he tumbles o'er the broken fields, 610
Tears up the trees, nor ought resists his strength.

The king of Tripoly in fenced towns
 Shut up his men, his treasures, and his arms ;
 He had the armies of the franks delay'd,
 But that he durst not urge them to a war : 615
 With presents and supplies, he stay'd their rage,
 And led them voluntary thro' his land ;
 Receiving such conditions of a peace,
 As good Godfredo, pleas'd to bestow,

Those of mount Seir, who to the orient 620
 Border on royal Sion ; old and young
 Women and men, a various multitude
 Bring presents to the christian conqueror :
 And run in heaps to wonder at the man ;
 And stand amaz'd at the foreigners ; 625
 And faithful friends they were and faithful guides.

By ways direct, along the sea wash'd strand
 They guide the christian hosts : on tumbling waves
 The armed gallies, coast along the shore,
 Surging upon the flood. And for the camp 630
 Bring daily necessaries ; munition good ;
 And victuals ; from the isles of Grecia sent ;
 And store of wines, from Scios and from Crete.
 The vast sea groaned underneath the weight
 Of heavy ships, and gallies lightly arm'd ; 635
 For here no Pagan, o'er th' unbounded wave
 With daring hand his hostile vessel steer'd
 Or spread his pregnant sails ; for then the huge
 Armado was extended wide and broad ;
 From the Venetian and Ligurian realms, 640
 From England, Holland, France and Sicily

Met

Met the huge navies, and o'erspread the sea :
 All were united in the surest bands
 Of love and friendship ; and together sail'd
 To various parts, with ev'ry necessary 645
 That might be wanted by the hosts on land ;
 And when their various freights they disembark'd,
 Unto the frontiers of the enemy,
 Away they steer'd ; the Asian isles among,
 With swiftest expedition ; to that land 650
 Where, Christ the Lord, for our offences dy'd.

Fame fled before, and spread her ample wings,
 The messenger of truth and rumour false :
 She told the Pagans that the Christian bands
 Were join'd beneath a leader fortunate ; 655
 She told, how numerous the troops, how brave !
 The worth, and name, of ev'ry general !
 She told, that with fierce threat'nings, they advanc'd
 'Gainst the usurper of Jerusalem.

The fear of ill is sure a greater ill 660
 Than that we dread ; ills present disappear.
 All ears are open to uncertain fame,
 And ev'ry mind is ready to believe :
 A confused rumour, and ungovern'd rage,
 Runs thro' the Pagan camp, and frighted town ;
 The aged monarch knew the danger nigh, 666
 And counsels fierce, his wav'ring heart, inflam'd.

The king was Aladine. Lately he gain'd
 The throne, and rul'd in perpetual care :
 A cruel tyrant once ; but graver age 670
 His

His brutal disposition did allay :
 He saw into the Christian hosts design,
 Knew, that they would his capital besiege ;
 These new alarms his former fears encrease ;
 Treason within ; without, he dreads, the foe. 675
 For various nations, and of diff'rent faith,
 Were mixed in the town : the smallest part
 Were Christians ; but the greater multitude
 In Mahomet believ'd : When this fierce king
 Conquer'd fair Sion, and by craft his throne 680
 Supported ; from all burdens he discharg'd
 The Pagans, and a double load impos'd
 Upon the faithful followers of Christ.
 These fears awak'd his former cruelty,
 Which time had laid asleep, and age had cool'd.
 Rousing his savage indignation, 686
 To an insatiable desire of blood :
 Like him, a snake, late frozen by the cold,
 Dreadful becomes, in summers sultry time.
 So, the tame lion, if to anger rous'd, 690
 Assumes again his innate furiousness
 Sure tokens of unusual joy, (he cries)
 In Christian infidels, I have discern'd ;
 Our universal loss to them gives joy ;
 Amidst our common sorrows they rejoice : 695
 Perhaps foul treacheries they now design,
 And secretly to murder us consent :
 To their associates, and mine enemies,
 Perhaps, they purpose to betray the gates.

It shall not be, I will prevent the foes, 700
 And on the traytors turn their guilty schemes;
 They shall be made examples to the world.
 I will destroy them. At their mothers breasts
 Their infants shall be kill'd; their houses wrapt
 In fire; their temples all consum'd in flames; 705
 For multitudes of dead a funeral pile:
 And on that sepulchre they so adore,
 I'll offer up their priests in sacrifice.

Thus thought the tyrant in his cursed heart,
 But dar'd not execute his curst design; 710
 Yet that the innocents were not destroy'd,
 The cause was cowardice not piety;
 If one dire apprehension urg'd him on
 To cruelty, a greater one restrain'd:
 He fear'd to irritate his conquering foes; 715
 All thoughts of peace, a deed like this, destroy'd.

But while his felon heart conceal'd his rage,
 To other schemes he bent his fierce desires;
 He laid the suburbs level with the ground,
 And gave the villages a prey to flames: 720
 Nor left a place entire and undestroy'd
 To the advancing Franks. The neighb'ring springs,
 Rivers, and waters pure, renown'd in song!
 With deadliest poison, Aladine defil'd.
 Cruelly cautious, nor he yet forgets 725
 Strongly to fortify Jerusalem.

Three sides already were impregnable;
 That part alone, which fronts the stormy North
 Available:

Affailable: And that, with brazen bars
And steel bound doors, he guards, and iron gates;
Innumerable multitudes he arms, 731
Of subjects, and of foreign mercenaries.

The End of CANTO I.



THE



THE
A R G U M E N T.

C A N T O the Second.



WHILE the sultan of Jerusalem is taking all measures to defend the city against the Christians, Ismen a Magician comes to his assistance, and advises him to take the image of the blessed Virgin from her temple and place it in their mosque, and then adds, that while it remained there, Jerusalem could not be taken: The king obeys; but finds it the next morning taken away from the place where he had placed it; in his fury he orders all the Christians in the city to be massacred; Sophronia a beautiful young virgin, to save the lives of the Christians, declares to the king that she had taken it away, and is therefore condemn'd to suffer death; Olindo who had long in secret lov'd her, to save her life, insists that he had committed the theft;
the

ARGUMENT.

the tyrant in a fury orders them both to be executed; in the mean time Clorinda, an Amazon arrives in the city, and immediately begs their lives of the king, which is granted, and they are only banished. The Christian army arrives at Emaus, when two embassadors from Egypt enter the camp, and after Godfredo's refusing to abandon the siege, declare war against him: Argantes one of the embassadors, enters Sion by night, to assist the old Sultan in the defence of the city.



THE



THE
DELIVERY
OF
JERUSALEM.



WHILE thus, the tyrant for defence
prepar'd,
Lo! Ismen solitary Mage, drew nigh;
Ismen, who from the closed sepulchres
Calls up the dead, and gives them breath and sense;
Ismen, that with the sound of magic verse, 5
Affrights grim Pluto in his horrid reign;
The Demons his accurst behest obey,
His slaves; he binds or looses the damn'd fiends.
The law of Mahomet he now adores,
Impious apostate from the Christian faith! 10
Yet can he not forsake the Christian rites;
Both he employs, to serve his ends prophane,
Confounding

Confounding both the laws, by him ill known ;
 Dire from his cave, where impiously retir'd
 From vulgar eyes, he practis'd horrid spells 15
 He came, t'advise his sov'reign in distress ;
 Of a curs'd king more cursed minister.

Great prince! he thus began, your foes advance
 Hastening, your dreaded and victorious foes ;
 Let us the necessary help provide, 20
 For Heaven and earth assist the brave man's cause :
 Thou hast a king's and hero's part perform'd ;
 Well have you labour'd, prudently foreseen :
 If all like thee their duty execute,
 This country shall become the christians grave. 25
 Behold! I come to share the dangerous toil,
 Companion of thy fate, to bring thee aid ;
 What long experienc'd age, and magic art,
 Can profit thee, I promise ; and the hosts 29
 Of Angels bright, that were from Heaven exil'd,
 I will compel to aid thee: Now attend
 How to commence the hazardous emprise.

Within the Christian temple, far from light
 Remov'd, a subteraneous altar stands ;
 On which the consecrated picture lies 35
 Of her, the mother of the Christian's God ;
 A wond'rous lamp unceasing splendor sheds
 Around the holy place, and in a veil
 The portraiture is wrapt; in spacious range
 Unnumber'd offerings are hung, the gifts 40
 Of credulous devotion to the fane.
 I'd have this image which they so adore

Snatch'd

Snatch'd hence, and by thy royal hand, convey'd
 To Macon's consecrated Mosque; and there
 I will enchant it in such wond'rous fort; 45
 That while within the temple 'tis preserv'd
 It shall preserve the city, and the gates
 Be unassailable to th' enemy;
 Remain in this new Mystery secure.

He spoke, and he persuaded. Hastily 50
 The Tyrant fought the temple of the Lord,
 And forc'd the priests, and took irreverent
 The picture, from the consecrated dome:
 Then plac'd it in his impious Mosque, nor fear'd
 Heav'n's vengeance, for his curst and foolish deed:
 Within the place prophane the horrid Mage 56
 Murmur'd his blasphemies, and hellish charms.

But when the new day first in Heaven appear'd,
 Uprose the guardian of that temple foul;
 And saw no more the faintly effigy, 60
 Which, fruitlessly, around the Mosque he sought:
 The king, against him, for this new event
 Within his bosom mortal rage conceiv'd:
 And thought some Christian had convey'd it hence,
 Some faithful Christian, piously conceal'd. 65
 Yet whether 'twas a deed of mortal hand;
 Or else the interposing power of Heaven,
 That much disdain'd, the image of its Queen
 There longer should remain; fame is as yet
 Uncertain, if report to mortal art 70
 Ascribes this miracle; yet piety
 And zeal, that would all praise supreme, resign
 As due to Heaven, errs not, but judgeth right.

The tyrant with a search importunate
 Explor'd the temples, every house explor'd ; 75
 To them, the guilt or guilty who betray'd
 Or hid, he promis'd gifts and punishment :
 And the Enchanter all his idle charms
 Employ'd to find the truth, employ'd in vain, 79
 For Heaven conceal'd it from his baffled charms.

Soon as the monarch saw his search was vain,
 To find the author of the sacrilege ;
 On all the Christians he converts his rage ;
 Immoderate, immense his fury grew :
 Of all respect forgetful, he resolv'd 85
 On vengeance, mercy to his mind was strange ;
 Let them all die (he cry'd) the guilty wretch
 Must perish, in the gen'ral massacre :
 Perish the innocent, 'tis just, before
 The guilty 'scape ; but who is innocent 90
 Among the Christians ? Guilty are they all.
 Not one to my religion is a friend :
 If of this new offence they're innocent,
 Yet let them suffer for their former crimes :
 Up, up my faithful soldiers. Haste, destroy, 95
 With fire and sword, this people from the earth.

Thus he address'd the Pagan multitudes ;
 The Christians heard the danger imminent,
 Astonished they stood : The fear of death, 99
 Immediate death confounds them. No resource
 They had of speedy flight or firm defence
 Prayers or excuse : The tim'rous multitude
 Were all confus'd, and irresolute,
 Yet help they found from where they least had hope :
 Among

Among them did a gentle virgin dwell 105
 Now ripe for Hymen's joys, of courage high
 And wond'rous charms, nor were those charms her
 pride:

But virtue was her richest ornament;
 And her chief excellence, that she conceal'd
 In a mean house that beauty so admir'd; 110
 She shun'd the praises of enamour'd youths,
 And liv'd in solitary chastity.

But what avail'd her resolution chaste?
 Such wond'rous beauty could not be conceal'd;
 Nor could the god of love to this consent, 115
 But in the bosom of a gentle youth
 Lights up the tender flame! Oh potent God
 Of love! Who whether blind or Argus ey'd,
 Can't, tho' unnumber'd centinels defend,
 Enter the gentle virgin's tender heart, 120
 And yield the palace to another guard:

Sophronia she, and he Olindo call'd,
 Both of one city, of one faith were both;
 As modest he, as she was beautiful; 124
 Lov'd much, hop'd little, and requested nought;
 Nor could he tell his love, or cease to love;
 And she, not mark'd his passion, or despis'd:
 And thus poor lover! was thy servitude
 Unseen, or unregarded, unesteem'd.

The dreadful tydings, to her ears arriv'd, 130
 Of all her people's cruel massacre;
 And she, who was as generous as chaste,
 Consider'd, how to save the innocent;

A courage most illustrious urg'd the thought,
 But virgin bashfulness withheld her long; 135
 Courage prevail'd; yet bashful her resolve,
 Or firm unmov'd her virgin bashfulness.

Alone amidst the multitude she went,
 Nor did she hide her beauty, nor expose;
 A veil the brightness of her eyes obscur'd, 140
 And noble was her manner, tho' reserv'd;
 Neither adorn'd, nor negligent, she seem'd;
 Her looks by chance or careless art compos'd;
 For Heaven and love and nature were her friends,
 And authors, of her graceful negligence. 145

Look'd at by all, looking at none, she went
 Fair Heroine! till before the king she came;
 Nor tho' he swell'd with rage did she retire,
 But met intrepidly his furious look: 149
 Monarch! I come, she cry'd. Be thy revenge
 Suspended, and thy furious guards restrain;
 I come, to render up into thine hands,
 The criminal, and satisfy thy rage.

Her modest boldness, and the sudden blaze
 Of faintly beauty, and soft excellence, 155
 Astonished the Emperor. His wrath
 And the fierce transports of his heart were calm'd,
 While placid grew his look, so late severe.
 Had she been kind, and cloath'd those charms in
 smiles,

The Tyrant's frozen heart had felt the flame; 160
 But stubborn beauty never yet subdu'd
 A stubborn mind, smiles are the bait of love.

It

It was amazement, wonder and delight,
For love it was not, mov'd his cruel soul; 164

Declare the whole, he cry'd; 'tis my command,
I grant thy people's lives in recompence.

I will, (the virgin answer'd) mine the guilt,
It was my hand the daring theft perform'd;
I stole the sacred Picture; I am she 169
For whom you seek, and I your vengeance claim.

Thus, in contempt of death, her spotless life
She offer'd up for others; on herself
Turning the threat'ned vengeance: Noble lie!
Was ever truth so fair! Was ever truth
Holy deceit, to be preferr'd to thee! 175

Awhile the Tyrant check'd his ardent rage
Restraining his resentment; say (he cry'd)
Who was't advis'd thee to this sacrilege?
And who was your associate in this crime?

She answer'd, the renown of such a deed 180
Is all mine own; with others, I disdain'd
To share the smallest part of praise. 'Twas I
Alone who counsel'd, I alone perform'd;
Alone I'm guilty. Then on thee alone
I'll wreck my fury, (said the king severe) 185
'Tis just, the virgin answer'd, nobly just,
Mine be the glory, and the punishment.

Increasing fury fill'd the Tyrant's breast.
Sternly he thus demands. Where have you hid
The Image so convey'd? Not hid, she cry'd, 190
It is consum'd in fire; and Pagan! much
I glory that it is: No infidel

Can now the sacred Portrait violate.

Tyrant! the theft and thief which you demand,
The first you'll never see, the other's here. 195
But why dost thou to me the crime transfer?
Not mine but yours th' offence: 'tis nobly just,
What has been seiz'd unjustly, to regain.

The Tyrant heard, and fiercely menacing
Raged: and let his indignation loose. 200
Nor beauty, chastity, nor noble mind,
Avail'd; no hope for helpless innocence.
Love feebly scornful cruelty oppos'd,
And held up Beauty, as a shield in vain. 204

The gentle Dame was seiz'd: and the fierce King
Condemn'd her to the flames: Her virgin veil
And garments, by rude hands are torn away,
And bound in rigid cords her tender arms.
Dumb was this innocent, yet not afraid;
Tho' sure her virgin bosom was disturb'd; 210
Her beauty of one colour now became,
Not pale her red cheeks were, but lilly white.

Soon was the rumour of this dire event
Spread o'er the city; and the people ran
In haste to gaze; Olindo 'midst the throng: 215
Unknown the person sure the punishment,
Tho much his heart foreboded it was she;
But when the mournful lover saw the maid
Us'd with the rigour of a criminal,
And suddenly to suffer horrid death; 220
Then, all distracted 'midst the crowd he rush'd;
Exclaiming to the tyrant hastily.

She

She is not, is not guilty of the Deed :
A crime not her's the fair enthusiast owns; 224
She form'd not, dar'd not, could not, by herself
And in experienc'd, such a Deed atchieve;
The wardens how could she delude? How steal
Away the sacred Picture? By what Art?
I tell thee, Prince, 'twas I! I stole it thence,
And was such love by the belov'd not lov'd? 230
He added further; where your stately Mosque
Receives the air, and the blest day of Heaven,
By night I enter'd; and with toil explor'd
The dangerous pass of difficult ascent:
Mine is the glory, let the death be mine, 235
Nor let her thus usurp my punishment:
Mine are those chains, mine those devouring flames,
And yonder horrid pyle's prepar'd for me.

Sophronia heard; and rais'd her modest look
Humanely, fixing tenderly her eyes 240
On him; then thus. Ah wherefore hast thou come
Miserable innocent! What vain design
And ill directed virtue, brought thee here?
Do I want resolution? Do I want
Society in pain? I can endure 245
Whatever punishment he dares inflict;
I have an heart that is prepar'd for death,
Nor want I thee a partner in distress.
Thus she address'd her lover, but in vain,
Unalterable was the youth's resolve. 250
Oh glorious spectacle of wond'rous kind!
Where love and noble virtue had such strife!

Where death was all the vanquisher's reward;
And to be conquer'd only could be safe: 254

But now the king no more restrain'd his rage,
Who thought th' illustrious Martyrs brav'd his power,
Scorning his punishment and majesty;
Believe, he cry'd, you both are conquerors;
And both of you shall fit reward obtain.

The Tyrant gave the nod. The Serjeants seiz'd 260
And bound in rigid cords the beauteous youth;
Both to one stake for sacrifice are ty'd,
Both back to back, from each their faces hid.

And now prepar'd is the dreadful pyle, 264
And the lung'd bellows the fierce flame excites;
When thus the plaintive lover, in sad sort
Address the beauteous partner of his fate;

Are these alas the bands, I fondly hop'd
Should join our lives? And this the fatal fire
That I, alas, too credulous! Believ'd 270
With mutual ardour should our breasts enflame?
Far other fires and other bonds than these
Love promises; but these hath fate unjust
For us provided, ah! too soon, thou sole
Queen of my heart, fortune divides our loves. 275

Yet 'tis some comfort to be join'd in death;
Oh my Sophronia! In this dreadful hour
To die with thee, is happiness supreme;
To share your funeral pyle, since not your bed;
Your fate I mourn, my pains I cannot feel. 280
Yet happy, oh thrice happy! were my fate,
And all my pains were fortunate and sweet;

If

If yet I could obtain, that breast to breast
 I might breath out my spirit on thy lips;
 And thou with mine, at the same time unite 285
 Thy last sighs: Thus lamenting much he spoke,
 And thus with gentle speech, the maid reprov'd.

Oh friend! far other thoughts and other woes
 Our situation and the time require.
 Why not reflect upon your former crimes? 290
 And think upon the ample recompence
 God hath hereafter promised the good?
 For his name suffer. Torments become sweet
 To those, whose just prayers to his throne aspire:
 Behold how fair the Heavens, how bright the sun!
 They woo thee to be their inhabitant. 296

Aloud the Pagan multitudes lament,
 The Christians mourned in a silent woe:
 The king himself, to mercy much unus'd
 Began, to feel compassion in his heart; 300
 But scorn'd it when perceiv'd: turning his eyes
 Away, he went; lest pity might persuade.
 Sophronia only did not share their grief,
 For whom all mourned, did herself not mourn. 304

While thus they stood: Behold a Warrior came,
 For such she seem'd in look and loftiness;
 Strange were her rattling arms, her habit strange,
 And journeying she had arriv'd from far:
 A Tygres on her helmet was pourtray'd,
 And that fam'd ensign admiration drew; 310
 That ensign, by Clorinda us'd in fight,
 Her they believ'd it was, nor did they err.

She

She scorn'd the female arts, their use despis'd,
 Even from her infancy their softness shun'd;
 Disdaining to disgrace her warlike hands 315
 With the weak distaff, and Arachne's toils;
 Effeminate dress, and secret rooms she fled,
 And kept her chastity in tented fields;
 Arming with pride her looks, and pleas'd to seem
 Stern and severe, with dreaded grace she smil'd. 320
 While she was young, with tender hand she us'd
 To loose or check the horse with frothy bit;
 Us'd to the horrid exercise of arms,
 She signaliz'd herself in warlike strife;
 Harden'd her limbs, and ran the swift career; 325
 And over mountainous and woody ways
 Chased, the lion and the rugged boar.
 In forests to the beasts she seem'd man;
 With Man, a Lion in her strength, she seem'd.
 She from the Persian kingdom lately came, 330
 Against the Christians to oppose her force;
 And had in former battles spread the fields
 With their bodies, dy'd the rivers with their blood.
 Here when arriv'd, she saw the tragic pomp
 Of death, and public execution; 335
 And curious to discover, for what crime
 They were condemn'd, she thither spurr'd her steed.
 The crowds retire. And on th' ill fated pair
 Approaching nigh, the virgin fixt her look;
 And saw, one silent and the other mourn, 340
 The weaker sex most resolution shew'd:
 She mark'd the man lament, as if he felt

Pity

Pity not grief; not sorrowing for himself;
The maid kept silence with her eyes on Heaven,
As if her soul before she dy'd was there. 345

Clorinda became tender; and for both
She mourn'd, and dropt a silver streaming tear.
For her who did not grieve, she grieved most;
Her silence mov'd her more than his complaint;
At once she purpos'd to prevent their fate, 350
And thus address'd an old man standing near.
Inform me who are these? What crime or chance
Hath brought this gentle pair to punishment?

Thus she enquir'd. The senior soon reply'd,
And fully told in brief the mournful tale. 355

She wonder'd at a case so strange; admir'd
Their virtue, and discern'd their innocence;
And purpos'd to prevent at once their fate,
If force, or fair entreaty, could avail;
Approaching, she commands the raging flame 360
To be extinguish'd; and address'd the guards.

Be there not one among you all that dare
Your bloody cruel office execute;
Before I see the King, and rest assur'd
You shall not suffer blame for this delay; 365
At once the executioners retire,

Such awe and fear her royal looks infus'd.
Then to the Prince she hasten'd. Him she met,
Who fought, in courteous sort, the gentle Dame.

I am Clorinda; my renown in arms 370
Hap'ly hath reach'd your ears; who now is come
To try her wonted prowess, in defence

Of

Of your dominions, and our common faith.
 Each daring deed I dare to execute;
 High acts I dread not, nor the low disdain; 375
 Do thou command to fight, in th' open field
 Or to defend these walls, I nought refuse.

She ceas'd. The King return'd. Oh wond'rous
 maid!

From furthest Asia and the orient
 What country so remote, not to have heard 380
 Clorinda's glory and renown in arms!
 And since thy sword in my defence is drawn,
 No longer do I dread mine enemies.
 I have more hope, more confidence in thee,
 Than in vast armies join'd in my defence. 385
 Come Godfrey, fatal enemy! advance,
 No longer Aladine thy coming dreads;
 Clorinda asks employment in the war,
 Clorinda fam'd and terrible in arms;
 To her the sceptre of command I yield, 390
 Whatever she directs shall be a law;

He ended. Courteously she render'd thanks
 To his praises, and began to move her suit.
 A thing unusual, Monarch! I attempt,
 Asking reward for services to come 395
 Embolden'd by your bounty; I request
 To save those wretched lovers, the reward
 Of all my future merits and desert.
 I ask them as a gift; uncertain guilt
 With certain pain to punish, is severe; 400
 But all these things in silence I pass by,

And

And all the marks I saw of innocence.
 This must I say, that if with one consent
 Ye think the christians stole the Portraiture;
 I differ from you. And the cause appears 405
 Of ample weight and satisfactory.
 The action was a thing irreverent
 Unto our laws, which the vain Mage advis'd;
 It is unlawful for us in our Mosques
 To place our idols, others idols more. 410
 Therefore, I think that mighty Mahomet
 This miracle perform'd; it was his act
 To shew he would not let us violate
 His temples, with a new religion.
 Let Ismen trial make of all his spells, 415
 His sorceries supply the place of arms;
 We who are Knights, with swords should manage
 war,

These are our arts, in these our hopes we place.

She ceas'd. And tho' the Tyrant's heart ne'er us'd
 To yield to gentle pity or to prayers; 420
 To her desires he yields. Her words prevail
 And reasons, and the weight of her requests:
 I give them life, he said, and liberty;
 To such a suitor nought can be deny'd;
 Whether 'tis justice or fair clemency, 425
 Guilty I give them thee, or guiltless save.
 Thus were they fav'd. Olindo sure thy fate
 Was the most blest and noble of thy kind:
 Shewing by one great action, that pure love
 Will in a generous heart beget its like; 430
 To

To marriage from the fatal pyle he went;
 Lately condemn'd, an happy bridegroom now,
 No more an hopeles lover, but belov'd;
 He would have dy'd with her. Nor she refus'd 434
 To live with him, that with her would have dy'd.

The jealous Tyrant's weak suspicious soul,
 Esteem'd such virtue dangerous to the state;
 And ordered both of them to banishment,
 Beyond the furthest bounds of Palestine.
 And taking council from his cruel heart, 440
 Some Christians banish'd, others he confin'd;
 How sad, alas! to leave their infant sons
 Their aged parents and their gentle wives.
 Cruel division! When the weak are torn 445
 From those; who should their helpless age support;
 The weaker sex and all of feeble years
 As hostages, the cruel King detain'd:
 Many did wandring go, and many turn'd
 Rebellious, from resentment more than fear; 449
 And join'd the hosts of Franks that now advanc'd
 To Emaus, and against the Tyrant warr'd.

Emaus west from sacred Salem's towers
 Stands eminent, a little way disjoin'd;
 A Man that travels with an easy pace 454
 Leaving the one at morn, may reach e'er noon
 The other: How the armies of the Franks
 Rejoiced to behold the rising walls,
 What wild impatience did their hearts enflame!
 But, for the sun had past with prone descent

The

The burning noon, Godfredo gave command 460
To rest that night, and their pavillions spread.

They were encampt; and now not far remote
Was the bright sun from the vast ocean:

When lo! two Barons in a dress unknown
And with a foreign port, were seen approach; 465
Each gesture, ev'ry look, denoted peace,
And that as friends unto the chief they came:

Ambassadors of Egypt's mighty King;
Them many a squire and many a page attend.

Aletes one: Mean was his origin, 470
He from the lowest of the people came;

To the first honour in the state he rose,
Alluring, cautious, eloquent his words;

Plyant his manners, various was his craft,
Still prone to feign, and cunning to deceive; 475

Forger of slanders, which he ever dress'd
So new, his accusations praises seem'd.

Argantes the Circasian th' other call'd:
Who, came a stranger to th' Egyptian court;

And to a Satraps dignity advanc'd 480
Shared, the praise supreme in martial Deeds,

Impatient, furious and inexorable!
Robust, insatiable, invincible!

Scorner of ev'ry God. Reason and law
On his sword's point the savage hero plac'd. 485

Audience demanded, and admittance gain'd
Unto the presence of the Christian chief;

They enter'd. Him amidst his peers they found
Plainly array'd, and on an humble seat:

But

But thro' this negligence firm valour shone, 490
 Thro' modesty his noble heart appear'd :
 A small short reverence Argantes made
 Like a proud warrior that valu'd none.
 His right hand on his breast Aletes plac'd,
 Inclin'd his head, and cast on earth his eyes ; 495
 Rendering Godfredo ev'ry reverence
 And honour, that his country's customs were.
 Then thus. A torrent of rich eloquence
 Sweeter than honey from his lips distill'd ; 499
 And, for the French had learn'd the Syrian tongue,
 All that th' Egyptian spoke they understood.

Oh only worthy! to whom the noblest band
 Of warriors renown'd, obedience pay!
 By thy sage conduct, and thy strength in war, 504
 The Christian nations have their laurels gain'd;
 Thy name, that from the utmost boundary
 Of Europe, to the furthest East resounds;
 In ev'ry part of Egypt, the report
 Of thy late actions, hath their glories spread.
 There is not one that the great story hears 510
 But thinks it marvellous and passing strange;
 My King not only hath with wonder heard
 Your valours praise, but also with delight;
 Enamour'd with your generous excellence;
 He nobly loves the valour others dread ; 515
 His voluntary choice, tho' not in faith,
 With thee, in firmest friendship to be join'd.
 Urg'd by this motive, by this cause alone,
 The monarch offers amity and peace ;

Since

Since not religion, virtue be the band 520
In lasting friendship that unites you both :
But our great King's inform'd that you prepare
To drive his ancient Ally from his seat ;
And wills, e'er such Extremities ensue,
That I his royal purpose should disclose. 525
This is his mind. That you should be content
With what your valour hath already gain'd,
And not molest Judea ; or those lands
That own his rule or his protection claim ;
For this he promises, to guarantee 530
Your yet unsettled state, to join his arms
With yours, if e'er the Persians or the Turks
Hope to regain their lost Dominion.
Great deeds in a short time you have perform'd,
Which distant ages never can efface ; 535
Armies and cities taken and destroy'd,
And dangers overcome, strange countries past ;
That all the nations neighbouring or remote
Have heard, and been amaz'd, at the report ;
But if you seek new glory to acquire, 540
And kingdom add to kingdom, crown to crown,
Vain will your efforts be and vain your hopes ;
Your fame hath reach'd it's summit, prudence now
Would shun the issue of a doubtful war ;
Where victory will but advance the state, 545
And bring to you no greater dignity ;
When if ought happens adverse to your hope,
Your conquests all are lost, and lost your fame.
This is the folly, this is fortune's sport,

Great things to risk for small, for unsure sure. 550
The advice of one, that might such actions blame,
Is, to secure what you have greatly won.
But to have succeeded in each enterprize,
To be with love of fame unbounded fill'd,
To have surrounding nations tributary, 555
All urge your daring spirit, to avoid
The glories of an honourable peace;
As others would avoid destroying war.
These, these impel you to pursue the road
That fortune, opens largely to your wish, 560
Never to lay aside your conquering sword,
On which undoubted victory attends,
Till Macon's sacred doctrine is o'erturn'd,
And woeful Asia is made desolate.
Errors agreeable! and sweet events! 565
But mighty losses may from thence ensue.
Yet if thy courage doth not blind thine eyes,
Nor zeal intemp'rate reasons light obscure;
You'll see, in this attempt so perillous,
That you have much to fear, little to hope; 570
That fortune which is ever variable
May send you ill, as well as good success;
To those who rise on high, and suddenly,
A dangerous precipice is often near.
Tell me, if the Egyptian thee oppose, 575
Potent in wealth, in council and in arms;
The Turk, the Persian, and Cassano's son,
Against thee should unite and carry war?
Canst thou resist their furies? where canst thou
From

J E R U S A L E M.

51

From such a danger find deliverance? 580
Perhaps in Grecia's faithless King you trust,
To thee united by most sacred leagues?
Who is't that doth not know the faith of Greece?
You from one treachery should learn the rest,
Else from a thousand. For a thousand snares 585
For thee hath that perfidious nation laid:
Will they who passage to you once deny'd,
Freely expose their lives in your defence?
Passage, that common is to all mankind
Deny'd, for thee will they now shed their blood?
But you perhaps have all your hope repos'd 591
In these strong bands invincible in war;
And that those troops, whom scatter'd you subdu'd,
United you'll as easily defeat;
Tho' much your army's wasted by the war 595
And hardships; tho' you see your desperate state;
What if new enemies arise in arms,
Th' Egyptians with the Turks and Persians join?
Perhaps you fancy, 'tis ordain'd by fate
That by the sword you cannot be o'ercome: 600
Let it be granted; let it be allow'd
That what you think, is the decree of Heaven;
You'll be subdu'd by famine. From this ill
What refuge have you, what secure defence?
Go put thy lance in rest, thy bright sword draw;
And over hunger feign a victory. 606
Th' inhabitants, already provident
Have wasted, and consum'd the neighb'ring lands;
Inclos'd in walls and lofty battlements,

Before thy coming, they've laid up their food: 610
 You who so boldly have so far advanc'd,
 How can you thus your horse and foot support?
 You tell me by your naval armaments,
 Why then your lives depend upon the wind.
 Perhaps your fortune doth command the winds,
 And at thy will, they're loos'd or controul'd; 616
 The sea that's deaf to prayers and to distress
 Will hear thy call alone, and thee obey;
 But if the nation of th' Egyptians
 Join with the Turks and Persians in a league; 620
 And if such formidable fleets unite;
 How can thy ships oppose their multitudes?
 A double conquest, fir you must obtain,
 To bear away renown from this emprise;
 Even if in one you fail, great the disgrace 625
 That you incur, and greater far the loss.
 If by our fleet your navy is dispers'd,
 How will you hinder famine in your camp?
 If you're by land defeated, useless then
 Will be your fleets at sea victorious? 630
 Your situation this. If you reject
 The peace and truce of the Egyptian King.
 Such purpose, let me freely speak the truth,
 Not equals the high virtues which are thine:
 But may Heav'ns will so alter your intent, 635
 That war you may avoid and follow peace;
 That Asia from her sorrows may respire,
 And you enjoy the fruits of victory.
 And ye, alike the partners of his fame

The

The partners of his peril and his toil ; 640
By fortune's cheats no longer be deceiv'd,
Cease to exhort him to provoke new wars :
As Mariners, when from the faithless sea
Retir'd, whose ships hath gain'd the wish'd for port ;
You now should all your scatter'd fleets unite, 645
Nor trust your safety to the cruel waves.

Then ceas'd Aletes. Murmurs low ensu'd
After his speech, from all the Christian lords ;
And their disdainful gestures well disclose
How much his proposition them displeas'd ; 650
Thrice and four times Godfredo cast his eyes
Around, to view each hero's countenance ;
Then on the Egyptian lord his look he fixt,
Who waited for his answer, and began.

Wisely hath thou thine embassy declar'd, 655
And wisely mixed menaces with praise ;
Me if your King loves, and our deeds admires,
Kindly I take his favour and his love ;
But to that part, where you denounce a war
From the united hosts of Infidels ; 660
To that, as is my custom, I reply
With free opinion, in the plainest phrase.
You know that much we've hitherto endur'd
On land and on the main, by night and day ;
Only to force a passage, long desir'd, 665
Unto these holy venerable walls :
So to obtain reward and grace from God,
Freeing them from a wretched servitude ;
For that end nothing arduous we refuse,

To expose our worldly honours, kingdoms, lives.
No greedy and ambitious desires 671
Urg'd us to this attempt, or were our guides;
May the great King of Heaven from our hearts
Banish such plagues, in other breasts to dwell;
Nor let them be infected by that sweet 675
Dire poison, that so pleasingly destroys;
But may his hand that gently penetrates
The hardest breasts, soften and melt our hearts.
'Tis this hath guided, this hath brought us safe
Thro' obstacles and dangers imminent: 680
Hath level'd mountains, and made rivers dry,
Allay'd the summers heat, the winters cold;
Still'd the tempestuous surges of the sea,
And loos'd the blust'ring tempests or restrain'd;
This hath consum'd or burst the highest walls, 685
This hath destroy'd, or scatter'd, armed hosts.
Thence we our courage and our hope derive;
Not from the feeble effort of our strength,
Not from the hosts how numerous so e'er
Of Grecia, or the succouring arms of Franks; 690
But if our God his Faithful not forsakes,
Then little care we who's our enemy.
He can protect himself, his foes offend,
Nor needs another's succour in distress.
But if we are deprived of his help, 695
Or thro' his secret judgments or our crimes;
Who would refuse to be inhumed here,
Where our ador'd Redeemer was entomb'd?
So might we die, nor envy those that live,

So might we die, nor perish unreveng'd; 700
Asia will have no reason to rejoice,
Our friends no reason to lament our death.
Yet, do not fancy we avoid sweet peace
As much as other mortals fly from war;
Well doth the friendship of your monarch please,
Nor lightly his alliance do we hold; 706
Yet wherefore should your monarch thus protect
Great Solyma from our surrounding hosts?
Or why forbid us other crowns to gain?
But rather rule his tranquil realms in peace? 710

Thus he reply'd, and his reply, inspir'd
Argantes heart, with rage immoderate;
Nor could he hide his fury; but with words
All arrogant, the Christian chief address. 714
Who scorneth peace, shall have enough of war,
Let him await the storm, that flights the calm;
And mortals ne'er can want a cause of strife:
Well you demonstrate, shunning fair accord,
How you esteem the friendship of our King. 719

He said. And seiz'd the train of his proud robe
Rolling it up, and wrapping it in folds:
And thus again, the Paynim 'gan to speak
More insolent, and haughty than before,
Proud scorner of events so dubious,
Within this lap I bring thee war and peace; 725
The choice be yours: Resolve without delay,
Do what you chuse, but be it suddenly.

His semblance fierce, and utterance all disturb'd,
 Urg'd them with one accord to cry out war;
 Nor did they tarry till their mighty chief 730
 Magnanimous Godfredo, had reply'd;
 At this the Knight open'd and shook his robe,
 Then thus. I challenge you to mortal war;
 With savage transport thus, and hate, he spoke;
 And seem'd to open Janus horrid fane. 735
 Fury extravagant, and discord fierce,
 Seemed that instant from his robe to fly:
 His horrid eye-balls terrifying burn,
 Like dire Alectro's and Megea's torch;
 And as the structure that 'gainst Heav'n was rais'd
 The tower of confusion, such he seem'd; 741
 In the same attitude that Babel stood
 He rais'd his front, and threat'ned the high stars.
 Godfredo then. Unto your King return
 And bid him, hither haste with all his speed; 745
 The war you threaten, gladly we accept;
 If he comes not, we'll meet him at his Nile.
 Then he dismiss'd them both, in courteous sort,
 And honour'd the Embassadors with gifts;
 A gorgeous helm, he to Aletes gave, 750
 Acquir'd at Nice, the other spoils among.
 Argantes had a sword, of gems and gold,
 The excellent Artifician the hilt compos'd:
 So masterly the workmanship, it far
 Excell'd in price the rich materials; 755
 The temper, riches, and embellishments,
 Most curiously the warrior admires.

Argantes

Argantes then the Bulloigner addrest :
Soon shall you see how I this gift can use.

Then took they leave, and the Circasian fierce
Addrest his fellow. Whither lies our road? 761

Turn thou to Egypt, I to Sion turn ;
Thou with the morning travel, I by night.
What need you now my presence? and what need
My letters to th' Egyptian Emperor! 765

Carry the answer thou. I shant remove
From Sion, where we mean to carry war.
Thus the Embassador became a foe.

Whether, he hastes untimely or mature ;
The law of nations, or the customs old, 770
Whether he offends, not thinketh he or cares.

They part. Argantes seeks Jerufalem,
Led by the friendly splendors of the moon,
Impatient of delay. Nor irksome less
Was the long journey to Aletes old. 775

'Twas night. In mute and deep repose the earth
The winds and waves were sunk. The sp'rites
fatigu'd

Of creatures, that inhabit the vast main,
Or lodge in bottom of the liquid lakes,
Or those who lie in dens, or lurk in folds, 780
Or painted birds ; in deep oblivion sunk,
Beneath the lonely awfulness of night,
A grateful rest enjoy'd ; and from their hearts
Anxiety and toil and grief exil'd.

But not Godfredo or the faithful camp 785
Dissolv'd in sleep, or yielded to repose ;

So

So much they long'd, to see the morn serene
Relumine the vast Heaven with its light ;
The morn that should conduct them to those walls,
The wish'd for period of their toilsome march ;
Each moment watching for the dawning ray 791
In th' East, that first dispels night's horrid gloom.

The End of CANTO II.



THE



THE
A R G U M E N T.
C A N T O the Third.



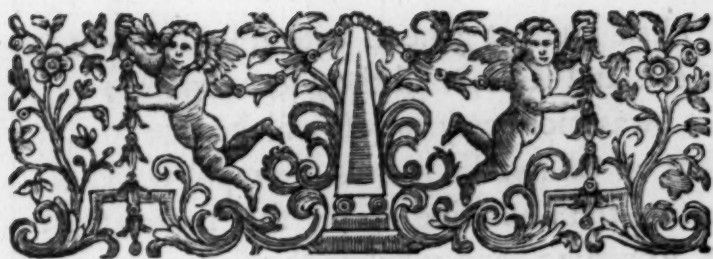
THE Christian army arrives at Jerusalem, and the Soldan sends out Clorinda to skirmish with the enemy; in the engagement Tancred strikes off her helm by a blow of his sword, and discovers her to be the fair unknown whom he had so long lov'd: They are separated by the crowd of combatants: The Christians are repulsed by Argantes who kills Dudon the chief leader of the adventurers: Erminia Princess of Antioch from the walls shews the old King all the most distinguished of the Christian leaders: At last Rinaldo advancing, the Pagans retire in the utmost consternation; and the young hero, exhorts
his

A R G U M E N T.

his troops to scale the walls, but is at last commanded to retire. Godfredo pitches his camp against the town and views the situation of the country and city ; afterwards he celebrates the funeral of Dudon, and sends a band of men to a neighbouring Wood, to cut down timber for engines and instruments of war to assault the walls.



T H E



THE
DELIVERY
OF
JERUSALEM.



OW rose the Zephir, messenger of
morn !
And to the world announc'd the
coming dawn ;
Beauteous she came, her golden hair adorn'd
With living roses, pull'd in paradise.
When thro' the Christian camp, a murmur loud 5
And a confused noise, proclaim'd they arm'd ;
Preventing the tumultuous trumpets sound :
At length the trumpet gave th' expected sign,
With chearful blast of triumph and of joy.

Their

Their prudent general with mild restraint 10
 Directs and seconds all their forwardness;
 Yet 'twas more easy to restrain the tide
 That on Charybdis, drives the rapid waves;
 Or stop the blustering north, that shakes the back
 Of Appenine, and whelms the ships in main. 15
 He marshals, he urges, and directs;
 Swiftly they march, yet regular their haste.
 Wing'd was each warrior's heart, and wing'd his feet,
 Nor they themselves perceiv'd how swift they went:
 But when the sun had scorch'd the arid fields, 20
 Gaining, with burning rays, the steep of Heaven:
 Lo! it is seen Jerusalem appears;
 Lo! it is heard Jerusalem appears;
 Lo! from a thousand voices all combin'd,
 'Tis known, that they salute Jerusalem. 25

As when, of mariners a daring band
 That labour to descry a foreign shore,
 In doubtful seas, beneath the Artick pole,
 Daring the faithless waves, and trothless winds;
 If they discover the long sought for coast, 30
 From far they hail it with a joyful shout;
 And each to other shew the wish'd for land,
 Forgetting all their toils and labours past.

To that blest transport, which in ev'ry breast
 Sion's first sight, did pleasingly inspire; 35
 Succeeded, deep repentance and remorse,
 Mixt with a timorous and rev'rent awe:
 Scarcely they dare to turn their feeble eyes
 Towards that town, the seat elect of Christ;

Where

Where once he dy'd, where once he was inhum'd,
And where triumphant from the grave he rose. 41
Accents submissive, silent utterance,
Deep sobs, and tearful sighs, rose from their breasts;
The multitudes, that lately joy'd, lament;
And a sad murmur runs along the sky: 45
Such is the sound, that's heard, in thickest woods
What time, the rising breezes shake the trees;
Such is the sound, as when urged on the land
The hoarse sea waves roar hollow rocks among.

With naked feet the noble army march'd, 50
Following th' example of their general;
Their filken ornaments, the gold, the plumes
And the proud helmets, from their heads they took;
All pride and haughtiness they laid aside,
And shed unfeigned and unceasing tears. 55
As if, all utterance was to grief deny'd,
Thus to himself, each one himself accus'd.

Here, O adored Redeemer! from thy side
A thousand streams of precious blood did flow;
As thy deplorable and bitter fate, 60
Shall not mine eyes be fountains of salt tears?
Oh my cold heart! why dost thou not dissolve
In sorrow, streaming from my mournful eyes?
Hard heart! with sorrow either melt or break,
You should mourn ever, if not now you mourn. 65

Meantime, the wary watchman that survey'd
The hills and plains, from Sion's lofty tower;
Distant, beheld, a mighty cloud ascend
That fill'd, like a prodigious cloud, the air;

And

And as the lightning blazeth from the clouds, 70
 Pregnant with flame, and sheds a splendor sharp;
 So he discern'd, the shining of their arms,
 And men and horses, midst the dust descry'd.
 Then cries aloud, oh what a dust appears
 Filling the air! how terrible it seems! 75
 Oh citizens arise! let each with haste
 Assume his arms; let each the walls ascend.
 The enemy is present. Then again
 Exclaims. Haste, haste! betake ye all to arms;
 Behold the foe. That mighty dust, behold, 80
 Which with an horrid cloud involves the sky.

The tender infants, and unarmed fires,
 And all the number of desponding dames,
 Unable, to contend in furious war;
 All hasten to their mosques, suppliant and sad. 85
 But those, of limbs and resolution, strong;
 With expeditious courage, seize their arms:
 Some to the gates, some hasten to the walls;
 The King mean time, sees all things and directs.

All things appointed. He at length retir'd 90
 Up to a tower, that stands two gates between:
 There to be nigh for every urgent need:
 From whence no mountains interrupt his sight.
 Charming Erminia, with the tyrant went,
 Who reign'd, with grace superior, in his Court; 95
 Protected in his palace; and receiv'd,
 E're since, the Christians with successful War
 Had Antioch overturn'd, and slain her fire.

Mean-

Mean time, Clorinda sally'd on the Franks
 With many a Baron bold ; herself the first. 100
 Elsewhere, within a secret postern stood,
 Prepar'd to rescue her, Argantes fierce.
 She valiantly excites her martial Troops
 With daring words, and an intrepid look ;
 Some great beginning let us execute, 105
 (She cries) thereon to found all Asia's hopes.

While thus she spoke, not distant far, she view'd
 A band of French convey a rustick spoil ;
 Which, as their custom, from the fields they
 brought, 109
 And now with flocks and herds to camp return'd.
 Them she attacks, and bends against the Chief
 Her dire assault, whom she beheld advance ;
 Guardo his name, a mighty man of arms !
 But far unable to oppose her strength !
 In that resistless shock, headlong to earth 115
 He falls ; before the eyes of either host.
 The Pagans shout ; taking glad augury
 Of happy war from this, but took in vain.
 Against the others she pursu'd her course
 Enrag'd, and cast a thousand to the earth ; 120
 Her soldiers follow, thro' the crimson walk
 Of battle, she had open'd with her sword.

Soon from the Christians is the spoil redeem'd ;
 And step by step the yielding Franks retire ;
 Till, on a neighb'ring hill, the bands unite, 125
 Advantag'd by the situation.
 Then, as a raging tempest that breaks forth

F

And

And issues all in lightning from the clouds ;
 So by Godfredo sent, great Tancred came,
 Leading his multitudes of Launciers strong. 130
 Unshaken, he, a monstrous spear sustain'd,
 And like an hero fierce and young, advanc'd.

The King who mark'd his carriage, and observ'd
 He was a warrior, chosen from the prime
 Of all the Christian Peers, address'd the Dame ; 135
 Who felt her tender bosom throb with love :
 Well should you know (he cry'd) acquainted long,
 Each Christian hero, tho' conceal'd in arms.
 Who is that champion that appears so brave ?
 That is so fierce, so warlike to behold ? 140
 He ceas'd. Instead of answer, from her breast
 Came forth a sigh, and from her eyes a tear :
 But she, those sighings and those tears repress'd,
 Yet not repress'd, but that they cou'd be seen ;
 Her pregnant eyes with purple rings were stain'd.
 Deceivingly at last she spoke, and hid 146
 Beneath the veil of hatred, her desires ;
 Alas, too well I know him ! she began,
 Amidst a thousand Tancred wou'd I know ;
 Late I beheld him, cover all the fields 150
 And streets of Antioch, with my people slain ;
 Alas ! how terrible his blows ! the wounds
 He gives, nor herb nor magic art can cure.
 That is Tancredo. Mighty Mahomet,
 Let him become my prisoner e'er he die ! 155
 Oh may he live ! until a sweet revenge
 Afford some comfort to my fierce desire !

Thus

Thus did she answer. And the words she spoke
The King, who heard her, took in other sense;
And her last words, in spite of her were mixt 160
With sighs, she labour'd to repress, in vain.

Mean time, Clorinda met the fierce assault
Of Tancred stern, and put her spear in rest:
They struck their helmets, into shivers flew
Their spears; Clorinda was in part unarm'd: 165
For all the laces of her helm were burst,
And, wondrous chance! it bounded on the earth.
Her golden hair was scatter'd on the winds,
And the fair dame amidst the field was known.
Lightned her eyes, and thundered her looks, 170
Sweet was her wrath, what then wou'd be her
smile!

What dost thou think Tancredo! what admire!
Dost thou not recollect the form you lov'd?
This is the beauty that your heart inflam'd,
Ask of your heart, her form is there engrav'd; 175
This is the maid you saw, what time you cool'd
Your sultry temples by the lonely spring.

The Prince, altho' her helm and painted shield
Before he had not mark'd, yet knew her well:
She, cov'ring from surprize her naked head, 180
Affail'd Tancredo, who the fight forbore:
And against others turn'd his bloody sword;
Yet from the Maid no respite cou'd obtain.
Threatning she follow'd him, and turn thee, (cry'd)
At once defying him to double death. 185
Not once the warrior return'd her blows,

Not once attended to resist her sword ;
 But gazing on her cheeks and radiant eyes,
 Where Love his bow inevitable bends ;
 Thus to himself. In vain is ev'ry stroke 190
 That is inflicted by your armed hand ;
 And yet the blow that by your beauty's given
 Falls not in vain, it strikes me to the heart.

Resolv'd, tho' no compassion he cou'd hope,
 Not to expire and keep his love conceal'd ; 195
 Determin'd to inform her, that she struck
 An unarm'd captive, trembling suppliant,
 And not a furious mortal adversary.

He cry'd. Oh thou ! who seemest to select
 Me for thine enemy the croud among, 200
 Quit we this multitude : apart retir'd
 Let us each other's boasted valour prove.

Thus singled, if your prowess equals mine
 May better be discern'd. She glad assents :
 And tho' without an helmet little cares. 205

Boldly she went. He follow'd pensively.
 Arriv'd. The beauteous Heroine, in form
 Of hostile battle stood, and struck the chief.
 When, stop thine hand (he cry'd) and e'er the fight,
 Attend, to the conditions of the fight. 210

She stay'd. And in that moment, desperate love
 Had made him of a tim'rous lover, bold ;
 The covenant be, (he said) since peace you scorn
 With Tancred, that you tear away mine heart ;
 That heart, no longer mine ; if it displease 215
 Clorinda that I live, behold I die ;

Long

Long I've been yours, and now's the fittest time
 To take that heart, which I shall not refuse.
 Lo! I lay down my arms, yield thee my breast
 Without defence, strike. Wherefore dost thou stop?
 I will assist the blow. Or if you'd wound 221
 A naked breast my cuirass I resign?

The miserable Tancred, much undone,
 Had told his sorrows in laments more deep;
 But suddenly, tumultuous crowds prevent, 225
 Of Pagans and of Christians, that pursu'd.

The Pagan multitudes in disarray
 Fled from the Christians, or thro' fear or craft;
 When one of the pursuers, soldier fierce!
 Beheld her fair hair o'er her shoulders spread, 230
 And as he passed behind her, rais'd his hand,
 Wounding the Virgin, on the part disarm'd.
 Tancredo saw, and terribly exclaim'd;
 And with his faulchion warding off the stroke.
 Yet was it not in vain: the faulchion fell 235
 Where join'd her white neck to her lovely head;
 Light was the stroke; and yet her flowing hair
 Blush'd with the purple drops of gushing blood:
 As by an artist's hand, illustrious set,
 Blushes rich gold, if rubies fair among; 240
 The prince, all furious, when he saw the wound,
 Flew on the villain with his brandish'd sword.

Swiftly he fled, and swiftly he pursu'd,
 Sudden, as arrows shoot along the Air.
 Astonished she stood; and mark'd them both 245
 At distance; yet to follow them, not car'd,

But to her flying squadrons she retir'd,
 Or turn'd upon the Franks with rude assault.
 Turn'd and return'd, and fled, and forc'd to fly,
 Nor could you call it flying or pursuit. 259

So the young Bull, amidst a circus vast,
 Turns his strong horn against pursuing dogs,
 Soon they recoil: but if he seeks to fly,
 At once they stop, all ardent to pursue.
 Clorinda cast her moony shield, behind, 255
 And guarded, from unnumber'd blows, her head.
 As in the Moorish sports, the flying troops
 Cover themselves, from show'rs of hostile canes.

Thus they pursu'd; Clorinda thus retir'd;
 Till they at length the battlements approach'd. 260
 Then a prodigious cry the Pagans rais'd,
 And fac'd, upon the rash pursuing foe;
 Cast in a ring they wheel'd: and now attack'd
 The Christian multitudes, in flank and rear:
 When from the hill, Argantes swift descends 265
 Enrag'd, and led his rushing troops to war.

Before the line the fierce Circassian strode,
 Eager to gain the glory of assault:
 The chief he rush'd against, he overturn'd;
 Headlong, the horse and horseman fell, to earth;
 And e'er the mighty lance in shivers flew, 271
 Many he cast, companions on the ground;
 Then drew his sword, and whomsoe'er he struck
 He kill'd, he wounded, or dispers'd in flight.

Rival of his exploits, Clorinda, flew 275
 Valiant Ardelio, chief mature in years,

But

But unimpair'd his puissance : two brave sons
 Guarded their fire, nor was he yet secure ;
 His eldest son Alcandro, by a wound
 Lay bleeding, distant from paternal care ; 280
 And Poliphern, that by his father fought,
 Hardly himself from horrid death escap'd.

Tancredo, who in vain fought to o'ertake
 The Villain, who fled swift as he pursu'd ;
 Beheld, and soon discern'd his conquering troops,
 Led by their ardor, had pursu'd too far ; 286
 Saw them surrounded : thither spurr'd his steed
 Turning the bridle, and arriv'd in haste,
 Swift to his warriors he succour brought,
 And to the place of greatest danger rush'd. 290

Dudon, to battle, the adventurers led,
 The flower of heroes ! vigour of the field !
 Rinaldo, most magnanimous, most fair,
 Before the rest, as shooting lightning, flew ;
 Erminia well discern'd his noble Port 295
 And Eagle, in an azure field pourtray'd :
 Addressing Aladin : That chief behold,
 That youthful Prince, than giant-knights more
 brave !

Or few or none can equal him in deeds
 Of arms, tho' yet the hero's years are few : 300
 If Europe fix such enemies had sent,
 Conquer'd were Syria, and made tributary ;
 Subdu'd were all the kingdoms of the south,
 The kingdoms, bordering on the rising morn ;
 Nilus his distant undiscover'd head 305
 Had, from their search, perhaps in vain conceal'd.

Rinaldo is his name. His arm in war
More fearful than a mighty engine falls.

But turn your eyes, behold ! and well observe
That warrior in green and gilded mail : 310
That chief is Dudon ; and the band he leads
Is the adventurer's troop, so much renown'd.
A chief of deep experience, and high blood,
Rev'renc'd for age, and for his merit prais'd.

Behold ! that giant warrior arm'd in brown, 315
Gernardo, brother to Norvegia's king :
A man, prouder than he, lives not on earth ;
But all his prowess is by pride obscur'd.

Behold ! those two, that seem as join'd in one,
Cover'd with snowy robes, and snowy arms ; 320
Are Edward and Gildippes, constant pair !
Renown'd for chivalry renown'd for love.

Thus did they parle. While in the plain below
More terribly, the carnage still increas'd :
Tancredo and Rinaldo, break the ring 325
Crowded with warriors, and throng'd with arms ;
And the adventurers, by Dudon led,
Unite their utmost force, and charge the foe
With onset firm, and irresistible.

Argantes, great Argantes ! by the stroke 330
Of stern Rinaldo, sinks unto the earth.
Nor had he risen : but in that instant fell
To earth, the courser of Bertoldo's son :
The warrior's foot oppressing by his weight,
Struggling beneath the prostrate steed he lay. 335

Mean

Mean time, the Pagan multitudes dispers'd,
 Gain'd by disorder'd flight, the city's wall ;
 Clorinda and Argantes, like a bank
 Restrain'd the hosts, that flow'd like waves behind.
 They fled the last, and turning oft, repress 340
 The torrent of the Christians, that pursu'd ;
 And oft drove back, the fierce pursuing bands,
 In wild confusion, and disgraceful flight ;

Dudon all ardent from his victory
 Pursu'd the fugitives, and from his steed 345
 Tumbled the fierce Tygranes ; and his head
 Lopt, by the forceful faulchion, fell to th' earth.
 Algazars polish'd cuirass nought avail'd,
 And nought, the glittering helm of Corban strong,
 This in his nape, that in his back, he struck ; 350
 And pierc'd them to the face, and to the breast :
 His arm, forc'd from their bodies, the proud souls
 Of Amurath, Almanzor, Mahomet ;
 Nor cou'd Argantes, fierce Circassian !
 Retire securely from the warrior. 355

He foams with indignation, oft he stops,
 Oft turns upon the foe, and oft retires.
 Till unawares, the hero, he assaults ;
 And with a blow reverse strikes in the flank,
 With his enormous sword ; and by the stroke 360
 Life, from the warrior of France, he took ;
 He fell. Those eyes, in pain he strove to raise,
 An heavy quiet prest an iron sleep.

Thrice did he turn ; contending to enjoy
 Blest Heaven's adored light ; and on his hands 365
 Uprais'd

Uprais'd himself, and thrice he sunk, a cloud
 Immense, shadow'd his eyes, that now were clos'd.
 Dissolv'd his members ; and a mortal cold
 Stiffen'd him ; and a sweat his body dew'd.

The fierce Argantes, heeded now no more 370
 The dead corps, but pursu'd his dreadful way.

Then to the Franks, that thronging pour'd behind,
 The chief exclaim'd : Oh knights ! renown'd in arms
 Behold ! this bloody weapon, 'tis the same
 That yesterday, your mighty leader gave ; 375
 Tell him that I have try'd its edge to day,
 The news will sure be pleasing to the chief ;
 Nor can he hear, without a secret pride
 That his strong sword has got an hand as strong ;
 Say further, that I languish for the day 380
 When I shall prove this faulchion in his heart,
 And if to the encounter he not hastes,
 I'll find him out where e'er he lies conceal'd ;
 I will come suddenly. So tell your chief.

The Christians at his words became enrag'd, 385
 And point their fury against him alone ;
 To safety with the others he retir'd,
 Beneath the shelter of the friendly towers.
 Enormous fragments thunder'd from above,
 Where multitudes imbattled kept the wall ; 390
 And the fierce archers, sent a flight of shafts
 From quivers numberless, which soon constrain'd
 The pressing crowd, of Christians to retire :
 And all the scatter'd Paynims gain'd the town.

At

At length Rinaldo, having freed his leg 395
From his encumbring steed, hastening advanc'd ;
Breathing revenge he came, for Dudon slain,
Against the cruel dreadful Homicide :
And having join'd his Squadron, furious spoke.
What do ye see? why warriors delay ? 400
Dead is the glorious leader of our band ;
Come let us hasten, and revenge his death ;
Can these weak bulwarks long resist our rage ?
Fir'd by the noblest motives of revenge ?
What, tho' those walls were made impenetrable 405
By double iron, and with adamant ;
Argantes shou'd conceal himself in vain
From my resentment, haste to the assault.

As thus he spoke : He rush'd impetuous
Before the shouting armies, to the wall ; 410
Nor fear'd, beneath his ample shield secure,
Tempests and clouds of arrows and of stones.
Dreadful in arms, against the battlements
He rais'd himself ; with ardor terrible
Enflam'd, that chill'd with horror, every Band 415
That stood in shining ranks to guard the towers :
Thus threatning and encouraging his host ;
The Herald Sigiere, by Godfredo sent
Approach'd, and bid the rage of combat cease ;
The faithful messenger of harsh commands! 420

Their ardor rash, the messenger reproach'd ;
And instantly impos'd a retreat :
Retire, (he cry'd) this is no season fit,
This is no place, t' exert your noble rage ;

Godfredo

Godfredo thus commands. Rinaldo fierce 425
 Checkt his resentment, and the word obey'd ;
 Yet gnash'd his teeth in fury, and by signs
 Demonstrated, his anger ill conceal'd.

The squadrons slow retreat: no enemy
 With sudden sally, dar'd disturb their march ; 430

Elsewhere ; unto the corps of Dudon slain
 They pay the usual last sad offices ;
 While in their pious arms his faithful friends
 Upbore the honour'd burthen : from an hill
 Mean time, the mighty Bulloigner, survey'd 435
 The site and buildings of Jerusalem.

Upon two hills is Sion situate
 Fronting each other, of unequal height ;
 The space between, a beauteous vally fills
 From mount to mount, in fair expansion stretch'd : 440
 Three sides of access are most difficult ;
 The other scarcely seemeth to ascend ;
 But on that part which fronts the stormy north,
 Most high and most defensible the wall :
 The town hath many cisterns, to preserve 445
 Water and rain ; and lakes and living springs :
 But all the country round of grafs was bare ;
 Barren of fountains, and refreshing rills :
 Nor any proud fair trees are seen to spring
 Affording shelter, from the burning noon ; 450
 Save six miles thence, a spacious forest stands
 Horrid, and gloomy with a noxious shade.

On that fair region where the morn appears,
 The noble streams of happy Jordan flow :

And

And to the occident, the sandy shores 455
 Extend, and echo with the ceaseless furge;
 Samaria to the north and Bethel lie,
 Bethel, where once the golden calf was rais'd:
 But where the south, impels the rainy clouds,
 Stands Beth'lem, where incarnate was the Lord. 460

While thus Godfredo markt, the site and strength
 Of Sion, and the region stretch'd around;
 And study'd where t'encamp, and where the wall
 Was easiest of assault. Erminia markt
 The chief, and shew'd him to the Paynim King; 465
 Addressing thus the tyrant. See! behold!
 Godfredo, cloath'd in purple; mark his port
 How kingly! and his gesture how august!
 Well seems the warrior to empire born,
 Skill'd in the arts of government and rule; 470
 Nor less a soldier, than a general,
 The double gift of glory excellent.
 Among those armies I can shew you none
 More wise in council, and more bold in war;
 Raymond alone in prudence; and in arms 475
 Tancred, Rinaldo, equal this great chief.

With your relation, (Aladine reply'd)
 Well I accord. I saw him in the court
 Of France, ambassador of Egypt's King!
 I saw him, noble tournaments perform; 480
 And tho' of boyish years the hero seem'd,
 Nor yet his chin was cloath'd with youthful down;
 Then, of his wisdom and his glorious deeds
 Certain presage, of highest hope, he gave.

Prefage,

Prefage, alas too true ! then low inclin'd 485
 His head, and mourn'd, then rais'd it, and enquir'd ;
 What warrior is that whose flowing robes
 Are purple ? who Godfredo's equal seems ?
 How nearly he resembles him in look,
 But yields a little to him in his height ! 490

'Tis Baldovin (she answer'd) by his look
 Known for his brother, by his deeds more known.
 He, who appears on th' other side, observe ;
 Who seems renown'd, in council and in arms :
 That is Raymondo : prudence his chief praise ; 495
 In council honour'd, and rever'd for age ;
 In warlike stratagem he hath no peer,
 Among the Latin armies, or the French ;
 And mark that other, with his golden helm,
 Is William, the good son of England's King ; 500
 With him is Guelpho : in all noble deeds
 His rival, of high blood and high estate :
 Well I discern him by his shoulders broad,
 And by his ample and extended chest.
 But my grand enemy, these troops among 505
 I mark not ; yet I all the host observe ;
 I mean proud Boemondo, murderer !
 The dire destroyer of my royal House.

Thus did they parle. The general mean time,
 All things survey'd ; descended to his troops : 510
 And, for he thought it fruitless to assail
 Where Sion is by lofty hills immur'd ;
 Toward the northern port, and in the plain
 That joins the mountains, he erects his camp :

Directing

Directing his approaches to the tower 515
Nam'd Angular, his other tents he spread.

The circuit of Godfredo's camp, inclos'd
Almost, the third part of Jerusalem :
For of such vast extent, the city lay
No army cou'd environ its strong walls. 520
But all the ways, whence succour cou'd arrive
Godfredo, to distress the town, possess ;
And seized ev'ry passage opportune,
Whence they the town, cou'd enter or forsake ;
Next fortify'd with care, he saw the camp, 525
With ample trenches, and a fosse profound :
Or to repel the sallies from the town,
Or intercept the succours from without :
But when these undertakings were perform'd,
He ask'd to see the noble Dudon's corps ; 530
And went, where lay the murder'd warrior,
Surrounded by a mournful weeping crowd :

His faithful friends, with sumptuous pomp adorn'd
The bier, where rais'd aloft the hero lay ;
Silent and sad ; but soon as Godfrey came 535
Renew'd their plaintive grief, and wept aloud :
While with a look, neither disturb'd nor clear
The chief, restrain'd his passion, and was still :
Lamenting his sad end ; upon the corps
Awhile, he fix'd his eyes, then thus began : 540

For thee we need not sorrow or lament,
Who dy'd on earth, to be new-born in Heaven ;
Here, where you laid your mortal spoil aside,
You leave bright foot-steps of immortal fame :

Thou

Thou hast liv'd an holy and a Christian knight, 545
 Such hast thou dy'd. Oh fainted excellence !
 Go, and enjoy, and feed, thine eyes on God ;
 The crown and palm, of your good deeds receive.
 Oh live for ever blest, it is our fate
 And not your fortune, that excites our tears ; 550
 This end for you so glorious and so great,
 Hath robb'd the Christians of their bravest chief ;
 Yet tho' this hap, which mortals misname death,
 Hath us depriv'd of your mortal help ;
 You can for us celestial aid obtain, 555
 Since Heaven receiveth her elected sons.
 In our defence, with transport, we have seen
 You use, while yet a mortal, mortal arms :
 Spirit divine ! we hope to see you use
 Again, to succour us, celestial Arms : 560
 Oh ! favourably hear the fervent vows
 We offer, oh ! assist us in distress.
 Conquest for us obtain ; and triumphing
 In temple, let us offer thee our prayers.
 Thus he complain'd, but now the night obscure 565
 Had quite extinguish'd every beam of day ;
 And in oblivion, ev'ry weary thought
 And grief and lamentation, found repose :
 The general, without machines of war
 Thought it in vain, the city to assault : 570
 Considering where to find, and how to form,
 His engin'ry, and little did he sleep.
 Up with the sun he rose, and with the rest
 Follow'd, the pomp of Dudon's funeral ;

Under

Under an hill his sepulchre was rais'd 575
 Of odoriferous cypress ; not remov'd
 Far from the camp : where an aspiring palm
 Its venerable branches spread around.

There was he laid, and there the holy priests
 Chaunted, the Requiem, to the hero's soul. 580
 And there among the branches, they dispos'd
 Ensigns and arms, of various fields the spoil ;
 Which he, triumphantly in war, had gain'd
 From Syrian hosts, and Persian enemies.

His cuirass then, and other shining arms 585
 Cover'd the middle of the spacious trunk ;
 Where was inscribed, HERE GREAT DUDON LIES,
 GIVE REV'RENCE TO THE NOBLEST WARRIOR.

Soon as the pious Bulloigner, perform'd
 These consecrated and lamented rites ; 590
 He sent, escorted by a numerous guard
 The banded pioneers, to the vast wood,
 Deep in a vale it lies : a Syrian false
 Betray'd, the secret forest, to the Franks : 594
 Thither they all repair'd in haste, to build
 Those huge, those irresistible machines.

Now these, now those, he urges ; to o'erturn
 On earth, the forests long rever'd of old ;
 The huge trees fall beneath the tearing saw, 599
 The nymphs forsake their wonted haunts and die,
 While eccho sighs from all her circling hills :
 The ashes wild, the consecrated palms,
 The funeral cypress, and sky tow'ring holm,
 Laurel the crown of heroes and of bards,

G

And

And myrtle sacred to the Paphian Queen ; 605
Stretch'd on the glade the giant cedar lies,
The fir in weeping amber mourns around ;
The beech, the leafy poplar, and broad elm
With whom, the marry'd vine in ruin falls
Still faithful to the last : the mournful yew, 610
And the proud oak, the monarch of the woods !
Who for ten ages shed its awful locks,
And turn'd its notty side against the winds
Braving the bolt of Jove : thus fell the trees ; 614
The woodmen shout, and place on strident cars
The ash, and cedars odoriferous weight ;
The beasts their caves, the birds their nests forsake,
Driven by the sound of arms, and various noise.

The End of CANTO III.



THE



THE
A R G U M E N T.

C A N T O the Fourth.



N this book Satan assembles all the Infernal Spirits, and sends them to earth to oppose the Christians, and hinder their getting possession of Jerusalem: By his suggestions, Idräotte King of Damascus, sends the beautiful enchantress Armida, to allure the Christian Knights by her charms. She is conducted to Godfredo, before whom she tells a feigned tale of her misfortunes,

A R G U M E N T.

and requests ten Knights to go along with her as her champions : Godfrey denies her request, but is at last obliged to comply : The whole camp is infected by love, and all the Knights are smitten, and quite enamoured by her arts. The Poet describes her beauty and various wiles in the most elegant and affecting manner.



THE



THE
DELIVERY
OF
JERUSALEM.



W HILE thus, with indefatigable zeal,
They form'd the terrible machines of
war ;
The ancient enemy of human kind,
Against the Christians turn'd his livid eyes ;
He mark'd them, on their great design, intent, 5
And furious bit his lips in fell despite ;
Like to a wounded bull, bellowing aloud
His indignation, groaning forth his rage.
At length, resolving in his thoughts, to bring
Final destruction on the Christian host ; 10

He gave command, that all his peers shou'd meet
 An horrid council, in th' infernal hall ;
 Oh fool ! as 'twere a thing of small attempt,
 To oppose the great Jehovah's will divine ;
 Fool ! that wou'd equal Heaven ; and still forget 15
 How with his thunder God destroy'd his foes !

Th' infernal trumpet, with a dreadful sound
 Summon'd the dwellers of eternal night,
 The dark and wide caves of Avernus shook ;
 Thro' emptiness, with hollow noise, it roar'd : 20
 Not half so terribly, the thunders roll
 Along the upper regions of the air ;
 Nor trembles, half so terribly, the earth
 When tempests struggle in its pregnant womb :

In various bands, the Gods of the abyss 25
 Assemble, in their Emperor's proud hall ;
 In horrible and in unusual forms :
 How much of death and terror in their eyes !
 The burning marle with hideous feet they press,
 And wreaths of snakes their human heads adorn ; 30
 Dreadfully wave their monstrous tails behind,
 In horrid knots involv'd, and various rings.
 A thousand loathsome harpys there appear'd ;
 A thousand centaurs, sphinxes, gorgons pale,
 A thousand horrid Scyllas seem'd to bark, 35
 A thousand Hydras roar'd, and Pythons hiss'd ;
 Chimæras vomited surprizing fires,
 Geryons stern, and horrid Polyphemes ;
 Monsters of frightful shape, ne'er seen before,
 Confus'd, mishapen figures, joyn'd in one. 40

Upon

Upon the right and left, the Demons sat
 Nigh the proud throne of their enraged King ;
 Pluto in midst his sceptre huge upheav'd
 Pondrous and rough ; the vast rocks in the sea,
 Proud promontories, and the pillars fam'd 45
 Of Cadiz, or enormous Atlas height,
 Compar'd to his large stature, mole hills seem'd,
 So high his front and horrid horns, he rear'd.
 With dreadful sadness and a furious look
 His fear encreas'd, and render'd him more proud ; 50
 Evenomed his fiery eyes became ;
 Like comets baleful to the universe,
 Emitting flaming glances : his rough beard
 And hairy bosom, black and felter'd locks
 Cover'd in frightful curls : and like a deep 55
 And furious whirlpool, his envenom'd mouth
 Gap'd wide ; made hideous with clotted blood.
 As Etna's mighty mountain from its womb
 Sends forth sulphureous smoke, and stench, and noise;
 So issu'd from his throat a gloomy breath ; 60
 Such was the fetid smell, and such the fire :

He spoke in thunder. Cerberus repress'd
 His howlings ; Hydra ceas'd her horrid roar ;
 Cocytus still'd his torrent waves ; and hell's
 Abysses shook, when heard the dreadful noise. 65

Tartarean Gods ! far worthier to sit
 Around the sun, from whence your origin ;
 With me, that whilom from the fields of Heaven
 Sunk to th' infernal vault, with hideous fall :
 Our ancient jealousies and fierce disdain 70

Are

Are well remember'd, and our high attempt
 'Gainst him, who governs at his will the stars;
 'Gainst him, who tyrant as he is, hath doom'd
 Us to eternal pain, as rebel sprites.
 And now, instead of the serene, the pure, 75
 The golden sun, and all the starry host,
 In this obscure abyss we are inclos'd;
 Hopeless, our former glories, to enjoy;
 And more, which makes the recollection harsh,
 And sharpens all our piercing misery, 80
 Man, to possess our seats in Heaven, was made,
 Vile man! and formed of perishable dust.
 Nor that suffic'd, but as a prey to death,
 Still to destroy us more, he gave his son:
 Who came, and burst Hell's adamantine gates, 85
 Daring to enter our infernal Realms,
 And freed the souls that unto us belong'd,
 Carrying a great and glorious prey, to Heaven:
 Triumphant victor! who in our despite
 Display'd his ensigns over conquer'd Hell. 90
 By speaking, why shou'd I renew my grief!
 Who is not mindful of our injuries?
 Oh where and in what part, did he give o'er,
 His proud attempts, to ruin all our hopes?
 Let us no mention make of ancient crimes; 95
 But labour to oppose our present wrongs;
 Ah! see you not, our enemy attempts
 All nations to his worship to reclaim.
 And shall we idly pass our days and nights?
 Say is not this a care demands our thoughts? 100
 Shall

Shall we endure that in fair Palestine
 His faithful people, daily gather strength ?
 That Sion be subdued ? that his name
 And worship be extended o'er the world,
 And spoke in various tongues ? in various realms 105
 Be read ? on various marbles be engrav'd ?
 So shall our idols unto earth be cast,
 So shall our Altars into his be turn'd ;
 To him all vows be paid, all homage given,
 And offer'd gold and frankincense and myrrh ; 110
 Is there no way, lies open to our art
 To save our temples, to support our throne ?
 Of souls, shall the accusom'd tribute fail,
 And Pluto reign in desolated realms ?
 Ah suffer not, our spirits undismay'd, 115
 And ancient valour, to be quite extinct ;
 Once girt with steel and penetrating fire,
 Against the Emperor of Heaven we war'd ;
 We were, I not deny, in that dire strife
 Subdu'd, yet was our virtue not subdu'd ; 120
 They gain'd, more fortunate, the victory ;
 The fame still ours of being not o'ercome.

But why do I delay you ? therefore go
 Faithful compeers, my potency and my strength !
 Go hastily ; the guilty overwhelm ; 125
 Go now ; before they greater force acquire :
 Let us extinguish this encreasing spark,
 E'er the whole empire of the Hebrews burn :
 Against them go, to their confusion use
 Or open force, or various secret guile ; 130
 Unto

Unto this end I doom them, some dispers'd
 Shall wander desolate ; some in the field
 Shall perish ; others in lascivious love
 Be quite immers'd, and foolish idols frame
 Of womens smiles and looks : upon themselves 135
 Turning their swords, the multitude shall prove
 Divided and rebellious ; let their camp
 Perish, and all their foot-steps in this land.

Nor did those sp'rites, rebellious against God,
 Wait, till the arch fiend his horrid speech had clos'd ;
 But rose, from the profoundest gloom of Hell, 141
 Raging in flight ; to view the golden stars.
 As when, the sonorous and turbid storms
 Rush forth in fury, from their native caves
 To darken all the Heaven, and carry war 145
 Against the empires of the land and sea.

To various parts their sail broad vanns they spread,
 And rag'd ; dispersed over all the world :
 Framing innumerable frauds and crimes
 Hellish and strange ; but say immortal muse 150
 Whence the first evils to the Christians came ?
 And from what part ? thou know'st of things
 perform'd

So long ago uncertain is the fame,
 And vague is the report that we have heard.

Idräotte, famous and illustrious Mage, 155
 Govern'd Damascus and the towns around ;
 Who from his tender years, to magic art
 Gave up his time, and still more curious grew ;
 Yet cou'd he not, with all his skill presage
 The issue of this long uncertain war ; 160

Not

Not by the aspect of fix'd or wandring stars,
 And hell's replies predicted nothing true.
 Yet he conjectur'd (oh dark human mind !
 How vainly dost thou judge of future things.)
 That Heaven to certain ruin had decreed 165
 Th' unconquerable army of the West :
 And thought that Egypt's armies in the end
 Wou'd bear away the glory of the deed ;
 Wishing that Syria's hosts, might yet acquire
 Some share in the renown and victory. 170
 But, for the valour of the French he knew,
 And fear'd the waste of bloody victory :
 Long he devis'd to break the Christian force,
 At least in part, by wily stratagem ;
 And make them, easily become a prey 175
 To the Egyptian and the Syrian hosts ;
 The fall'n Archangel, suddenly was nigh,
 And instigated his accurst design,
 And counsell'd him, and pointed out the means.
 A niece he had, a damsel wond'rous fair, 180
 To whom the East for dignity and charms
 Yielded preheminance : each secret fraud,
 That woman or magician us'd, she knew,
 And ev'ry circumspection. Her, he call'd,
 Imparted his design, her care desir'd. 185
 Dear to my soul (he cries) who underneath
 Those radiant locks, and seeming gentleness,
 Hidest experienc'd thoughts, and manly heart ;
 And far excell'st me in my secret skill :
 To thee I tell the scheme, which you must aid, 190
 And

And the event will answer the high hope ;
Weave thou the web, which I have well dispos'd,
And execute the plans of cautious age.

Go to the Christian camp : each female art,
And love's allurements, must be there employ'd ;
Shed tears, and many sweet entreaties use ; 196
Disturb and interrupt with sighs your words.

Distressed beauty, and sad mourning robes,
Can touch with pity the obdurate heart :
Veil your design with bashful modesty, 200

Conceal, with seeming truth, your specious lies.
Take, if thou may'st, Godfredo with the bait
Of sweetest looks and graceful ornaments ;
This great adventure will be then delay'd,
And war be irksome to that am'rous man : 205

If this you cannot, yet the rest allure,
And lead them, whence they never can return :
This, after he explain'd. And then rejoin'd ;
All things are lawful for our faith and realm.

The sweet Armida, of her beauty proud, 210
Proud of her sex, and of her blooming youth,
Seiz'd the attempt. And when the evening came
Parted, and took her solitary way :

She hop'd, in female garments, to subdue
Unconquerable multitudes in arms : 215
Among the vulgar, of her close design
Various is the report, and different :

At length, in a few days, the damsel came
Where the fierce Franks extended had their camp :
At the appearance of her beauty strange 220

A mur-

A murmur rose; all cast on her their eyes,
As if a comet, or a star unknown,
In mid-day should illuminate the heaven:
So did they gaze; and all were drawn to see 224
The stranger, and enquire from whence she came.

Argo, in Delos, or the Cyprian isle,
Ne'er saw so fair a form so richly drest;
Gold were her locks, which thro' a radiant veil
Of white shone forth, or seemed ill conceal'd:
When the blue æther first begins to clear, 230
So shines the radiant sun from silver clouds,
So seems his rays from ev'ry side to stream
More bright, and adding splendor to the day.
The gentle Zephyr curls her scatter'd locks,
Which naturally roll'd in shining waves: 235
Her spareful eyes, their brightest beams retain'd;
Love's treasure and her own were there conceal'd;
The blush of early roses, in her cheeks
Scatter'd and mix'd, with silver lillies, were;
But on her lips, whence came her am'rous breath,
There blush'd a simple solitary rose: 241
Her bosom seem'd two hills of purest snow,
Where Cupid nourish'd and reviv'd his fire;
Her swelling breasts unripe, in part appear'd,
And part from sight, the envious veil, conceal'd;
Debarring ev'ry entrance to the eyes, 246
But yet arrested not the am'rous thought;
Which, not contented, with her outward charms
Reach'd to those beauties, hid by modesty.

So

So thro' the chrystal, of a river clear 250
 Passes the sunbeam, nor divides the waves ;
 As thro' her fair veil the enamour'd thought
 Did penetrate, to ev'ry hidden charm ;
 Swiftly it went, it went contemplating
 The truth of all these wonders, one by one ; 255
 These to desire descriptively it told,
 And still more vital made the am'rous flame.

Prais'd and admir'd, the sweet Armida went
 Thro' the adoring crowd, and saw her power ;
 She hid her joy, and smil'd within her heart, 260
 Plann'd, and foretold her noble victory :
 And sometimes then, she stopp'd and ask'd the way
 Unto the Christian Chief's pavillion proud ;
 Her, gentle Eustace met, a youthful Knight,
 Brother to the fam'd ruler of the host. 265

As flies the moth to the destructive torch,
 So ran he, to the splendor of her Charms ;
 Requesting to behold her radiant eyes ;
 Which she, with modest sweetness, cast on earth ;
 From thence the warrior, receiv'd a flame, 270
 Swift as the tinder catches the flint's fire ;
 And thus address'd the Fair. For love had made
 Him bold and cautious, far beyond his years.
 Damsel ! if damsels I may dare thee call,
 Whose charms resembles nothing seen on earth ;
 For never yet, to Adam's sinful line 276
 Did heaven bestow such wond'rous excellence ;
 Oh tell me who thou art, and whence you came ?
 And is your advent, and my meeting bless'd ?

Oh !

Oh ! let me understand, lest I shou'd err, 280
Oh form divine ! least thee I shou'd adore.

Thus she reply'd. Your praises rise too high,
To such an height our merit not ascends ;
I am not only mortal, courteous Knight,
But dead are all my joys, I live to woe ; 285
Alas, 'tis my misfortunes brought me here,
A virgin, stranger, and a fugitive ;
I seek Godfredo good, in him I trust,
Such of his virtues the report abroad.

If you be courteous, Knight, as well you seem,
Conduct me, to an audience of you chief. 291

He answer'd, it is just that I shou'd guide
Thee to my brother ; be thine advocate :
Fair excellence ! you have not sought in vain,
Nor light my influence with the Christian Chief ;
All I can promise, sweet ! so you accept, 296
All that his scepter and my sword can do.

He spoke. And brought her, where the Christian
Lords,

Far from the vulgar eye, assembled, sat
Around their pious Chieftain : low she bow'd 300
With rev'rence ; and with modesty began.

The courteous warrior cheer'd the blushing dame,
And with the gentlest speech dispell'd her fears :
At length, she open'd her deceitful wile
In sounds, whose sweetness chain'd the list'ning
sense. 305

Unconquer'd warrior ! whose glorious name
Flies forth, with brightest ornaments, adorn'd ;
That

That all our Paynim Kings and provinces
 Think it renown, by thee to be subdu'd.
 Thy valour thro' the spacious East is known, 310
 Which thy fierce enemies admire and love ;
 That injur'd Paynims on thine aid rely,
 And succour, by constraint, of thee implore.

Even I ; tho' nourish'd in a diff'rent faith,
 Which thou, with all thy puissance, seek'st t'op-
 press ; 315

Trust you will yet restore me to my seat,
 And to the regal scepter of my fire :
 Others implore assistance of their friends
 Against the force of foreign enemies ;
 But I, so much your piety I trust, 320
 Against my friends, invoke your hostile sword.
 In thee I hope : for thou alone can'st raise
 Me, to that envy'd height of Majesty
 Whence I am cast : nor less is the renown
 To raise the humble, than depress the proud ; 325
 Nor is the prize of pity to be scorn'd ;
 Nor haughty triumphs, greater glory yield :
 Thou hast deprived many of their crowns ;
 Me to my crown, with equal praise restore.

Oh ! if the difference of our faith can move 330
 Godfredo, to despise my honest prayers ;
 The trust, that in your piety I place,
 Shou'd loudly plead my cause : nor is it right
 My confidence should be deceiv'd. Great God
 Of Heaven ! bear witness, thou the Lord of all !
 A juster succour never did'st thou yield. 336
 But,

But, that thou may'st my whole sad story learn,
Their frauds, and my misfortunes, I declare.

I am the daughter of great Arbilan,
Damascus King ; tho' born to humble state ; 340
The fair Chariclea, for his spouse he gain'd,
Who, of those potent kingdoms, was the heir,
But this illustrious Princess quickly dy'd ;
Her death, almost fore-ran, my wretched life,
She dy'd, the fatal time that I was born, 345
The day, that was my first, became her last.
And e'er five fatal years, had roll'd away
From that dire moment, when the Queen expir'd,
My father, yielding to untimely fate,
Rejoin'd his consort in the Realms of bliss. 350
And to his brother, left the government
Of me and of the state, whom much he lov'd ;
And thought, if truth resided among men,
Its seat was surely in a brother's breast.

Of me, and of the Crown, he took the charge, 355
And kind he shew'd himself in each respect ;
That for pure faith, and for paternal love,
And piety immense, he gain'd a name :
Whether, he hid his villainous designs
Beneath the semblance of fair sanctity ; 360
Or whether 'twas his purpose was sincere,
Because he then design'd me for his son :
I grew in years ; in years his son advanc'd,
But not in virtuous arts, or knightly guise ;
Nothing polite or noble did he know : 365

H

No

No gentle temper, and no love of fame ;
 His ugly form, had a more ugly mind ;
 In a proud heart, a greedy spirit burn'd ;
 His manners and his gestures were uncooth ;
 Nothing but his own vices was he like : 370

This wretch, my guardian, for my spouse
 design'd,

(To his ambition I the victim made)

This wretch, the partner of my bed and throne ;
 And often his intention he explain'd, 375

Using all speech, all genius and all art ;
 T' effect his unjust purpose. But from me

Promise, the traitor never did extort,
 Silent I was, or else his suit deny'd.

With semblance all obscure the chief retir'd, 380

Yet plain, thro' all disguise, his heart appear'd,

And plain, the story of my future woes

That fatal hour, was wrote upon his look :

E'er since, strange spirits and affrighting dreams

Have terribly confus'd my midnight rest ; 385

That fatal horror, fixt upon my soul

Was, of my miseries a sad presage.

Three times, the spectre of my mother came,

With gesture trembling, sad : a palid shade !

How different then alas, from that fair form 390

Whose picture, I with wonder have beheld :

Fly fly (she said) a cruel death impends ;

Hence suddenly depart ; avoid your fate :

Horrible poison and destroying steel

By this perfidious tyrant, is prepar'd :

395

But

But what, alas ! ah what did it avail
 That my prophetick heart foretold my woes ;
 If consternation had my helpless age
 Render'd irresolute, to form designs,
 And chuse a voluntary banishment : 400
 Naked to wander from my father's realm
 So grievous seem'd, that I had rather close
 Mine eyes in death, where first I saw the light.

Death did I fear, and yet had not the power,
 (Who will believe it ?) to escape by flight ; 405
 And much I dreaded to disclose my fear,
 Least it shou'd hasten on the dreadful time :
 Thus did I drag, unquiet and disturb'd
 My life, amidst continual misery ;
 Even as the wretch, who waits the murderous
 steel, 410

Now, now descending on his naked neck.

In this extremity : whether my fate
 Became nore kind, or else my destiny
 Preserv'd me, for more woe : one of the chief
 Ministers of the court, whom the late King 415
 My father, in his childhood had reliev'd,
 Discover'd to me, that the time approach'd
 In which the tyrant had decreed my death :
 That he himself, a cruel promise made
 To poison me, that inauspicious night. 420
 And further added, that no way remain'd
 To save my wretched life, but sudden flight,
 And then, since elsewhere I no aid cou'd hope
 Offer'd, for my assistance, all his power.

His words of comfort, render'd me so bold, 425
That fear no more my resolution held ;
And thus, I purpos'd, soon as night approach'd,
With him, mine uncle and my realm to fly.

The night approach'd, unusually obscure ;
And with her glooming mantle all things hid. 430
When with two damsels secretly I went
Chosen associates, in mine adverse fate.
Yet backwards ever did I cast mine eyes
Swimming in tears, unto my native walls,
Nor, when I parted from the land I lov'd 435
Cou'd I be satiated with misery.

By the same way that my slow steps went on,
My looks and melancholy thoughts return ;
So is a vessel by a sudden storm
Forc'd out to sea from the beloved Port. 440

All night we travel, and the following dawn,
Thro' ways unknown and unfrequented wilds,
At length we came, unto a castle strong
Seated upon the confines of my realm.

It was Arontes's castle. He whose care 445
And gratitude, had my deliverance wrought.
Soon as the tyrant saw, that I by flight
Had 'scap'd the mortal treasons he design'd ;
Against us both, his fury was inflam'd ;
And his own crimes on us, retorts severe ; 450
Accusing us, of the same wickedness
Which he, curst traitor ! purpos'd to commit.

He

He said, that I had brib'd with many gifts
 Arontes, to mix poison in his drink ; 454
 That he dispatch'd, none then might dare advise
 My headstrong youth, or hold discretions reins ;
 Then, wou'd I freely all my lusts pursue,
 And take unnumber'd lovers to my arms :
 But, may Heavens fire first blast me from above,
 E'er, holy virtue ! I thy laws offend. 460

That he doth hunger after wealth and power,
 That he doth thirst to shed my guiltless blood,
 'This this is grievous : but that my pure fame
 He strives to soil, that more torments mine heart:
 The traitor, holds the people in suspense, 465
 Gracing his lies, with truths, fair ornaments ;
 The city, doubtful and uncertain stands,
 And no one takes up arms in my defence.
 And tho' he sits upon a regal throne 469
 And binds, with a bright diadem his brows ;
 Yet putteth he no end to my distress,
 And till becometh more implacable ;
 Threatning, Arontes's fortress to destroy,
 If soon he yields me not into his hands ; 474
 And against me, and all who own my cause,
 Not war alone prepares, but horrid death.

And thus, he says, of this opprobrious deed
 I hope, to wash away the loathed stain ;
 And to its ancient dignity restore
 The honour of my family and crown. 480

Fear is the cause of this. Least he shou'd lose
 The sceptre, that is mine inheritance ;

Upon my ruin only, can he found
 His empire and his dignity, secure.
 Let then the tyrant have his curst desire, 485
 Which in his guilty purpose is resolv'd ;
 And let his rage be quenched in my blood ;
 Which cannot be extinguish'd in my tears ;
 If you forbid not——unto you I fly
 A wretched virgin, orphan, innocent ; 490
 And let those tears, with which I bath your feet,
 Suffice ; and oh let them redeem my blood.

Oh ! by those feet I beg, that on the proud
 And guilty tread : by that right hand, that aids
 The righteous cause ; by your high victories ; 495
 By those blest temples that thou would'st redeem,
 Thou only can'st accomplish my desire :
 Oh ! let your mercy save my life and realm
 From death and ruin : but, if justice fails
 And truth to move you, pity is in vain. 500
 Thou ! to whom Heaven hath granted, fate decreed,
 To will what's just, and what you will, perform :
 Protect from ruin and despair, my life ;
 Thine be the kingdom, save it with your power :
 Oh give me from this band of noble Knights, 505
 Ten warriors, for prowess most renown'd ;
 Who, with th' assistance of my father's friends
 And subjects, may replace me on my throne.

One of the chief, to whom the tyrant gave
 Commission to defend a secret gate, 510
 Hath promis'd me admittance and at night
 Safe, to conduct us to the regal dome ;

If

If now I any succour cou'd obtain,
 Tho' small, of you ; it wou'd inspire my friends
 More than the aid of multitudes in arms, 515
 Thy name alone so greatly they esteem :

Here, silence on her speech, the dame impos'd,
 But such a silence, as express'd her prayers :
 Godfredo, in his dubious bosom, roll'd
 Various resolves, and still in deep suspence 520
 Remain'd, uncertain whither they wou'd lead :
 Their barbarous plots he fear'd ; and well conceiv'd
 That him, who owns no God, no man shou'd trust ;
 Yet, generous pity still advis'd the deed ;
 Pity, that slept not in his noble breast. 525

The native mercy of his tender heart
 Wish'd, that the dame was worthy of his Grace ;
 Besides the great advantage that insu'd,
 If she obtain'd Damascus potent realms
 To him made tributary : then, the way 530
 Was plain, and open to his vast designs ;
 There might his treasures, convoys, troops advance ;
 Egypt against and her confederates.

Still with uncertain looks upon the earth 534
 Godfredo fix'd his eyes ; and turn'd and turn'd
 His various thoughts, and still Armida hung
 Intent, upon his count'nance, observ'd
 And watch'd his actions ; and because he kept
 Silence, much longer, than before she hop'd ; 539
 She fear'd and sigh'd : at length the chief deny'd
 Her suit, with courteous and the gentlest words.

If, in the holy service of our God,
 Who hath elected us to this emprize,
 Our swords were not employ'd; your ardent hope
 In us, on sure foundations had you plac'd; 545
 And aid as well as pity had you found:
 But, 'till we Sion and his people free,
 We cannot turn away from these blest'd walls;
 It were unfit to lessen our small force,
 That might retard the course of victory. 550
 I promise thee; and on that noble pledge
 Found all thy confidence, and rest secure;
 When we have freed, from this unworthy yoke,
 These consecrated walls, belov'd by heav'n!
 We will bend all our purpose to restore 555
 Your kingdom lost; and follow pity's voice;
 But pity now wou'd become criminal,
 If, I not render'd unto God his right.

At this, the gentle dame her head declin'd,
 And fix'd her eyes on earth, and stood unmov'd:
 Her countenance was wet with dewy tears, 561
 And sadly plaining, thus at last she spoke.
 Unhappy Dame! hath heaven to thee prescrib'd
 A life so wretched, and immutable;
 That sure the gentlest heart on earth is chang'd,
 Least that, alas! thy cruel fate should change. 566
 No hope remains, and fruitless is my grief;
 And human hearts cannot be mov'd by prayers!
 Yet may I hope, those sorrows wou'd affect
 The tyrant's self, tho' ruthless you remain! 570
 But I will not accuse the Christian Chief

For

For want of clemency ; tho' he denies
So small a succour, to a wretch like me ;
It is heav'n's will I blame ; that caus'd my woe,
And made thee pitiless, inexorable. 575
Nor such art thou, nor such thy clemency ;
It is my destiny that hath refus'd
Aid to my miseries ; relentless fate !
Guilty decree ! now take away my life ;
I've been depriv'd, but that's a little ill, 580
Of my dear parents in my earliest bloom ;
Robb'd of my kingdom, like a captive wretch
I live, that but awaits the murdering blow :
And, for the law of maiden bashfulness
Bids me, no longer here to make sojourn ; 585
Oh whither shall I fly ? and hide me where ?
Where find a refuge from the tyrant's rage ?
Is there a place so secret under heaven,
That is not open to mine enemies ?
I see it is in vain to fly my fate ; 590
Awake, oh death ! thou only art my friend !
She ceas'd. And look'd as if a kingly scorn
Enflam'd her generous soul ; and now made sign
Of parting ; and her steps she backward turn'd
With ev'ry gesture of reproach and woe : 595
Immoderate became her loud laments ;
And mix'd, with indignation, her distress ;
The streaming tears, seem'd like the shining rays
Of the clear sun, or heaps of orient pearls.
Her fair cheeks, cover'd with those living dew 600
Which to the bottom of her garments fell,
Seem'd

Seem'd, like the white and like the purple rose
 If they are sprinkled by a dewy cloud;
 When the fair morn first blushes from her cell,
 And breatheth balm from open'd paradise; 605
 Aurora who beholds them, well is pleas'd
 With their bright splendors to adorn her hair.
 But that pure moisture, which so thick distill'd
 Upon her beauteous cheeks, and grac'd her breast;
 Acted like flame: which in a thousand breasts 610
 Secretly glides, and wond'rous force acquires;
 Oh miracle of love! that turneth tears
 To sparks, with water that consumes the heart;
 He over nature hath such puissance; 614
 And she such strength, such potence found in love.

This feigned sorrow, drew from many eyes
 True tears, and soften'd each obdurate heart:
 Each mourn'd with her, and thus unto himself.
 If from Godfredo she no aid obtains, 619
 Some rabid tygres nurs'd him, 'amidst the rocks,
 The horrid rocks, of the rude rising Alps,
 He was brought forth; or the rough promontories,
 Where the sea's furious surges foam and roar:
 Cruel! that aught to beauty can deny. 624

But young Eustatio, in whose breast the torch
 Of love and pity vehemently burn'd;
 While others only murmur'd, or were still;
 Advanc'd before the Chief, and boldly spoke.
 Brother and lord! you keep too long unchang'd
 Your first intention and resolve; Oh bend 630
 Your will to ours, Oh with her prayers comply;
 And

And something to so fair a suitor grant.
Think not I mean, that those illustrious Chiefs
On whom the rule of all those bands depend,
Shou'd quit their holy purpose, and these walls, 635
And of their duties become negligent;
But we, who are adventurers in arms
Without a proper charge, subject alone
To the command of others; from our band
'Tis just that ten be chosen for her aid. 640
Nor from God's service taken is that man
Who aids the cause of virgin innocence;
Dear are those trophies in the sight of heaven,
Which, from a tyrant's head accurst, is rent:
Nor yet, to this adventure, am I urg'd 645
By the advantage that accrues from thence;
But pity moves me; and our order's vow
For ever to assist distressed dames.
And let it not, oh God! be told in France;
Be told, wherever courtesy is priz'd; 650
That we forsook so fair a risque; a cause
So pious and so just. Else, this gay helm
And cuirass, I for ever will resign:
Why shou'd I gird me with an useless sword? 654
Why not renounce my steed, and arms disgrac'd?
And never to the name of Knight pretend!
Thus did he parle. And loudly all the rest
Unanimous, the warrior's speech approv'd:
And call it necessary to their fame,
Useful and just: encompassing the Chief 660
With earnest suit. I yield, (Godfredo cry'd)
Won

Won by your strong entreaty : let this dame
 Obtain her wishes, yours shou'd be the praise,
 For yours the undertaking is, not mine.
 And yet, if any credence I deserve, 665
 Oh moderate the transports of your zeal !

This said, he ended.—And these words suffic'd
 With those, resolv'd already to comply.

What will a gentle virgin's tears not do ?
 And sweetest accents in a beauteous tongue ? 670
 A golden chain hung from her sugar'd lips
 That at her will, the souls of mortals, bound.
 Eustace, recall'd the parting dame, and said,
 Now wand'ring excellence, your sorrows cease ;
 From us, such succour shall ye soon obtain, 675
 As shall your apprehensions far exceed.

Armida, then seren'd the clouded rays
 Of beauty ; and in pleasing transport smil'd ;
 That heaven was all enamour'd of her charms,
 While with her veil she dry'd her starry eyes. 680

With sweet and dear address, she render'd thanks
 To him, who had such grace on her conferr'd ;
 And said, This favour shou'd be ever known
 To th' world, and ever on her heart impress'd ; 684
 And then, for words cou'd not express her thanks,
 Mute eloquence, declar'd her gratitude :
 And thus, beneath a fair deceiving look,
 She veil'd her thoughts from sharp suspicion's eye.
 And finding, fortune, favourably view'd
 The great beginnings of her treachery ; 690
 Before her secret scheme cou'd be discern'd,

She

She purpos'd, to complete the great design :
 And, with her gentle accents and fair looks,
 More than Medea's or than Circe's art
 Armida did ; and with a Syren's voice 695
 The dame, enchanted the most noble minds.
 And ev'ry subtilty she us'd, to catch
 New lovers in her charmed nets ; with all,
 All arts she us'd ; and various looks assum'd,
 And chang'd her seeming unto ev'ry time ; 700
 Within herself, her modest looks, she drew ;
 Now roll'd, with wand'ring and lascivious glance ;
 And some she urg'd, and others she restrain'd,
 As she discern'd them slow or rash in love.

If some she mark'd, who out of diffidence 705
 Restrain'd their inclinations, and conceal'd
 Their passions in their bosoms, them to win
 She open'd all her smiles ; with wand'ring looks
 On them she gaz'd ; and with serenest joy :
 And thus their cautious and their timorous love 710
 She fir'd ; encouraging their dubious hopes ;
 Enflaming thus their am'rous wills, she took
 Away the coldness that had caus'd their fear.

To them who seem'd imprudent in their love,
 Led by a blind and inconsiderate guide ; 715
 She sparingly her smiles and looks bestow'd ;
 And fear in them and reverence infus'd :
 But so she govern'd her disdainful looks,
 That still a glimpse of pity might be seen ; 719
 And thus they fear'd her hate, but not despair'd,
 And grew more ardent, as she seem'd more proud.
 Now

Now sometimes by herself the dame retir'd,
 And ev'ry gesture, ev'ry look, compos'd;
 And feign'd to mourn: yet in her eyes repress'd
 The swelling tear, and in her lips, the sigh: 725
 And with this craft of woe, a thousand souls
 She bound for ever hers; within the flame
 Of pity, temp'ring the sharp darts of love,
 Those arrows that unnumber'd hearts destroy'd.
 And sometimes, like to one quite lost in thought,
 New hope, to grief, succeeding in her breast; 731
 She went towards her lovers: and her words
 And looks, adorn'd with joy. Then did she seem
 Another sun; with bright celestial smiles
 Forth breaking from a cloud of grief obscure, 735
 And look'd away the sorrow in their hearts.

Her sweet words and sweet looks, with double
 blifs

Inebriated their senses, and their souls
 Divided from their breasts; 'till now unus'd
 To bear such great and such transporting joy: 740
 Love, cruel love! tyrannick puissance!
 That always mixes bitter with the sweet
 Which you to us dispense; and equally
 From thee, the med'cine and disease, proceeds,
 By ways so opposite, by ice and flame, 745
 By smiles and tears, despondency and hope,
 Thus she enforc'd her state; and secretly
 The sly enchantress! laugh'd them all to scorn:
 And, if by chance one sought with trembling voice
 To tell the passion that consum'd his heart; 750
 She

She feign'd herself, a novice quite to love,
Nor seem'd she then to understand their words.
Or else, with bashful and with downcast eyes,
With a chaste blush, her countenance adorn'd;
And feigned to conceal fresh flowing tears, 755
Beneath the rose that bloom'd within her cheeks;
Such is the colour paints the morning sky
When first the dawn is born : amidst her shame
Scorn seem'd to blush, confounding all their hopes.
If by his outward actions, she perceiv'd 760
That one, his ardent wishes wou'd reveal,
From him she turn'd, she fled ; and then with hope
Cheer'd his sad heart and kept him still her slave.

And thus, the live long day, in error vain
With hope delusive, she amus'd them all : 765
So fares the o'erlabour'd hunter, who hath lost
The prey, he long pursu'd, by night surpriz'd.
And by these arts, a thousand thousand souls
Captive she took ; these were the arms, that love
Subdu'd the warriors with, in gentle fights, 770
And made them slaves to his dominion ;
What wonder, that the fierce Achilles fell
Love's prey, or Hercules or Theseus fam'd ;
If the elected champions of our Christ,
Love, guilty love, within his thralls confin'd. 775

The End of CANTO IV.

T H E



THE
A R G U M E N T.

C A N T O the Fifth.



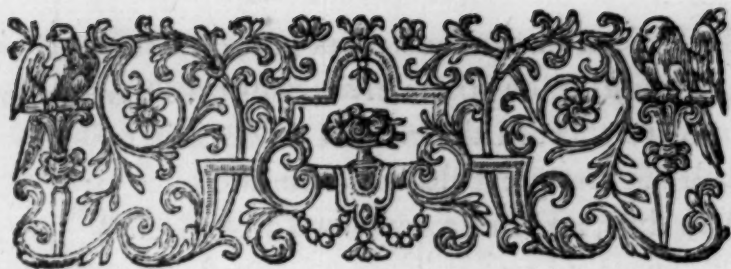
ODFREY proposes to the band of
Adventurers to elect a Chief in the
room of Dudon, and then to chuse out
ten Knights to accompany Armida;
Eustatio prevails on Rinaldo to accept
of the command, which Gernando, prince of
Norway resents, imagining it to have been his
right, and meeting and insulting Rinaldo before
the imperial tent, is killed by that Hero; who
afterwards by his friends persuasion quits the
camp to avoid the General's resentment: The
I Knights

A R G U M E N T.

Knights then cast lots, and ten are chosen to accompany the Princess; she departs with them; and all the other chiefs of the army, her lovers, follow her by night and join her troop. In the mean time Godfrey hears news of the Egyptian fleet being prepared to sail, and of the Arabians cutting off one of his convoys; he misses the Knights, and is filled with anxiety; nevertheless in a speech encourages the Christian army.



THE



THE
DELIVERY
OF
JERUSALEM.



HILE with her love Armida false,
entic'd

In wand'ring errors, these illustrious
Knights;

And hop'd, to draw away with artful guile
Not ten alone, ten promis'd to her aid,
But every lordling else of worth and power : 5
Godfredo long revolv'd within his mind
To whom, this great attempt, he shou'd intrust;
Whom fittest to command : the worthies all
In the adventurers troop, in birth alike
And in ambition, doubtful made his choice. 10

But first, with cautious prudence, he decreed
 That from among themselves, the Lords shou'd chuse
 One, to succeed the noble Dudon slain;
 And of that great election take the charge:
 And thus, no cause to any wou'd be given 15
 Of saying, Godfrey did him injury:
 Thus too, he shew'd how greatly he esteem'd
 Th' illustrious band of the adventurers.

The worthies he conven'd, and thus address'd.
 Warriors! ye have already heard my will; 20
 Which was, not to deny a gentle dame,
 But with convenient speed assist the fair:
 I now again propose the great attempt,
 The arduous enterprize, since you approve;
 For in this changeable inconstant world, 25
 'Tis constancy, to vary oft our thoughts.
 If, that it little suits, your rank in war,
 The paths of danger and of toil, to shun;
 If, that your generous confidence, disdains
 To follow cautious wisdom and advice; 30
 Know, that against his will I none debar
 From this attempt; for, as it ever ought,
 My government shall gentle be and light:
 To stay or go, you have my full consent;
 Your actions here upon your will depend, 35
 But first a successor to Dudon slain
 Elect, who may succeed him in command;
 Next chuse out ten, from all your worthiest knights,
 As may your leader please; yet chuse but ten:
 This power alone I to myself reserve, 40
 None at their own election shall obey.

God-

Godfredo thus, his brother thus reply'd ;
 While all th' adventurers his words approv'd :
 Oh prudent Captain ! if this wise delay
 And cautious foresight, unto thee belong ; 45
 Vigour of heart and hand, courage and haste
 Is ours ; and all this prudent tardiness
 Were cowardice in us, tho' praise in thee ;
 Since then the danger and the loss is small
 If weigh'd with the advantage ; oh permit 50
 That the elected ten, with the fair dame
 Haste to the glorious and the just emprise.
 He ended, and with artful ardor strove
 To hide the passion, that inflam'd his heart,
 Under the warmth of zeal ; the others feign 55
 Desire of glory, feel desire of love.

But Eustace, who with jealous eye beheld
 The graceful excellence of Sophia's son,
 And envy'd the rare beauties of his form
 And elegance of mind ; worth so supreme 60
 He dreaded, and his charms and valour fear'd
 If young Rinaldo in th' adventure join'd ;
 Thoughts such as these his jealousy inspir'd,
 To separate that lovely daring youth :
 And thus with pleasing craft, the chief began. 65

Oh ! nobler offspring of a noble fire ;
 Who young in years, for deeds of chivalry
 Hath gain'd the highest praise ; what chief so fit
 To take the government of that famed band
 Of which we are a part ? I who, (alone 70

The dignity of years except) might strive
 With noble Dudon for preheminance,
 The Brother of Godfredo; thee beside
 Can know of none, to whom I ought to yield :
 Thee, whom nobility, illustrious birth, 75
 Hath equal'd with the greatest; valour rais'd
 Above me; thee, to whom I freely own,
 That the great Bulloigner, in martial deeds
 Is thine inferior: thee, wou'd I elect
 Our chief, unless you rather wou'd become 80
 The champion of this Syrian dame; nor that
 Can I believe; the glory gain'd by night,
 Obscure, uncertain, little you esteem.
 Lo! here a fit occasion to display
 With greater splendor, your illustrious deeds; 85
 I will procure it, if you not refuse,
 And all, the first renown to thee, shall yield;
 But, for uncertain is my dubious mind
 Which way to bend my purpose, let me this
 Obtain; at my discretion to pursue 90
 This desolated Maid, or stay with thee.

Eustatio ended, nor without a blush
 Uttered his last words: soon Rinaldo mark'd
 His ardent inclinations, ill conceal'd,
 And gently smil'd: the dart of burning love
 As yet too feeble was to wound his breast, 95
 Or pierce beyond the skin; not yet the youth
 Impatient of his rivals power became;
 Or burn'd the fair Armida, to pursue.
 While deep engrav'd within his breast, he held

The

The woeful image of good Dudon's death ; 100
 And thought it a dishonour, that the proud
 Argates, insolently triumphing
 Shou'd still survive : much pleasure too he felt
 From words, that call'd him to such high renown :
 And greatly, did his youthful heart rejoice 105
 In the sweet sound, of praises well deserv'd :

Then thus he answer'd. First I wou'd deserve
 The highest dignity, and then request ;
 If, by my virtue I cou'd raise myself,
 I wou'd not envy the most noble crown ; 110
 If that my fellows chuse me, and esteem
 Me worthy, I will not be found averse ;
 Highly I prize your favour, gentle knight,
 Highly esteem these marks of friendly love,
 Nor will I seek the glory, nor refuse ; 115
 If I am general, the choice is yours :

He spoke ; and Eustace left him, to obtain
 His purpose, the consent of all the band :
 That dignity the Prince Gernando fought,
 At him, in vain Armida sent her shafts ; 120
 In his proud heart there was no place for love ;
 For thirst of honour all his soul possess.

Gernando, son of Norway's Emperor ;
 Who rul'd innumerable provinces ;
 Proud of the sceptres of such potent realms, 125
 Proud of his father and fam'd ancestors ;
 Rinaldo glories in his own great deeds,
 More than in actions anciently perform'd ;
 Yet for five hundred rolling years, renown'd

His great forefathers were in peace and arms. 130

This barbarous Prince, who men alone esteem'd

For ample riches, or extended realms,

And virtue by itself did lightly prize,

Which was not with a regal title grac'd ;

Cou'd not endure, a single warrior 135

With him, shou'd ever in desert contend ;

And so provok'd he grew, that rage and scorn

All reason quite had banish'd from his breast :

The sp'rit malign, of black Avernus realms,

That saw so fair an opportunity, 140

Found secret entrance in his breast ; and seiz'd

The government of his enraged thoughts ;

Increas'd his fury, and internal hate,

Stinging his heart to madness ; to his soul

Whispering each instant reasons all inflam'd. 145

What, shall Rinaldo match thee ? doth he boast

Victorious champions, and illustrious chiefs

His ancestors ? then let him say, oh vain !

If thee he wou'd excel, what nations bow

To him, with tributary vassalage ! 150

Then let him shew, that crowns and regal power

And sceptres, grac'd his dead progenitors

With power as great as Norway's empire yields ;

How dares, a warrior so ignobly sprung,

A warrior born in servile Italy ! 155

Let him succeed, or lose the noble prize ;

Great is his glory to contend with thee :

Will not the world say, will not that be fame,

This is the man, that with Gernando strove ;

That

That noble rank, which Dudon lately held, 160
Brighter renown to thee may haply give ;
But given to him wou'd all its lustre lose.
If, when the spirit from the corps is fled
It casts regard on actions done below ;
How looks the spirit of that awful sage 165
From heaven, with indignation, on the attempt
Of this proud youth, with how much scorn beholds
This warrior rash, this unexperienc'd boy ;
Who arrogantly, with his merit vies,
And though a youth, wou'd rival him in fame. 170
He dares, and he attempts ; nay he acquires
Honour and praise, instead of chastisement ;
And yet there are who council and approve,
Oh shame to all ! and who applaud the deed,
Companions, and adorers of his youth : 175
If the proud Bulloigner supports his cause,
Justice and thee, an act like this rejects ;
Disgrace like this you ought not to endure :
Oh Prince of Norway ! shew from whom you sprung.

At words, like these his indignation burn'd, 180
And like a torch that's shaken, still encreas'd ;
Nor could his swell'd and pregnant heart, contain
Its fury, in his eyes and daring tongue
Forth burst his indignation ; all he thought
Blameful, unworthy, in the youthful Knight, 185
Even to his own disgrace, each where, he told.
He feign'd him proud and rash ; his valour great
He stil'd but madness, and intemperate rage ;
And all, that was magnanimous and high,

Princely

Princely and excellent, and pure and bright 190
 In the illustrious warrior ; with curs'd art
 He labour'd to obscure ; and as a vice
 Or fault, accus'd. His generous rival heard
 And mark'd the loud report ; yet not the more
 Gernando, silence on his rage, impos'd ; 195
 That blinded violence that caus'd his death !

The guilty demon, that first mov'd his tongue,
 Liv'd in his soul, and all his words inspir'd,
 Each moment did these outrages renew ;
 And with fresh fuel fed his burning wrath. 200

Within the camp, an ample space extends
 Where one fair regiment cou'd form for war ;
 And there in tourneyment, the chosen youth
 Render'd their limbs more active and more strong.
 Thither, conducted by his destiny 205
 Amidst the press, Rinaldo's slanderer came ;
 And as an arrow sharp, against him turn'd
 His tongue, in black Avernus' poison, ting'd :

Rinaldo nigh him, heard his slanders foul,
 Nor longer cou'd his ireful wrath restrain : 210
 Thou ly'st (he cry'd aloud) and all enrag'd
 Drew forth the faulchion, flaming from his side.
 His voice, like thunder, and his sword life flame,
 The horrid messengers of lightnings stroke ;

Gernando trembled, for no way he saw 215
 To shun inevitable present death ;
 Yet, he assum'd a bold intrepid look,
 Because his actions all the camp beheld,
 Awaiting his fierce enemy, then drew
 His sword, and the enraged Prince oppos'd. 220

That

That instant, glittering in a thousand hands
A thousand swords shone bright of burnish'd steel :
Innumerable and incautious crowds,
Tumultuous pressing, throng'd the chiefs around ;
Uncertain words, and accents all confus'd, 225
With the vast clamour tore the very air ;
Such is the tumult in the troubled sea,
When the impetuous, and enraged winds,
The roaring surges dash against the rocks.

But not their cries, allay'd the just revenge 230
And fury of the angry warrior,
Their opposition and their threats, he scorn'd ;
And rush'd to execute his just revenge :
Thro' crowds of men and arms, he forc'd his way,
And made dire circles with his thund'ring sword ;
The proud Gernando now alone remain'd 236
Of thousands, who were his defenders late.
His furious hand, the instrument of wrath,
Pointed, and gave innumerable blows ;
Now at his side, his bosom, or his head, 240
He fought to strike, where weakest was the guard ;
Impetuous and rapid was his hand,
Too quick for fight, or swift prevention ;
Sudden and unexpected he arrives
And strikes, where least his enemy expects ; 245
Nor did he cease, till in Gernando's breast
Or once or twice, he plung'd his furious sword ;
Down sunk the hapless Hero by the blow,
And at a double passage poured forth

His

His spirit and his blood ; distain'd with gore 250
 The warrior return'd his deathful sword,
 Nor longer by the breathless corps remain'd ;
 But back retiring, laid at once aside
 His hasty fury, and inflam'd revenge.

Call'd by the tumult, pious Godfrey came 255
 And saw a strange and rueful spectacle ;
 Gernando murder'd, foul with blood his robe
 And graceful heir ; death hideously appear'd
 Within his count'nance ; sighs, complaints, and tears
 For the slain warrior, he heard around : 260
 And ask'd, astonish'd, how the combat chanc'd,
 And who so greatly was enrag'd, and dar'd ?

Arnaldo, favour'd by the murder'd Lord,
 Told, with each aggravating circumstance,
 That young Rinaldo had the royal youth 265
 Murder'd ; and in a rash and foolish broil,
 Even with that sword which he had girded on
 To fight for Christ, one of Christ's champions slain ;
 And in despite of just Godfredo's power
 Had this rash action openly perform'd ; 270
 By ev'ry law he guilty was of death,
 And punishment shou'd martial laws support,
 Evince his justice, and preserve his power ;
 Tho' in its nature the offence was foul,
 The place where it was done, increas'd the crime ;
 And if, such horrid deeds were unchastis'd, 276
 Then ev'ry one wou'd imitate his guilt ;
 Then wou'd Gernando's friends, upon his head
 Inflict the punishment, that justice ought ;

And

And from this origin, that discord, strife 280
And enmity, would from all parts increase ;
Lastly the merits of the dead he told,
All that could raise, or pity or disdain :

Tancredo, the accuser foul, oppos'd,
Excus'd the crime and struggled for his friend ; 285
Godfredo heard, but such his rigid look,
As more of terror than of hope, inspir'd.
The hero added—Oh sage warrior !
Think on Rinaldo's merit, and exploits ;
How much our glory centers in the youth, 290
How kingly and illustrious his descent ;
Think on his uncle Guelpho : think, that chief
Who all offenders punishes alike,
Knows not the arts of rule ; the same offence
Is different in those of different rank ; 295
'Mong equals only, just's equality.

The Bulloigner reply'd ; if the Great owe
Obedience, with the mean, to sov'reign power ;
Ill hast thou counsel'd, Tancred ! ill advis'd
To let the noble be exempt from law : 300
How vile my empire, and my puissance,
If low Plebeans me alone obey'd :
That sceptre impotent, shameful that rule
On such conditions held, such as I scorn.
My power august and freely was conferr'd, 305
And none shall lessen mine authority ;
Well do I know, on whom and when t'afflict
Stern punishment, and when to grant rewards,
Nor ignorant of the time or the offence.

This

This just equality I now maintain ; 310

'The great and abject I alike will rule.'

Godfredo spoke, Tancredo nought reply'd,
Such Rev'rence did the gen'ral's words infuse.

Severe Raymondo, his discourse approv'd,
Rigid observer of old discipline ! 315

By arts like these (he cry'd) you'll firmly rule,
When by your subjects reverenc'd and fear'd :
But there all discipline is at an end,

And to disorder turns, where criminals
Pardon, instead of chastisement, receive ; 320
Soon will that Empire fall, whose basis stands
Not upon fear, as well as clemency :

He spoke, Tancredo soon th' intent discern'd
Of his discourse ; nor longer staid he there,
But hastily to find Rinaldo turn'd 325
His couriers head, and winged was his speed :
Rinaldo, when his furious enemy
He had deprived of his pride and life,
Unto his tent retir'd ; his faithful friend
'There found him, and their words and answers
told. 330

Then thus ; tho' outward semblance, well I know
But with uncertainty, reveals the thoughts ;
For partly deep and secret the Designs
Of mortal men lie hid ; yet do I dare
Affirm, from what I saw, the chiefs intent ; 335
Forgetting all respect, he means to seize
Thee as a criminal, forc'd to submit.

Sternly

Sternly Rinaldo smil'd, and with a look
Inflam'd with high disdain and scorn, began.
Let slaves, unto inglorious manacles 340
Submit, or those who merit slavery ;
I was born free, liv'd free, and will die free ;
E'er I will yield me to unworthy bonds :
These hands were us'd to swords, and victor wreaths,
And scorn to feel the weight of shameful chains : 345
If this, the recompence of my deserts,
If he rewards me with imprisonment ;
If like a vulgar wretch, he thinks to drag
Rinaldo bound, to a Plebeian Jail ;
Or let him come or send, I will not hence, 350
Let arms and fate, the difference decide ;
A fatal tragedy, the chief designs
To represent unto our enemies.
Give me mine arms (he cry'd) and seiz'd his arms ;
And dress'd his head in firm resplendent steel, 355
Upon his hand he brac'd his silver shield,
And hung the fatal faulchion to his side ;
In semblance, most magnanimous, august ;
Bright as the lightnings blaze the hero shone :
Thee he resembled, dreadful God of war, 360
From highest Heaven, descending to the earth
Ratling in iron, and with horror girt.

Tancred by gentle words, sought to appease
His spirits fierce, and his presumptuous heart.
Unconquerable warrior ! (he cry'd) 365
Your valour well I know can execute
Each arduous undertaking ; that from force
And

And dread, your noble virtue is secure ;
 But God forbid, that to your friends o'erthrow
 You shou'd exert insuperable strength : 370
 Say what dost thou intend ? t' imbrue your hands
 In slaughter shed in shameful civil broil,
 And wounding Christians, with unworthy blows
 Wound Christ, whose members and whose parts
 they are ;

For transitory fame, and vain respect 375
 Unstaid, as rolling waves in th' ocean ?
 Rather be rul'd, by faith and the bless'd zeal
 Of glory, gain'd eternally in heaven.
 By Heaven I beg thee gain this Victory,
 Divest your soul of this intemperate wrath, 380
 Yield ; not to fear, but virtuous prudence, yield ;
 Fair is the laurel, that compliance brings :
 At least your actions by example guide,
 Example, from my wrong'd and friendless youth ;
 How was I injur'd, yet my rage restrain'd 385
 Nor rais'd contentions, midst the faithful host.
 Celicia's potent kingdom, I subdu'd,
 And there the standard of the Lord display'd :
 Baldwin surpriz'd me, insolently seiz'd
 My conquest, and ingloriously acquir'd : 390
 Under false friendship he conceal'd his art,
 And well his shameful avarice disguis'd :
 Nor yet with arms, I labour'd to regain
 My right ; tho' arms cou'd 'venge the injury ;
 Oh if you scorn a prison, if your hands 395
 Refuse the weight of chains, disgraceful chains !
 Follow

Follow the great opinion of the world,
 Approv'd and known, for honour's sacred laws;
 Let me excuse you to the general,
 To Antioch, and to Boëmond retire, 400
 And there remain secure, until the storm
 Of Godfrey's indignation be o'erblown.
 For soon, when the Egyptian multitudes
 And Paynim allies, to the war advance;
 Will your high valour and your worth appear 405
 When absent from the camp; without thine aid
 The host will seem, an arm without an hand.
 Then Guelpho came, and this advice approv'd,
 And will'd him to depart without delay.

Their speeches soften'd the disdainful heart 410
 Of the impetuous youth; he yields to go
 Immediately: nor from his faithful friends
 Conceal'd, his fix'd intentions to depart;
 His friends assemble round him, and intreat
 To follow him, wherever he retir'd: 415
 He render'd thanks to all; but took alone
 Two trusty squires, and mounts his speedy horse;
 Then parts: and carries in his noble breast
 Thirst of immortal fame, for to great deeds
 His fearless heart was prone; hardy attempts 420
 Of dangerous execution, fir'd his soul;
 Unusual actions, daringly perform'd,
 New crowns and laurels, from his foe to gain,
 And fight for faith; the champion of the Lord!
 Egypt he wou'd o'er-run, and penetrate 425
 Even to the secret sources of the Nile.

Lord Guelpho, when th' impatient warrior
 Had parted, in this lonely equipage,
 Without delay did instantly repair
 Unto the presence of the Christian Chief ; 430
 Approaching, Godfrey from afar exclaims,
 And thus. Lord Guelpho ! thee alone I wait,
 For thee, with th' utmost diligence, I sent
 The heralds of my power, around the camp :
 Then bad the rest retire, and thus resum'd 435
 With utterance low, and grave and steady speech :
 How hath thy nephew chanc'd, by rage inspir'd,
 To run beyond discretions ample bounds ?
 Just reason can my credence not believe 439
 Cou'd have been given, for this outrageous deed ;
 Much wou'd it please me he cou'd shew just cause,
 But Godfrey is impartial lord of all.
 In ev'ry case of lawfulness and right
 I am the guardian ; justice I defend,
 Keeping the firmest impartiality, 445
 From passions free, that tyrannize the heart :
 If that Rinaldo to infringe our laws,
 The discipline of glory and of war ;
 Was forc'd, as some affirm ; let him appear
 In judgment, and submit unto our power : 450
 But free and voluntary, let him come,
 All that I can, to his desert I grant ;
 If he refuses, and submission scorns,
 For well I know his untam'd violence ;
 Strive thou to bring him : teach him to appease, 455
 And not enrage, a judge by nature mild ;

Force

Force me not to severity ; the laws
And mine own dignity, I must support.

What warrior (Guelpho answer'd) fond of fame,
And free from infamy, can bear the words 460
Of such injurious scorn, and not resent,
And not with death the offender foul chastise !
To just resentment who can bounds prescribe !
And who is he, with Passion when inflam'd,
Can suit the punishment to the offence ? 465

But since you wish, that the unconquer'd youth
Shou'd come, and to your great decree submit,
I mourn, it cannot be ; far, far from hence
Hath he retir'd, with swiftness from his foes ;
But with your licence, I'll his cause maintain 470
Against the wretch who dar'd impeach his fame
With accusation false ; against whoe'er
Woundeth his honour, with malignant tooth,
Justly Gernando for injustice dy'd ;
The proud Gernando, justly hath his hand 475
Punish'd, for his presumptuous arrogance ;
His only fault, that in the heat of Rage
Thine edict, for an instant he forgot ;
This I lament, and this I not excuse. 479

He ceas'd. Godfredo answer'd. If from hence
He is departed, elsewhere let him make
Those fierce contentions, which I here forbid ;
Nor scatter thou the seeds of quarrels new ;
But may high heaven our troubles here compose.

Mean time, the fair, the false enchantress strove
To gain her promis'd succour, the long day 486

The Maid entreated, all that art could do,
 And craft, and beauty excellent, she try'd.
 But when the night had spread her gloomy veil,
 And in the western ocean sunk the sun ; 490
 Between two matrons, and two aged squires,
 Unto her fair pavilion she retir'd.

And she the mistress of deceit, so us'd
 Her gentle manners, and her carriage mild,
 While she was fair, as ever heaven had form'd 495
 The fairest of her sex, the loveliest dame ;
 That all the Christian lords, persisting strove
 To be her champions ; yet in vain she try'd
 With pleasures bait, Godfredo to allure,
 In vain, she labour'd to entice the Chief 500
 With false allurements of an am'rous life ;
 But as the gorged falcon, little heeds
 The anxious falkner throwing up his lure ;
 So he, tir'd of the pleasures of the world, 504
 Scorn'd all its frail delights ; and sought the steep
 And unfrequented path to heaven ; the arts
 Of treacherous love, were render'd useles all ;
 Nor did he ever turn aside his steps
 Out of that heavenly way, the Almighty shew'd :
 She try'd a thousand wiles, a thousand ways, 510
 A second Proteus to appearance seem'd ;
 And all her sweetest smiles and looks assum'd
 To waken love, that in his bosom slept ;
 But, thro' the happy aid of grace divine,
 Vain her attempts, her tryals, fruitless were. 515

The

The gentle dame, who thought that every glance
 Was able to subdue the chafest heart ;
 Oh ! how she lost her haughtiness and pride ;
 With wonder and disdain her breast was fill'd,
 Amazed at his firmness : where she found 520
 Such fixt resistance, and at length resolv'd
 Since like a tower, impregnable he stood,
 Thence to remove, and elsewhere carry war :

Against the arms of this enchantress fair
 Nor less Tancredo's heart, remain'd unmov'd ; 525
 An higher flame his tender bosom seiz'd,
 And left no place for a new passion :
 Even as one poison, is an antidote
 Against another ; so is love 'gainst love :
 These, and these only, were unconquerable, 530
 While violent desires the rest inflam'd.
 Thus, her imperfect victory she mourn'd,
 And short of triumph, fell her proud design :
 Yet, for a noble prey she had acquir'd,
 Of chiefs illustrious ! she herself consoles ; 535
 And e'er they saw into her deep designs
 Purpos'd, to lead them to a place secure,
 Where other chains, she had for them prepar'd
 Than the soft manacles of gentle love :

And now the season that the chief had fix'd 540
 Armida to assist, was almost past ;
 When rev'rent she approach'd him, and began.
 The fated time, great ruler ! is arriv'd
 To punish the usurper's tyranny ;
 And if he hears, Armida hath apply'd 545

To you for succour, soon he will prepare
 Defence, and render hard the enterprize.
 Great prince! e'er his espials, or the voice
 Of fame uncertain, the report relate;
 Chuse, in thy goodness, these illustrious knights 550
 Valiant tho' few; and let them suddenly
 Depart, who (unless sacred Heaven beholds
 With careless eyes th' affairs of men below,
 Of innocence forgetful;) shall restore
 Me to my crown, and to the Christian power 555
 Render my country ever tributary.

The virgin spoke. The general made reply;
 And granted, what he could not contradict;
 To hasten her departure, soon he saw
 That he must make th' election of her knights; 560
 And to be one of that much envy'd band
 All, with unusual constancy, desir'd;
 The emulation, which inspir'd them all
 Importunate, exceeded all request.

Armida, who beheld their naked hearts, 565
 And seeing, seiz'd new argument for strife,
 Had shot among them, the enflamed darts
 Of fearful jealousy, with torment keen;
 For love, she thought, was weak without these arts
 And slow and mild: for thus the courser runs 570
 Less swift, without a rival, who excites
 And strives his furious swiftness to exceed.
 In such sweet sort, she framed her discourse
 With looks enticing, and with pleasing smiles,
 That each, with burning envy, each beheld: 575
 So

So fear divided was, with winning hope ;
 This foolish crowd of lovers, whom the wile
 Of one deceiving look, urg'd madly on,
 Ran without rein ; nor shame nor honour held,
 Scorning Godfredo's wisdom and rebuke. 580

He, that wou'd satisfy the wish of all
 Impartially, and unto none inclin'd,
 Tho' swelling with disgrace and govern'd rage,
 To see the vanity of all his knights ;
 Yet since he saw them obstinately bent, 585
 He took new method, to compose their strife ;
 Write all your names (he cries) and in an urn
 Cast them ; and let impartial lots decide.
 With haste, the warriors their names inscrib'd,
 And tost them in an urn, and shook the urn, 590
 And left the choice to chance ; the first that came
 Was Count of Pembroke, great Artemidore ;
 Gherard the next ; and Vincilaus the third,
 Fond Vincilaus, so grave before and sage ;
 White was the warrior's hair, a lover old ! 595

What transport in each countenance appear'd !
 Joy lighten'd in their eyes, swell'd in their heart ;
 These three first chosen ; it appear'd that fate
 Design'd, to crown their wishes with success ;
 The rest with doubtful hearts, and all the signs 600
 Of jealousy, awaited whom the lots
 Wou'd favour next ; and hung upon his lips
 Who read the names, with wild impatience.
 Gaston the fourth ; Ridolpho him succeeds ;
 And Ulderick, Ridolpho ; William next 605

Lord of Ronciglion ; Eberardo, chief
 Bavarian ! valiant Henry born in France ;
 Rambaldo was the last : Rambaldo false
 Foe to his God, apostate from the faith !
 Oh tyranny of love ! these were the ten 610
 Elected, all the rest excluded were.

Burning with envy, jealousy and wrath,
 The rest accuse blind fortune as unjust ;
 And thee, oh love accus'd, who gave consent
 That chance should rule within his blissful realms ;
 For 'tis implanted in the human mind 616
 Most to desire the thing we most shou'd shun ;
 And many knights in spite of chance, resolv'd
 Soon as 'twas night Armida to pursue.
 By darkness and by day, they all design'd 620
 To follow her, in combat for her sake
 To risk their lives ; their purpose she confirm'd,
 And with imperfect words and broken sighs
 Fair Invitation gave ; and now to this
 And now to that complain'd, how much she
 mourn'd 625
 Without him to depart ; now sheath'd in Arms
 The ten selected champions shone ; and took
 Obsequious leave of their illustrious chief.

The prudent Lord, advis'd them each a part
 How light, how trustless was the Pagan faith : 630
 And with what policy they should avoid
 Th' uncertain pledges, and false treacheries
 And adverse accidents, that man befall ;
 But all his words were scatter'd on the winds,
 Love,

Love, wisdom's prudent council, never took : 635
He leaves them to the event : and now the dame
Parted, before the early morn appear'd.

The conquerers went ; and all those rivals led
In triumph and captivity away,
And to innumerable miseries 640

Abandon'd all her lovers left behind :
But when the night approach'd, and silence came
Under her wings, and strange and wand'ring
dreams,

By love conducted, secretly they went
To follow, where the fair Armida led. 645

Eustatio first ; who scarcely cou'd await
Night's friendly shade ; with eager haste he goes
Following blind love thro' darkness all obscure ;
And wander'd, in the cold and cloudy gloom ;
Soon as the beauteous morning, first appear'd, 650

Armida with her troop of knights, he view'd
Where in a village, they the night abode :
Thither with speed he went, and by his arms
Rambaldo knew the hero, and exclaim'd.
Whom dost thou seek for here ? and wherefore come ?
He answer'd : To assist Armida's cause, 656

If she accept me, nor mine aid disdain,
Sure is the succour, if the help sincere.
Who (cry'd the other) hath elected thee
To this exploit ? Eustatio answer'd, Love. 660

Love Eustace chose, Rambaldo Fortune's choice,
Who is most justly chosen ? th' other soon
Reply'd. These titles false and useless art
Will not avail thee, with th' elected knights,

Th'

Th' illustrious champions of this royal maid, 665
 Thou can'st not be admitted ; who (return'd
 Th' inflamed youth) will hinder my design ?
 Rambaldo—furiously the knight reply'd,
 Seeking his dangerous rival to provoke :
 And as he wish'd, he rous'd him to disdain, 670
 Burning with equal warmth ; this when the maid
 Fair tyrant of their hearts ! perceiv'd, with haste
 Between their sudden rage she interpos'd ;
 And cry'd, Rambaldo, why shou'd you refuse
 My champions, your companions, to encrease ? 675
 If you wou'd have me safe, wherefore deprive
 Me of such potent unexpected aid ?
 Then to the other : Welcome gentle knight,
 Defender of mine honour and my life ;
 Welcome most opportune, when I esteem 680
 Such a companion, such assistance light,
 May reason quite forsake me. Thus she spoke,
 And ev'ry hour new champions join'd the band.

Nor any of each other's coming knew,
 But each, with rage and envy, each beheld ; 685
 Gently she all receiv'd, and shew'd to all
 That for her comfort and content, they came ;
 But when the darkness yielded to the Day,
 Godfredo their desertion soon perceiv'd ;
 And in his mind predicted, fatal loss 690
 And foul mischance and evil, which he mourn'd.

While pensive he revolv'd the dire event,
 Cover'd with dust a messenger appear'd
 Breathless, and sad ; in seeming, like a man

That

That bitter tidings brought ; grief on his front
Was written, and his tidings he declar'd. 696

A mighty armament from Egypt's shore
Covers the sea, this message William sends
The admiral of the Ligurian fleet ;

He added. That a convoy from the ships 700

Sent with provisions, to the Christian camp,

Horses and camels loaded ; in mid way

A dire mishap befel ; the guard all kill'd

Or bound like slaves ; and none of them escap'd ;

The robbers of Arabia, in a vale 705

Ambush'd by night, had all the band inclos'd.

That the rash ardour and licentious waste

Of these Barbarian rovers, dar'd so far

That without hindrance, like a raging flood

They overflow the country ; that a band 710

Of knights, must suddenly be sent, to stop

Their bold inroad ; and to secure the ways

Between the Christian camp, and distant shore,

Where furious swells the sea of Palestine.

From mouth to mouth, the mournful rumour ran

Of these misfortunes ; in a moment spread 716

Among the soldiers ; and the dire report

Fear and amazement bred amidst the troops ;

The prudent chief, that mark'd their wonted heat

And resolution vanish'd, strove with looks 720

Of sweet complacency, and chearful words,

Their virtue to confirm, their minds console.

Oh ! thro' a thousand toils and hard assays

Renowned warriors ! who with me have past, 724

And

And various scenes of danger ; champions ! chosen
 To fight for Heaven, and the true faith restore ;
 Ye, who the Persian arms the Grecian wiles,
 Mountains and seas, the rage of cold and storm,
 Have conquer'd, thirst and hunger fierce o'ercame ;
 Now will you lose your former fortitude ? 730

That God of power, whoever gave you aid
 In perilous adventure and distress,
 Shall he not aid you ? You on whom his grace
 Largely descends, and holy clemency :
 You will remember all these woes with joy, 735
 When your triumphant hands before his tomb,
 You spread to Heaven : courageously endure,
 Reserve yourselves for prosperous success.

These exhortations, their despairing minds
 Reviv'd, with a serene and pleas'd look 740
 He spoke ; but in his breast a thousand Cares
 Conceal'd, and terrible anxieties :
 How to provide subsistence for his troops,
 How to oppose the huge Egyptian fleet,
 And how th' Arabian rovers to subdue. 745

The End of CANTO V.

T H E



T H E

A R G U M E N T.

C A N T O the Sixth.



AR G A N T E S challenges the Christian Knights to single Combat, and Tancred is appointed by the General to oppose him ; as he is advancing to the Combat, the Prince beholds Clorinda at a distance, and while he stands wrapt in admiration at her charms, Otton enters the lists before him, and engaging Argantes, is by him taken prisoner ; Tancred at last advances, and the two champions continue the engagement with the greatest fury till night, when they are parted by Heralds,

A R G U M E N T.

ralds, and agree to renew the combat in six days : the Princess Erminia, beholds them from the walls, and at last resolves to depart from the City to heal the wounds of Tancred whom she loved : she dresses herself in the arms of Clorinda, and escapes from the Town, and sends her squire to acquaint the Prince of her coming ; in the mean time, the brightness of her arms discovers her to a band of Christians, who take her for Clorinda, and pursue her ; she flies, and Tancred having heard it, follows her with scarce half his arms.



THE



THE
DELIVERY
OF
JERUSALEM.



UT better hopes with confidence in-
spir'd
The hosts, in sacred Solyma besieg'd;
Beside, the magazines already form'd;
A new supply of victuals they receiv'd
By night obscure; with arms and engines strong 5
They fortify'd the quarter of the North;
Encreas'd in height and strength the battlements,
And made the walls secure against th' assault.
The wary King commands, now this now that
Bastion to raise, and fortify the flanks; 10
Whether, the golden sun resplendent shines,
Or

Or th' other stars, and Luna's silver beams
Whiten the clouded air, continually
Th' artificers unweary'd toil, to form
New arms : while thus the careful prince prepar'd,
Argantes all impatient came, and spoke. 16

Till when, will you detain us prisoners deem'd
Within these walls, in vile and idle siege ?
I hear the clink of anvils, the shrill sound
Of helms and swords, and ratling coats of mail, 20
But see not to what use : these Christian thieves
Possess the open plains, and fenceless towns,
Even at their will ; and none is found, who dares
Arrest their progress, or disturb their sleep
Even with an hostile trumpet's angry breath : 25
Thus undisturbed are their feasts, and sweet
Their banquets, full of joy ; the days and nights
They equally, in sports and quiet waste
And full security ; but we, subdu'd
By hunger and fatigue, must soon be forc'd, 30
Oh shame ! to yield us to captivity
Or perish ; like to worthless cowards yield,
If the Egyptian succours are delay'd.
Yet never shall a foul ignoble death,
Hide, in obscure oblivion, my renown ; 35
Nor shall to-morrow's sun, with orient rays
Behold Argantes, in these towers imur'd ;
Of this frail life let destiny dispose
As she hath best determin'd, fate itself
Shall not deny me, amidst noble arms 40
And glorious, and revenged, to be slain ;

If

If that your bosom feels the wonted flame
Of Chivalry, if that you dare to risk
One noble fight for liberty and fame ;
Then, hope not only, to expire renown'd, 45
But hope for safety and for victory :
Let us together, fallying on the Franks
In arms, oppose, our enemies and fate ;
In desperate attempts, and dangers dire,
Who gives the boldest, gives the best advice. 50
Or, if your wary caution dares not risk
Upon one battle all your hopes, and all
Your troops at once expose ; why then, procure
That two selected champions, may decide
This great contention, by a single fight ; 55
And that the Christian Chief, with your design
May willingly accord, give him the choice
Of arms, th' advantages of place and time,
And let him form the terms on which we fight.
For tho' your enemy had hands and heart 60
Mighty and fierce, yet ought you not to fear
Any misfortune, when Argantes' strength
Greatly maintains the justice of your cause ;
My sword in spite of fortune and of fate
Shall gain you glorious victory ; receive 65
Mine hand, the pledge of conquest and of faith,
Which if you trust, it will preserve your realm.

He ceas'd, the monarch answer'd : daring youth !
Tho' you behold me, worn with toil and years,
Yet are not these old hands unfit for war, 70
Nor is my courage mean, and idly weak ;

L

Ignobly

Ignobly Aladine will never die,
 When e'er I fall, with honour I will fall ;
 Nor live, when I behold inevitable
 The famine and the ruin you foretel. 75
 Forbid such shame ye Heavens, but what I sought
 To hide from others, I reveal to you ;
 Great Soliman of Nice, who burns enrag'd
 To be reveng'd for his former wrongs,
 Hath gather'd, all the wand'ring Arab tribes 80
 To War, even to the bounds of Lybia's realms ;
 And waits the favour of the night, t' assault
 The enemy, to victual us, and aid ;
 This his design, and that the Christians keep
 Some Forts of ours, in base subjection held, 85
 Care not ; for still our regal dignity
 We have preserv'd and kingdom ; thy proud heat
 And arduous courage, calm ; that ardor rash
 Allay, which hurries thee to such excess ;
 And wait, for an occasion opportune, 90
 Equal to thy renown, and my revenge.

This the audacious Saracen disdain'd,
 An ancient rival of the Nicene Prince ;
 And bitter were his praises to his Soul,
 Or that the King depended on his aid. 95

You have great fir (he answer'd) in your breast
 The choice of peace and war, I not deny ;
 But why for Soliman's assistance wait ;
 He lost his Kingdom, can he your's defend ?
 Perchance he comes, an heavenly messenger ! 100
 The great deliverer of the Paynim race ;

Then

Then let Argantes for himself provide,
My sword I trust will always keep me free ;
But, while the others, you in rest indulge,
Let me descend, to combat in the plain ; 105
A single warrior, and a private knight
I go, to try some Christian's puissance.

The King returned, tho' thy force and sword
Shou'd be reserved to a better use,
Yet that thou challenge some proud warrior 110
To hostile strife, I grant, the monarch spoke.
Argantes for an instant not delay'd.
Go, (to an herald he exclaim'd) descend,
And to the Christian leader, bold declare
Mine high intent in th' hearing of his Lords, 115
Say, that a warrior who much disdains
To lurk from danger midst surrounding walls,
Desires, to shew in th' eye of either host
How great his strength, and how unmatch'd his
skill ;

Say, that he is prepar'd, in th' open field 120
Before the camp, and city, to begin
The combat ; and to mortal fight, defies
The most redoubted, of the Christian Lords ;
And that not only he desires to fight
With one or two, within the hostile plain ; 125
But will the third, the fourth, the fifth accept ;
Whether of vulgar or of noble race
Let all have freedom ; and the conquer'd serve
The conqueror, as is the law of war :

Thus he commanded, and the herald, don'd 130
His purple and his golden coat of arms.

Soon as the regal presence he approach'd
 Of princely Godfrey, and his valiant peers,
 He said ; great chieftan ! licence will you grant,
 Freely, a daring message to declare. 135

I grant it, (the illustrious chief return'd)
 Fearless explain thine hostile embassy.
 Then shall you find (he answer'd), whether mild
 My message is, or formidably sharp.
 And then at large he told the proud defy, 140
 With haughty accents and magnificent ;
 At his rash parole, the furious multitudes
 Raged, and hasty indignation shew'd.

Sudden the pious Bulloigner reply'd ;
 This warrior hath chose an hard exploit ; 145
 I trust that he will think, when tir'd with fight,
 There is no need for the fifth combatant,
 But let him come and try ; from insult free,
 I offer him the field, from treason safe ;
 And without vantage an elected knight 150
 Shall combat with him, firmly this I swear.

He ceas'd, the King at Arms return'd in haste
 The way he came, nor did he once remit
 His expeditious pace, till he had told
 The fierce Circassian the reply severe : 155
 Arm you (he said) great warrior, why delay ?
 The Christians your defiance proud accept,
 Even those, not greatly eminent in war
 Burn to confront you, in their camp I mark'd
 A thousand threat'ning glances, and their arms 160
 A thousand hands prepar'd ; the general

Granteth

Granteth the field in safety. Thus he said,
The fierce Circassian for his arms exclaim'd.

And while, he girt his limbs in blazing steel,
Impatient to descend unto the plain ; 165
The King, to fair Clorinda turn'd, and spoke ;
If he go forth, remain not thou behind,
But take a thousand of our Knights, to guard
Your persons and attend you in the field ;
Yet let him only in the fight engage, 170
You with your squadron at a distance keep.

Thus spoke the Emperor, and the squadron arm'd
Soon issues from the city to the field ;
Before the rest, the fierce Circassian rode,
In his rich arms and ensigns bright array'd ; 175
A place there lies, between the walls and camp
With no declivity and no ascent,
Extended wide and broad ; it seem'd the work
Of art, and like that other field of Mars.

There by himself, Argantes terrible 180
Stood eager, in the presence of his foes,
Great was his heat, his stature, and his strength,
Presumptuous, threat'ning, cruel was his look,
So seem'd Enceladus in Phlegra's field
Warring 'gainst Heaven ; so from the vale appear'd
The huge Philistine unto Israel's sons ; 186
But not the Christians his fierce semblance fear'd,
Yet unacquainted with the giant's might.

As yet not one Godfredo chose, for none
Excell'd the rest in dignity and rank ; 190
Tho' he discern'd how all the multitude

Had on the noble Tancred turn'd their eyes ;
 And him, with favourable looks, they own'd
 To be the bravest, where they all were brave ;
 And now he heard a murmur rise, distinct ; 195
 Godfredo saw it, and approv'd their choice.
 The rest gave place ; for secret now no more
 Remain'd th' intention of the general :
 Tancred advance (he said) I not forbid,
 Repress the rage of yonder Saracen : 200
 With joyful countenance the hero heard,
 Th' elected champion of this great emprise ;
 And seiz'd his arms, his foaming horse bestrode,
 And rush'd, by many follow'd, to the field ;
 And now the campaign he had almost reach'd, 205
 Where proud Argantes waited for the fight ;
 When lo, the lofty warriors appear'd
 Upon the summit of the neighb'ring hill,
 White as the snow upon the alpine cliffs
 The virgin shone, array'd in silver arms, 210
 Her beaver up, and all her beauty seen
 Illustrious, on the distant summit plac'd.
 Tancred no longer the Circassian, mark'd
 Threat'ning the Heaven with his indignant front ;
 But gently rode, and to the hill his eyes 215
 Cast quite immers'd in love, immoveable
 And senseless as a rock ; all cold without
 Within all fire ; he seem'd content to gaze,
 And shew'd no semblance of the future fight.
 Argantes, that as yet saw none approach, 220
 In opposition dire, prepar'd to join

The

The mortal strife ; exclaims, for war I came,
Wherefore dares none advance to try my force :
The other, absent and astonish'd, stood
And gaz'd upon the dame, nor heard his taunt ; 225
When forward Otton, spurr'd his rapid steed,
A gentle Knight and enter'd first the lists.
This youth was one of these, who lately burn'd
With high desire, the Paynim to oppose,
When all to Tancred yielded ; to the plain 230
He follow'd him, his brave compeers among ;
On other thoughts, when he beheld the chief
Intent, like one declining to engage,
Then seiz'd the daring youth, impatiently
The occasion offer'd, with a greedy haste ; 235
And rapid as a tyger or a pard
Ranging the forests wild, he ran to strike
The valiant Saracen, that adverse now
Put his long lance in rest ; rous'd by the sound
The valiant Tancred, from his tardy thoughts 240
Started ; and cry'd aloud ; the fight is mine ;
Oh stay rash youth ! the youth was gone too far.

Tancredo stopt, with anger and despite
Burning, and red as fire the warrior blush'd ;
Because the shame was his, and the default, 245
If any, shou'd prevent him, and in fight
Before him meet the foe ; mean time in swift
Career, the Saracen did hugely smite
The youthful warrior's helm, with his sharp spear
The other, pierc'd Argantes glittering mail, 250
Breaking, with forceful point, his sevenfold targe :

The Christian fell, for so severe the blow
 It forc'd, the youth warrior from his seat ;
 The Saracen so mighty and so firm
 He shook not, nor upon his saddle bow'd ; 255
 But with an action full of proud disdain
 Address'd the prostrate warrior. Youth, o'ercome
 Surrender ; 'tis enough for thy renown
 And honour, with Argantes to have fought.

Not such (the youth return'd) not such the use
 Of Christian Knights, to lay aside their arms 261
 And noble ardor ; for this overthrow
 An happier excuse I mean to give,
 I will revenge th' indignity or die ;
 The fierce Circassian frown'd, in semblance like 265
 Alectro or Medusa, from his mouth
 Breathing out fire, and terribly exclaims ;
 Be taught my strength, my courtesy who scorn.
 Then furious spurr'd his steed, and quite forgot
 What honour, of illustrious Knights, requires ; 270
 Otto retiring, shun'd his frustrate strength,
 And with a noble blow deep in his flank
 Wounded the Saracen ; so sure the stroke
 That the sharp faulchion, stain'd with blood, return'd
 And dropping all with gore ; yet what avails ! 275
 When wounds cannot abate the Hero's strength,
 But added to his rage, and hardihood.

Argantes, check'd his courser in career,
 Turning him sudden round ; and with swift wheel
 Furious and unexpected, charg'd his foe 280
 With terrible assault, the youth amaz'd

Panted

Panted with short breath, and with feeble limbs
Stood trembling; all desponding was his soul,
And all his look was pale, to earth he sunk
Beneath the rude stroke, feeble and fatigu'd. 285
The victor full of fury, spurr'd his steed
Over the bosom of the prostrate youth,
And thus exclaim'd. So fall the pride of those
Who dare, in hostile field, contend with me.

Tancred against his will no more delay'd, 290
When that unknightly action he beheld;
With desperate valour wou'd he now redeem
His fault, and with unwonted glory shine.
Hastning he gallop'd on, and cry'd aloud;
Inglorious wretch! thy conquest is disgrace; 295
What title of renown or noble praise
Awaiteth such a false discourteous deed?
Amidst Arabian thieves, and barbarous bands,
Thou oughtest to conceal such savageness;
Or flying the sight of day, wild beasts among 300
Inhabit mountains rude, and pathless woods.

He ceas'd. The Pagan patience never knew,
Trembling for ire his yellow locks he tore:
He wou'd have spoke, but rage confus'd his words;
And such a sound he made, as lions fierce 305
That howl in desert sands; such is the noise
Of clouds, that burst with thunder, and pour down
Vast floods of rain; so was his speech disturb'd,
And so he roar'd, from his inflamed breast.

When with defiance proud, each combatant 310
Whetted their eager fury and disdain;

With

With rapid and wing'd swiftneſs, either ſpurr'd,
 Taking large ſpace, his courſer : Heavenly muſe !
 Add fury to my voice, let me recite
 This furious combat in an equal ſtrain ; 315
 Hence each unworthy verſe, the ſound of arms
 And horrid war ſhou'd thunder in my ſong.
 Their ſpears to equal with the hugeſt maſts
 Pondrous and rough, the angry combatants
 Againſt each other bent, ſo ſwift their courſe 320
 Not half ſo ſpeedy was the flight of birds ;
 Such was their fury, as when Boreas tears
 The ſhatter'd crags from off the mountain clifts ;
 Upon their helms their launces broke, to heaven
 The trunks, the ſplinters, and the ſparkles flew. 325
 The thunder of the ſhock, made all the hills
 Reſound ; and to its center ſhook the earth :
 But not the force or fury of the ſtroke
 Did bow their proud heads ; yet their mighty ſteeds
 Sunk to the ground, unable to ariſe ; 330
 But they great maſters of war's dreadful art
 Stood firm, and unencumbred on the plain ;
 Each warrior cautious with his hand repell'd
 The ſtrokes, watch'd with his eyes, ſhun'd with his
 feet ;
 And various attitude and new defence 335
 They try, and traverse, preſs, and now retire ;
 And now they ſtrike, now feign, and now affault
 Sudden and unexpected ; and ſome part
 Expoſe as undefended, thus with ſkill
 They labour to ſurprize, and ſwift deceit. 340
Tancredo's

Tancredo's thigh, the furious Paynim mark'd
Defenced ill, with target or with sword ;
He hastes to strike, and naked to the foe
Leaves his left side ; the wary Christian shuns
His enemy's assault, and strikes the chief 345
An horrid wound ; then suddenly retires
At distance, and returns unto his guard.
The fierce Circassian, saw his streaming blood
Burst from the wound, and stain his blazing arms ;
He rag'd with unaccustom'd furiousness, 350
And sigh'd for indignation, at his shame
And folly ; then aloft his faulchion rais'd,
And forward rush'd impetuous to th' assault :
Him as he turn'd, again Tancredo wounds
Where to his shoulders broad his arms are join'd. 355

Even as a bear, rages amidst the wilds,
Pierc'd with a sudden arrow in his flank,
And furious rushes on the hunters spears,
And meets the danger and the death unmov'd :
So far'd th' untam'd Circassian, when he felt 360
Wound upon wound, disgrace upon disgrace ;
Desire of vengeance so inflam'd his soul,
That he forgot all danger and defence.
Uniting now with rashness undismay'd,
Extremest force, and unfatigued strength, 365
His thundering faulchion terribly he waves,
Trembled the stedfast earth, lighten'd the sky ;
No time the other hath to give a blow,
Scarcely he can defend, and scarcely breath ;
Fruitless his art and skill ; such was the haste 370
Of

Of terrible Argantes, such his force.

In vain Tancredo waited, all his strength
Collecting, till the tempest of his blows
Were waste and spent, and but oppos'd defence
To fury so ungovernable; he wheels 375

At distance, turning with a swift career:
But when the Pagan's fury, he perceiv'd
Ceas'd not, nor weaker grew his angry force;
Provok'd he whirl'd around his flashing sword,
And answer'd rage with rage, and strength with
strength. 380

Reason and skill by fury were subdu'd,
And indignation added force; where fell
Their weighty swords, were their strong coats of
mail

Cloven or pierc'd; no stroke descends in vain;
The earth was scatter'd with their arms, their arms
Dy'd in their blood, their blood was mix'd with
sweat; 386

The flash was lightning, thunder was the noise,
That from the strokes of their broad faulchions
came.

Each nation in suspense and wond'ring, hung
Upon this strange and dreadful spectacle; 390
And long divided stood, twixt hope and fear,
Seeing them now defend, and now assault,
And not the smallest stir or noise, was heard
Amidst th' innumerable host; in still
Suspence immoveable, the gazers stood, 395
While fear and consternation shook their hearts.
Now were they both fatigu'd, and both had urg'd
The

The fatal strife, to an untimely end ;
 But obscure night, with friendly shade o'erspread
 The earth, and interpos'd between their fate ; 400
 An herald from each side, hastning advanc'd
 To part the combatants ; wise Aridens
 Illustrious Frank ! the other named Pindore,
 Who brought the challenge proud, a subtile man.

Their peaceful sceptres 'tween their swords they
 rais'd, 405

And 'tween th' enraged Chieftains interpos'd :
 For such their privilege, and such the right
 The law of nations immemorial gave.
 Oh stay ye warriors (thus began Pindore)
 Equal your valour, equal your renown ; 410
 Now let the combat cease, give night her due
 Of sweet repose, and necessary rest.
 Man goeth forth to labour with the day,
 When darkness comes, all creatures cease from toil ;
 And lightly doth the noble heart esteem 415
 Glory, obtain'd in secret silent night.

He spoke, Argantes answer'd. Me to quit
 This combat, for the night's obscurity
 Wou'd be foul shame ; tho' highly do I prize
 Day's glorious testimony ; let this knight 420
 Then swear, again to meet me here in arms.
 Tancredo stern rejoin'd. And promise thou
 To bring thy captive with thee, to the field ;
 Else, look to see none other time but this
 For the decision of our mortal strife. 425
 They ceas'd ; and swore. The heralds then elect
 What

What time was fittest for this grand exploit,
What time, sufficient was, to cure their wounds;
And fix'd the sixth day's morning for the fight.

This combat horrible, left in the hearts 430
Of Saracens and Christians, deep imprest
Signs of amaze and terror, that remain'd
Long in their frighted thoughts; much was the
speech

Of the great valour, hardihood, and strength,
That these fierce combatants in battle shew'd: 435
But which of them, did his huge foe excel,
Various, and doubtful, was the loud report.
All stood irresolute: anxious to know
This terrible contention's end; these trust
That valour will prevail, o'er giant strength; 440
And those, that fury, courage will subdue.

But far above the rest, the gentle dame
Erminia fair, was tortur'd and disturb'd,
For on the sentence of uncertain war,
Hung all her hopes, and her life's better part. 445

Of King Cassano, she the daughter sole,
Who the proud crown of Antioch lately wore;
When that great empire fell, the Christian bands
Brought her a captive, amidst other prey
Unto their leader Tancred; that fam'd chief 450
Humanely (who had never with his power
Supported injury) the maid receiv'd
And honour'd as a queen, amidst the loss
Of empire, and the ruin of her land.

He honour'd, serv'd her; and the gen'rous knight
Gave

J E R U S A L E M.

159

Gave her, her liberty, and all her gold 456
And jewels of great price ; she, that beheld
His youth, his kingly nobleness of soul,
And outward excellence of form, admir'd
And lov'd her conqueror ; love never ty'd 460
A firmer knot than that which bound her heart.
Thus for her body she gain'd liberty,
Her soul enslav'd ; much did she mourn, to part
From that dear victor, and that prison kind.
But kingly honour, that by noble dame 465
Must be maintain'd, forc'd her to separate,
And with her antient mother, to retire
To Aladine, and to a friendly land.
She came to Solyma. The tyrant old
Receiv'd her, friendly in Jerusalem, 470
And there by cruel death, she was despoil'd
Of her lov'd parent ; but her bitter grief,
For her she lost, or wretched banishment,
Cou'd not this passion from her bosom tear,
Cou'd not extinguish this disastrous flame. 475
She lov'd, unhappy maid ! she burn'd. The hope
Was small, alas ! of her distressed state,
She nourish'd in her breast, a secret fire
Fed by the memory of Tancred's worth ;
And when in secret the sad maid retir'd, 480
A flame more violent consum'd her heart ;
At length Tancredo, to revive her hope,
Joined the host before Jerusalem.
The others, trembled from the walls to view
So many nations, in the plains below, 485
Untam'd

Untam'd and fierce ; but she, her troubled look
 Seren'd, and on the squadrons as they past
 With transport gaz'd, and fought with greedy looks
 Her lover dear, the armed bands among ;
 In vain she look'd around, and often thought 490
 She saw him ; often said, ' this, this is he.'

Within the royal palace, rais'd sublime
 Nigh to the walls, an aged turret stands,
 From whose high summit, in wide prospect lay
 The Christian host, the mountains, and the plain ;
 And there she sat, even from the sun's first rise 496
 Until he set, and night obscur'd the world :
 Her eyes, for ever fix'd upon the fields,
 Conversing with her thoughts, and sighing sad.
 From thence she saw the fight, and felt her heart
 Tremble, that instant, in her virgin breast, 501
 And seem to say, that warrior is thy love ;
 That warrior now in peril of his life.

And thus a prey to anguish and distrust
 She waited the event of dubious fate, 505
 And ever as the Pagan rais'd his sword,
 Within her soul, she felt, the steel and wound.
 But when she understood, they must renew
 Again the dire contention ; terror strange
 And fear possess'd her, that her vital blood 510
 Froze in her heart : now secretly she wept,
 Now sigh'd in secret, and her gestures shew'd
 Affliction huge, and terrible dismay ;
 Bloodless and pale ; desponding, full of woe,
 She was the picture of distress and fear. 515

And

And with the image of the fight, her thoughts
 Were every instant terrify'd, disturb'd;
 Her sleep, was far more frightful, than was death;
 And horrid apparitions broke her dreams;
 She fancies that she saw, that Knight so lov'd, 520
 Bleeding and wounded, faint, and asking aid;
 Then suddenly awakes; and finds her heart
 Full of despair, and her eyes bath'd in tears.

Nor was her tender soul alone disturb'd,
 By the presage of future ill; the wounds 525
 Her lover had receiv'd, in that dire strife
 Robb'd all her thoughts of rest, and dire report
 Doubled his danger, and increas'd the fear
 Of accidents, unknown and far remote:
 That she concludes, the noble warrior 530
 Lay languishing with wounds, and nigh to death;
 And, for her mother, taught the gentle dame
 The secret virtue, of each wond'rous herb
 And charmed verses, to allay the pain
 And heal the festring wound; a wond'rous art! 535
 And much esteemed in those ancient times,
 Fitting the daughters of illustrious Kings;
 She wou'd herself go cure her wounded Knight.

Thus she desir'd to heal her love, and cure
 Her enemy; whose fatal hand destroy'd 540
 Her kindred and her friends; she knew the use
 Of nocent herbs, to scatter in the veins
 Their bitter juice, and poison all the blood;
 But her pure virgin hand, that art abhorr'd
 And that malignant skill; and virtueless 545

She wish'd all Herbs, that had the power to hurt.
 Nor did she fear, to go amidst the hosts
 Of armed enemies, for she was us'd
 To wander, and had often seen the waste
 And terrors of grim war ; her life was full 550
 Of hazards and misfortunes, which had made
 Her bolder, in each hardy enterprize,
 Than was the nature of her tender sex ;
 Nor was she easily disturb'd with fear,
 No image vain of terror shook her soul. 555

Audacious love had banish'd e'ery dread,
 A mighty reason in a female breast ;
 She dar'd, o'er Africk's desert sands to go,
 Nor fear'd the Tyger's paw, or serpent's sting :
 Save that her honour she esteem'd, beyond 560
 Her life and body's safety, that of all
 Her cares the chiefest ; but within her heart
 Two potent foes contended : Honour, Love.

Honour began. Oh fair and spotless maid !
 Whoever hath observ'd my strictest laws ; 565
 'Twas I preserv'd you 'midst your enemies,
 'Twas I who kept your mind and body pure :
 And being at liberty, now you will lose
 That chastity, which when a slave you kept ;
 Tear not these reasons from your gentle heart ! 570
 Ah ! what do'st thou propose, and wherefore hope ?
 Say do'st thou lightly prize the glorious name
 Of virgin, and unspotted maiden-hood ?
 That you amidst an host of enemies
 Will go, a nightly dame, to seek disgrace ? 575
 For

For thus, thine haughty conqueror will say,
 You've lost your royal fame, as well as crown ;
 Unworthy me ! to others go and yield
 That vulgar love, that badly proffer'd prize.

Love them, that fond falacious Counsellor 580
 Beguil'd the virgin, with his filed tongue,
 Thou wert not born (he cries) of savage bears
 In deserts rude, and unfrequented rocks,
 Oh gentle dame ! that thou shou'd'st scorn the bow
 And torch of love, and fly from all the joys 585
 Of youth ; not steel thy breast or adamant,
 That thou should'st scorn a lover's happy name.

Go then, go whither sweet desire invites,
 Nor feign, that such a beauteous conqueror
 Can e'er be guilty of discourtesy : 590

You know not how his sorrow answers thine,
 All your complaints, and all your woe, he shares,
 Oh cruel maid ! that art so slow to bring
 Safely, to such a fond and faithful Knight.
 Cruel, ungrate, while pious Tancred pines, 595
 Of other's life, Erminia takes more care.

Rather heal thou, the fierce Circassian's wounds
 To kill hereafter your deliverer ;

So you'll be free from ties of gratitude,
 And this the fit reward for his desert : 600

Ah ! may it be, Erminia can endure
 To see the strength, of this Circassian stern ?
 Can she, without amaze, and horror think
 Upon his future combat, with her love ?

Beside the pleasures of humanity, 605

What rapture wilt thou taste, what dear delight,
 When with your pious and your sanient hand
 You touch his noble breast ! then may glad health
 Succeed, and beauty in his cheeks revive ;
 And all those charms that now are waste and spent,
 Again become admir'd, and be your gift. 611

Part of his future glory thou wilt share,
 Share in his actions and his high renown :
 His chaste embraces will be thine, his love ;
 And happy hymen will unite your hearts : 615
 Among th' Italian dames and matrons sage
 High honour wilt thou hold ; fair Italy !
 Where valour true, and true religion dwell.

With such vain hopes deceiv'd, ah filly maid ;
 Highest felicity, Erminia fond 620
 Did figure to herself ; yet were her thoughts
 Confused with a thousand doubts, how best
 She cou'd secure her flight, how to deceive
 The guards, that ever round the city walls
 And palace high, patroll'd ; in such a dire 625
 And dangerous war, the city's ample gates
 Are open'd not, but for some weighty cause.

The fair Erminia, the companion was
 Of fam'd Clorinda, mighty championess ;
 With her she us'd, to view the setting sun, 630
 With her she us'd, to hail the orient morn ;
 And when the day's bright splendors, all were spent,
 One bed, together held the lovely pair ;
 And not a thought, but this of tender love,
 One virgin from the other, e'er conceal'd, 635
 That

That kept she secret, if Clorinda heard
 Her sad, her deep complaints, to other cause
 Those sorrows she assign'd, and other cause
 She had indeed of woe ; such was the love
 Between these virgins chaste ; Erminia sweet 640
 Unto her friend, had ever free access :
 The door was open to the gentle dame,
 Whether Clorinda brave, in council sat,
 Or bright in armour battled in the field.

One day she came, and sought a secret place, 645
 And pensive stopt and sad, revolving long
 Or by what means or slight, she cou'd conceal
 Her close departure ; for a thousand thoughts
 Assembled in her unresolv'd heart ;
 Various, discordant, and destroy'd her peace. 650
 At last she saw on high Clorinda's arms,
 Clorinda's silver arms she saw, and sigh'd.

Then mourning, to herself ; alas ! how blest
 How fortunate ! that beauteous championess ;
 How do I envy her ! yet not her charms, 655
 The faultlessness of form, that female praise !
 Long trailing garments hinder not her steps,
 Nor envious chambers her bright valour hide,
 Arms are her robes, and battle is her joy,
 Nor bashfulness, nor fear, restrain her strength. 660
 Alas, why did not heaven and nature kind
 Grant me a daring soul, and vigorous limbs ;
 Then might I change this robe, this slender veil,
 For the strong cuirass, and the plumed helm :
 Nor burning suns shou'd then, or freezing skies 665

Restrain my daring purpose, or the rage
 Of rains or blust'ring winds ; but I wou'd fight
 A private combatant, or joined in war
 With armies, by the sun's, or moon's pale beams ;
 Nor then, cruel Argantes, hadst thou fought 670
 First with my lover ; I, thine untam'd rage
 Preventing, had perhaps him captive made :
 Then had he found, from an enamour'd foe
 A light and gentle yoke of servitude ;
 Instead of rugged bondage, he had met 675
 The gentlest treatment, and the kindest care ;
 This might have been ; or else his fatal sword
 Had open'd wide my breast, and pierc'd mine heart ;
 The fatal blow had cur'd the wound of love :
 Then shou'd my soul, from this frail body freed 680
 In peace repose, perhaps the conqueror
 Might, on the body of his murder'd love
 Bestow a grave, and tributary tear.
 Alas ! I fancy things impossible,
 And lose myself in labyrinths of thought ; 685
 Yet wherefore shou'd I rest, thus timorous
 And full of woe, why thus irresolute
 Like an ignoble woman ? I will go ;
 My heart dares much and highly ; those bright arms
 I'll seize ; this pond'rous shield I may sustain, 690
 Tho' I am feeble, weak and delicate ;
 Oh if it were, that love cou'd give me strength,
 Love that gives boldness to the boldest, love
 That makes th' unwarlike stags, forget to fly
 And offer war ; yet, I not go to war, 695
 I on-

I only have devis'd, 'midst horrid arms
 A wiley stratagem, I only feign
 To be Clorinda, and her silver arms
 Assume I only, to secure my flight.
 And well I know, the keeper of the gate 700
 Dare not resist Clorinda's fixt commands ;
 Nor can I find another way than this,
 This only open lies,— oh gentle love !
 Favour, this innocent, this fond deceit,
 Which you and chance inspir'd ; the time, the
 hour, 705

Now fitteth best, while with the Emperor
 In private council, strong Clorinda, stays.
 Thus she resolv'd ; the fury of blind love
 Rashly, that instant, urg'd the gentle dame ;
 And those resplendent arms, with sudden haste 710
 She seiz'd, and to a neighb'ring room convey'd ;
 The task was easy, soon as there she came
 All else retir'd, and left the dame alone ;
 And stealthy night, her close designs conceal'd ;
 Of theft, and secret love, the patroness ! 715

And seeing now the Heavens, sometimes with
 stars
 Scatter'd, and sometimes cover'd quite with clouds ;
 At once, without delay, th' enamour'd dame
 Secretly call'd a squire of wond'rous trust,
 To whom and to a maid belov'd, she told 720
 In part her purpose ; her designs of flight
 Discover'd, but she feign'd another cause ;
 The faithful squire, had suddenly prepar'd

All that was necessary to her flight ;
 Mean time Erminia fair, her limbs despoil'd 725
 Of her rich robes, that flow'd unto her feet :
 In her white vest, the beauteous virgin stood ;
 So slender, it was wond'rous to behold !
 And she, who was companion in her flight !
 Assisted her, to sheath her limbs in arms. 730
 Her beauteous neck, and locks of shining gold
 Were, by the rugged steel, oppress'd and bow'd ;
 Her tender arm, the pond'rous target took,
 An insupportable and heavy weight ;
 The burnish'd steel excessive splendor shed : 735
 A military carriage, and proud port
 The gentle beauty feign'd ; fast by her side
 Love smil'd, for love was present, and rejoyc'd,
 As when Alcides took a female dress.

Oh ! with how vast a labour, she sustain'd 740
 That load unequal, and how slow her steps !
 How did she strive to keep an equal pace
 With her companion, who before her went
 With circumspection, to observe the ways ;
 Love gave her courage, and inspiring hope, 745
 And love, unto her tired limbs gave strength ;
 At length she reach'd the quarter, where her squire
 Waited, and swiftly mounted on her steed.

Disguis'd they went, thro' secret paths unknown,
 And fought, by ways unus'd, to pass unseen ; 750
 At length, an armed multitude they met
 Whose polish'd targets, thro' the dark obscure
 Cast gleams of splendor sharp ; yet none attempts
 To

To stay their journey, and the shining bands
 Divide to give them way ; for those white arms 755
 And ensigns, were acknowledg'd thro' the gloom.
 Nor yet, the fair Erminia went secure,
 For full of fear and dubious were her thoughts ;
 Dreading to be discover'd in the end,
 And oft repenting of her rash attempt. 760
 At length she reach'd the gate ; and full of fear,
 She thus, the keeper cautiously beguil'd.
 I am Clorinda, open swift the gate,
 I go to execute the King's commands.

The semblance of that daring championess, 765
 And female voice, assisted the deceit
 For who would think, to see a gentle dame
 Unus'd to rugged armour, clad in steel,
 Bestriding a fierce courser ? to her word
 The porter soon obedience gave, and forth 770
 With her compeers, the virgin swiftly went :
 For safety then, through unfrequented vales,
 By winding hills, and tedious ways she past.
 At length, this fair adventurer stay'd her course
 Deep in a solitary vale ; and thought 775
 All her first hazards past, to be retain'd
 She had no fear ; but dangers new and strange
 Themselves presented, dangers unforeseen
 And perils difficult, that her fond haste
 Had not before discover'd, had not mark'd. 780

She now perceiv'd it folly, clad in arms
 To pass amidst her furious enemies ;

Yet

Yet wou'd she not her gentle sex disclose,
 Till in the presence of her Knight she came ;
 To him a sudden lover, and unknown, 785
 With spotless chastity, she thought to come ;
 Therefore she stay'd, and in her better thought
 Became more cautious, and her squire address'd.

Oh faithful follower ! of your mistress' fate,
 Thou must be sad Erminia's messenger ; 790
 Be wise, be diligent ; go to the camp ;
 And get admision to the sumptuous tent
 Where Tancred wounded lies ; then tell the Knight,
 Thy mistress thro' a thousand dangers comes
 To heal his hurts, if he will safety grant 795
 And peace ; sweet peace ! for love against me wars.
 So will his wounds be cur'd, my torments eas'd ;
 Say, that the virgin, hath such confidence
 In his pure faith and honour, that she fears
 Nor shame nor scorn, in his protection ; 800
 And tell him only this ; if more he asks
 Unfold no more ; but hastily return :
 I, for this place affords security,
 Within this vally will mean time sojourn.

Thus spoke the dame ; and swift to execute 805
 The charge impos'd, with winged haste, he went ;
 And so discreetly wrought, he was receiv'd
 In friendly manner by the Christian guards
 Assembling round him, and was introduc'd
 To the sick Knight, who heard his embassy 810
 With gentle looks ; which told, in haste he parts
 Leaving

Leaving the warrior in his troubled thoughts
Rolling a thousand doubts, to bring the news
Of courteous welcome, to the anxious dame.

In the mean time, Erminia, to whose fond 815
Desire, the shortest moment seem'd an age ;
An age of woe ; in fancy to herself
Recounts his steps, and thinks my Tancred's tent
He now approaches, enters now, and now
Returns ; and seems, which pains her to the heart,
Not with his once accusom'd speed to come. 821
Thoughtless the maid advanc'd, and now ascends
The steep, whence all the camp in prospect lay.

'Twas night, and wide her starry veil she drew
Resplendent o'er the heavens, without a cloud ;
And the fair moon uprising, spread around 826
Her silver rays, and on the whit'ned fields
Shed living pearls ; when the enamour'd dame,
Glorious as Cynthia, scatter'd thro' the heavens
Glittering beams ; and made, the vallies dumb, 830
And silence kind, her counsellors of love.
Beholding then the camp (she said) O fair
And castle-like pavillions, where the youth
Of Italy their dwelling have ; how sweet
Methinks, from your white tents, bloweth the air,
And gladdens all my soul as I approach : 836
So may kind heaven, to my disastrous life
Afford at length an innocent repose,
Which I alone can seek in you ; alone
Amidst these arms, to me, you can give peace. 840

Receive

Receive me then ; let me that pity find
Love promises, and which I once enjoy'd
When prisoner to the prince that I adore.

Alas ! I covet not you shou'd replace
Me in my royal father's throne ; I ask
Only, to serve in you, my lord so lov'd ;
That to Erminia will be happiness.

845

Thus did she parle, nor yet did she foresee
The sudden blow that fortune had prepar'd ;
For there she stood, where Cynthia's silver beams
With double splendor, on her armour shone ; 851
And from a distance shining, might be seen
The radiant glory, that inclos'd the maid :
While the great tygres on her snowy helm
Shed light, and shew'd her, wherefoe'er she went.
So fortune wou'd ; in ambush nigh them lay 856
A multitude of Christians ; Poliphern
And young Alcandro, fair Italians,
And brothers, led the band ; there were they plac'd
To intercept the numerous flocks and herds 860
Convey'd, to the besieged Saracens ;
And keep that passage ; them Erminia saw,
Started, and fled with swiftest speed away.

But youthful Poliphern, before whose eyes
His aged fire fell by Clorinda's hand ; 865
Soon as he mark'd those bright and silver spoils,
Imagin'd, that he saw the championess ;
At once the secret squadron he inflam'd,
Nor cou'd the furies of his heart restrain :

For

For hasty in his rage he was, and rash : 870
And cry'd (thou'rt dead) and bent his idle lance.

Even as a chaced hind, intic'd by thirst
To seek a living and transparent stream,
Whether from broken rocks descends the spring,
Or darksome glides high arching woods among ;
If there she meets the dogs, where her tir'd limbs
She sought to comfort, with the shade or rill ; 877
She turns again to flight ; and quite forgets
Her former heat, her former lassitude.

So she ; while in the bottom of her heart, 880
Love's thirst enflam'd, fancy'd to quench the fire
And to repose her wand'ring mind, fatigu'd,
In the kind joyful welcome of her Lord :
When she beheld her angry enemy
Threat'ning her death, and heard the sound of
arms ; 885

Forgot herself, forgot her first design,
And urg'd, all timorous, her flying steed.
Luckless Erminia fled : her courser swift
Left not his footsteps in the verdant plain,
Fled the fair dame, and suddenly pursu'd 890
By divers ways, the multitude of foes :
The trusted squire did all too late return,
For slow the news he brought ; then fled himself ;
And fear them scatter'd over all the fields.

But Alicandro, who alike beheld 895
The feign'd Clorinda, as young Poliphern ;
Yet wou'd not rashly follow, but remain'd
Close silent in his ambush : to the chief

Sent

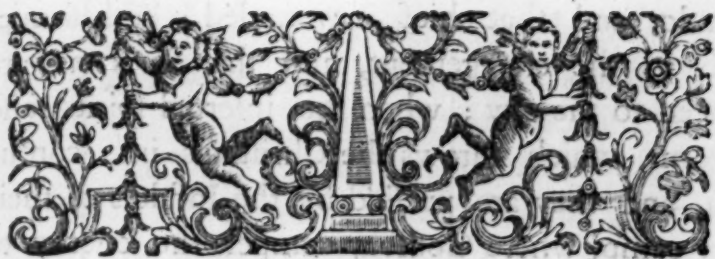
Sent hasty tidings; that his brother chas'd
No harmless flocks, and herds, a prey secure, 900
But terrible Clorinda, fugitive.

Yet that 'twas she, no reason cou'd he find;
Clorinda, not a single championess
But leader of an host; or such a time
She must have chose, for great occasion 905
And weighty undertaking; this when heard,
Godfredo, 'ordered him to execute
His first commands, and ambush'd to remain:
This accident, so wond'rous, reach the camp
And thro' the tents of the Italians spread. 910

Tancredo, who in deep suspence remain'd
From the first message, introduc'd so strange;
Thus sadly thought, alas! the gentle dame
Hath sought me out, in tender courtesy,
And for my sake, into this danger fall'n: 915
Nor said he more; but half his heavy arms
Snatched up in haste, and sprung upon his steed,
Silent unknown, and thus in new pursuit
Went swift, among the sands and vallies green.

The End of CANTO VI.

THE



THE
A R G U M E N T.

C A N T O the Seventh.



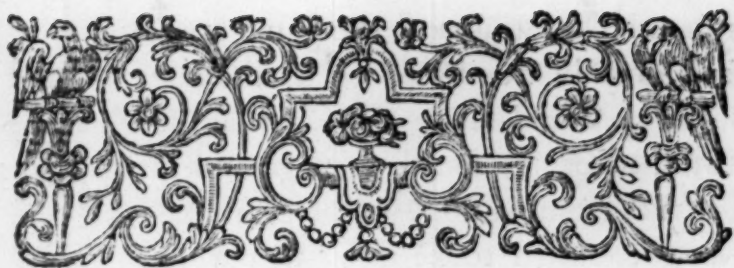
RMINIA escapes from her pursuers, and is entertained by a shepherd; and Tancred falls into the snares of Armida, and is shut up in an enchanted castle: Raymondo is elected by lot, in the place of Tancred, to engage with Argantes, and God sends an Angel down to his protection. Satan seeing the Danger of Argantes, incites a soldier to shoot at Raymondo,

A R G U M E N T.

mondo, and that chief is wounded ; both armies rush to the engagement, and the Saracens are chased to the city ; when the infernal spirits raise a storm, which throws the Christians into confusion, and they are pursu'd by the Infidels to their very camp, where Godfrey compels the enemy to retire.



THE



THE
DELIVERY
OF
JERUSALEM.



E AN TIME, Erminia fair is forc'd
along
By her swift steed, thro' wild and
gloomy ways

And ancient forests rude ; nor could her hand
Weak and fatigu'd command the reins ; she seem'd
Depriv'd of sense ; and her ungovern'd steed 5
Did hurry her, thro' deserts all forlorn
Even at his will ; till she had disappear'd
Quite, from the sight of her eluded foes,
And it was fruitless, further to pursue,
As after a laborious tedious chace,

N

10
Panting

Panting and sad the weary hounds retire ;
When all the traces of the game are lost,
And deep in woods conceal'd, the beast is safe :
So wearied and faint, the Christian knights
Returned back ; so full of rage and shame : 15
Yet still Erminia lost, and fearful, fled,
Nor ever turn'd to see if ought pursu'd.

All night the virgin fled, and all the Day,
And wander'd, without counsel, without guide ;
Nor did she hear or see, ought but her sighs 20
And her own tears ; till at the evening hour,
When the bright sun did from his flaming car
Unloose his smoaking horses, and retir'd
To rest in Thetis waves ; the virgin reach'd
The sandy banks of Jordan's crystal stream, 25
There on the shore she light, and there repos'd :
Nor food she took, but on her miseries
The virgin fed, and all her drink was tears ;
And sleep, that unto wretched mortals brings
The comforts of sweet quiet, and repose, 30
Deadning the sense of ills ; his downy wings
Peaceful and tender round the virgin spread ;
And love himself, with various images
Forbore, to break the gentle dames repose ;
Nor did she wake ; until the joyful song 35
Of early Birds, that hail'd the rising Day
Pierced her tender ear : the murmuring brooks
And groves among, the gentle breezes play'd,
O'er streams and beds of flowers ; her languid eyes
She open'd, and at distance then beheld 40

The

The huts, of solitary shepherd swains;
A rural scene! of trees and tinkling streams
The sound, again provok'd her sighs and woe.

At length, her sorrows and complaints were broke
By a distinct, strange, and alarming noise; 45
It seem'd and was, mixt with pastoral sound
Of oaten reed, that from a rude break came:
She rose, and thither bent her feeble steps,
And saw, an old man in the pleasant shade;
He sung unto his flock, and three young sons 50
Sat, framing baskets of the bending twigs,
And listen'd to their father's melody.

Seeing such strange and sudden arms appear,
They were amaz'd; but them, Erminia sweet
Saluted, and with gentlest words, assur'd, 55
Uncovering her eyes, and golden hair;
And said, O happy race! belov'd by heaven,
Your innocent employment ye pursue;
These dreadful arms unto your gentle toil
No warfare bring, or to your charming songs. 60

And then she added, venerable sire!
While burning war, consumes the countries round,
How can you still, maintain your placid state
Safe from the fear of military rage?

He answer'd, O my son! my harmless flocks 65
And family, is always safe from scorn
And hostile outrage; and the noise of war
Hath never yet disturb'd, this part remote;
Or, it is grateful unto heaven, to guard
The innocence and blest'd humility 70

Of shepherd swains. Or else, even as the stroke
 Of thunder, falls upon the lofty hill
 Not on the plain below; even so the rage
 Of war, and ruin strange, overwhelms the proud
 Palaces of Kings; nor the rough soldier, makes 75
 Our scorn'd, neglected, poverty his prey.
 Oh poverty! neglected and despis'd
 By others, dear to me; beyond the pomp
 And royalty of power: no toilsome care,
 No wish for honour, thirst of other's good, 80
 But sweet contentment in my bosom dwells:
 Within this living stream I quench my thirst,
 Nor dread, that poison, should in that be thrown;
 And this my harmless flock, affords me milk
 Wholesome repast! and yields me covering. 85
 Little my wish, for little are the needs
 Of nature, little are the wants of life.
 These are my sons; it is their care preserves
 Their father's flocks, and servants I have none;
 And thus I dwell, these lonely groves among, 90
 And gaze with pleasure on the bounding deer,
 Or fish, whose glittering fins divide the waves,
 Or birds, who spread to heav'n their painted plumes.
 Time was; for mortals in their youthful age
 Glory; that other pleasures fir'd my soul, 95
 And much I did disdain to tend my flocks,
 And fled unheeding from the happy fields;
 Proud Memphis I have seen, and in the court
 Of Egypt, 'midst the ministers of Kings
 Possess'd a noble post; and tho' I sprung 100
 From

From humble shepherd swains, yet did I see
And mark, the foul iniquities of courts.
And there enticed by the charms of hope,
Long time, did I endure, what much displeas'd
My soul; but, with the flow'ry years of youth 105
Hope fail'd, and all my ardent confidence;
I sought the calm repose of humble life,
And sigh'd for my long, long, ruin'd Peace;
And said, O court farewell! e'er since, retir'd
I have been happy in these friendly woods. 110

While thus, the old man spoke. Erminia hung
Intent and silent on his wise discourse;
And his grave words, that sunk into her heart,
Appeas'd the tempest in her troubled soul;
After much thought, the gentle dame resolv'd 115
Secluded, in this solitude to dwell,
Till fortune should assist her wished return.

Oh virtuous man! Oh shepherd fortunate!
(The virgin cries) who hath experienc'd ill;
I envy not the heaven of your sweet state! 120
Grant therefore pity to my miseries;
Receive me with you, to the happiness
Of shepherd's life, and let me live with thee;
Perhaps my heart, within these holy shades,
Part of her mortal sorrows may unload. 125
If gold or gems, which vulgar souls adore,
Were idols of thy wishes; thou might'st take
Abundant wealth, from this which I possess,
Such as might satisfy thy large desires.
She spoke, and from her bright eyes, trickled down

The silver streaming tear, and then she told 131
 Part of her sad misfortunes ; then she wept,
 And with her wept, the pious shepherd old.

With consolations sweet, he cheer'd the maid,
 And all the ardour of paternal zeal ; 135
 He brought her to his aged wife, to whom heaven
 Had given an heart conformable to his :
 The virgin there, her royal robes resign'd,
 And hid, her bright hair, with an homely veil ;
 Tho' still her tender limbs, and beauteous looks
 Did ill besem, a dweller of the woods. 141

No habit vile, could hide her beauty's charms,
 Her graceful air, and striking majesty ;
 The brightness of her royal excellence
 Shone forth, distinguish'd thro' her humble toils ;
 She drove her flocks to pasture, and recall'd 146
 With a small wand, those flocks unto the fold,
 Then with her hands, the hairy teat she prest,
 And gather'd, in the pail, the flowing milk.

And often, when her sheep o'ercome with heat
 Sought the deep forest, and beneath the shade 151
 Lay panting ; did she cut the beeches rind,
 And carv'd his name, whom her fond heart admir'd,
 A thousand ways ; engraving, of her strange
 Unhappy loves, the bitter sad success 155
 Upon a thousand trees ; and then she read
 What she had writ, wetting her cheeks with tears.
 And weeping said. Ye friendly trees ! retain
 This woeful story ever. If some time
 Beneath your grateful shades, a lover kind 160

May

May come to find repose, then will he feel
 Dear pity touch his bosom, for my grief
 So various and so great. Then will he say
 That fate and love, gave an unjust return
 To such unalterable constancy.

165

Yet may it be, if ever gracious heaven
 Listens unto a mortal's ardent prayers ;
 That he, unto these deserts huge, may come,
 He, who perhaps the fond Erminia scorns ;
 And casting on the Earth his looks, where lye 170
 Bury'd my feeble frail remains ; one tear,
 One sigh, perhaps, may give unto my woes,
 As the reward of poor Erminia's love.
 And then, tho' miserable was my life
 My spirit shall be blest'd in death ; my bones 175
 And ashes cold, enjoy that happiness
 That was forbid Erminia to enjoy.

Thus, to the forests deaf, the fair complain'd,
 And her bright eyes two fountains were of tears.

Tancred mean time, who fought Erminia, 180
 Wander'd far off, where fortune him constrain'd,
 And following the tracts, which he observ'd,
 He bent his course, unto a forest wild ;
 The trees were horrible, the breaks obscure,
 And ev'ry footstep now grew indistinct ; 185
 He could no more discern the marks new made,
 Yet doubtfully the chief pursu'd his way,
 And listen'd, with attention, as he went,
 To hear the noise of horses, and of arms.
 And if disturbed by the nightly breeze,

190

Shook

Shook the light Aspen leaves ; or if a beast
 Or vagrant bird, rustled amidst the boughs ;
 Thither he spur'd his steed ; and hast'ning, turn'd
 To smallest noise ; at length, with toil he got
 Out of the Wood ; the kind moon's silver beams
 Conducted him, thro' deserts all unknown ; 196
 And following, a sound at distance heard,
 He reach'd the place from whence the rumour came ;
 And soon arriv'd, where a full fountain pour'd
 Down from the living stone, abundant streams 200
 Sparkling and clear ; that in one channel join'd
 Over the rough rocks roar'd : here Tancred stay'd
 His troubled steps ; and call'd, yet answer'd none
 Save echo, unseen nymph, from her lone cave
 Amidst the rude abrupt ; and there the Knight 205
 Saw the fair morning, with unclouded brows
 Arise, all blushing in the Orient.

Sadly the warrior sigh'd ; and blamed heaven,
 That to his lofty hopes deny'd success ;
 And vow'd revenge, if any injury 210
 Befel his loved dame ; at length the chief
 Back to the plain resolved to return,
 Tho' yet he wish'd not of the way ; beside
 The time prescrib'd for combat, near approach'd,
 With proud Argantes the Egyptian Knight. 215
 As he advanc'd, along the dubious path
 Near and more near, a trampling horse he heard ;
 At length, as thro' a narrow vale he rode
 Musing, he saw a Man, in semblance like
 An hast'ning courier : in his hand he took 220
 A bend-

A bending rod, behind him hung an horn
As is the use with us : Tancredo crost
His way, enquiring mildly, for the road
That would conduct him to the Christian camp.

He, in Italian answer'd. All in haste 225

I go, on potent Boëmond's commands.
Him Tancred follow'd ; for he thought the man
His uncle's messenger, and sought to speak
With the dissembler ; till at length, they reach
Where a black, filthy, and a marshy lake, 230
Inclos'd a castle strong. There they arriv'd
What time, the bright sun now fatigu'd, retir'd
Unto the habitation, where dwell'd night.

The courier, sounded loud a warning blast,
Unto the fortress ; from the tower, with haste 235
Descends the bridge ; when thus the messenger.
If thou'rt a Latine, here thou may'st sojourn
Till Phœbus shines again : this castle strong
Not three days since, Cosenza's valiant count
Took from the Paynim power. The warrior 240
Gaz'd on the fortress, for impregnable
It was, by situation and by art.

Yet did he fear, least fatal treachery
Or foul enchantment, lay conceal'd within
A place so fortify'd ; tho' he was us'd 245
To all the hazards of impending death ;
Nor shew'd he sign of fear ; for his strong arm
Led him secure, thro' ev'ry enterprize
Where chance or choice him guided ; yet the chief,
For

For he was bound unto a combat dire, 250
 Car'd not a new adventure to atchieve.

Before the castle, where the crooked bridge
 Extended to a meadow large, he stay'd
 His steps, and rested; and no more pursu'd,
 (Tho' much invited) his perfidious guide: 255
 When sudden on the bridge, an armed Knight
 With semblance fierce and violent, appear'd;
 Who waving terribly a naked sword,
 Thus, with a threatening cruel accent, spoke.

Thou, who by chance or willingly, hath come
 Unto the fair Armida's fatal land, 261
 All flight is vain. Despoil thyself of arms,
 And yield, to slavish chains, thy captive hands;
 Enter this guarded door; and to the laws
 Submit, that she on other's hath impos'd; 265
 And never hope again to see the Heaven,
 Ne'er to grow old with years, or white with age,
 Except you swear, to join thy puissance
 With th' others, who against the nations war
 That bear the name of Christ. At once, alarm'd
 Tancredo stopt; for well he knew his arms 271
 And voice. Rambaldo, faithless Gascoigner!
 Who parted with Armida, and forsook
 For that false maid, his country and his faith;
 And was defender, of those customs vile 275
 That were establish'd in that magick tower.

The pious warrior blush'd for holy scorn,
 And answer'd. Curst apostate! guilty wretch!
 I am that Tancred, who in arms supports

Ever

Ever the cause of Christ, his champion true ; 280
Whose valour conquers all his rebel foes,
As thou shalt soon experience : and this sword
Shall be the minister of Heaven's revenge.
When that great name was heard, confusion seiz'd
The guilty warrior ; pale for dread, he seem'd ;
Yet to conceal his consternation, said : 286
Ill, Tancred was thine hap, to wander here
Where thou must die, and where thy boasted
strength
Oppress'd, will be subdu'd ; and thy proud head
Lopt from thy shoulders, and to Godfrey sent 290
A gift, if nothing else I send to day.

The Pagan spoke, and for the light of Heaven
Was spent, that scarce the warriors cou'd descry
Each others arms ; there suddenly appear'd
Unnumber'd lamps, that cast a day around 295
And clear'd the clouded air ; the castle high
Shone forth, as on a well adorned stage
Appears, in nightly pomp, the lofty scene :
Upon a terras sat Armida fair,
And tho' unseen, she all things heard and saw.
The noble hero soon, himself, prepar'd, 301
Ardent to try the fatal chance of arms ;
Alighting from his courser : for he saw
On foot, his faithless enemy, advance
Cover'd with his huge target ; his bright helm 305
Was clos'd, and dreadful shone his naked sword
In act to strike ; 'gainst whom, th' intrepid Prince
Rush'd on, with furious voice and countenance stern.
The

The false Rambaldo, travers't oft the ground
 Collected in his arms, and feigned blows ; 310
 Him Tancred, tho' fatigu'd he was and weak,
 Follow'd with resolution, and oppress'd ;
 And where Rambaldo from his force retir'd,
 There with the swiftest fury, he assail'd,
 He conquer'd, he pursu'd, and 'fore the eyes 315
 Of his fierce foe, the warrior wav'd his sword.
 And there with greatest fury struck, where life
 Kept its chief residence ; at his proud threats
 And rude assault, the Gascoigne warrior shook ;
 And often turn'd aside to shun the force 320
 Of his strong arm : now with his shield he strives,
 Now with his sword, to oppose the furious strokes
 That fell, from the enraged warrior.

Yet found he not in swiftness such defence,
 As cou'd avoid his enemies assault. 325
 Cleft was Rambaldo's shield, his helm was crush'd
 And pierc'd, and bath'd in blood were all his arms ;
 Nor did the Christian hero, give a blow
 That did not wound his Paynim enemy ;
 He trembled ; for disdain, and infamy, 330
 Conscience, and love uniting, stung his heart.
 At last so careless, thro' despair he grew,
 That neither death he fear'd, nor Tancred shunn'd,
 But hurl'd away his shield ; in both his hands
 Raising his sword, as yet unstain'd with blood ;
 And closing with his dreadful adversary 336
 Aimed a daring blow ; nor was there ought
 Of plate or mail that cou'd resist the stroke,

Deep

Deep was the gash, and to the ribs it pierc'd.
Again, he struck him on the ample brow, 340
And loudly rung the bright and sounding steel,
Yet pierc'd he not the helmet; tho' the Prince
Reel'd with the stroke, a while irresolute;
Tancredo was enflamed with revenge,
Rage flush'd his cheeks, and sparkled in his eyes;
His ardent glances, thro' his visier shone, 346
And horrid were the gnashing of his teeth:
Nor cou'd the treacherous Paynim, more sustain
The sight and terror of his aspect fierce;
He mark'd the brandish'd steel; and in his breast
Felt it, in dreadful apprehension, 351
Then leapt aside; in vain the blow descends
And strikes against a pillar, nigh the bridge;
And thence a thousand sparkles flew to Heaven,
While horror froze the coward Pagan's heart. 355
Towards the bridge he fled; and all his hope
Of safety plac'd in flight; with sudden steps
Tancred pursu'd the traitor, and his hand
Stretch'd out, had almost seiz'd him by the neck:
When lo! high succour to the fugitive, 360
Extinguish'd were the lamps, and ev'ry star
At once; nor to the blinded night, remain'd
One beam of Cynthia in the wanting sky.
Amidst, the horrors of a gloom so great
And such enchantments, Tancred cou'd no more
Pursue, or see the Paynim as he fled, 366
Nothing he saw; and with uncertain feet
Went doubtful; till at last his errant steps

Trod

Trod on a threshold, and e'er well aware
 Enter'd, unknowingly the place ; but soon 370
 The closing gate alarms him, that on hoarse
 And strident hinges roar'd ; and in a vault,
 All dark, and all obscure, the chief inclos'd.

So strives a fish, in the Comacchian gulph,
 Shunning th' impetuous fury of the waves 375
 That foam and roar, and seeks, to find a smooth
 And gentle sea for shelter, but in vain ;
 The watry prison, whirling dreadful round
 Incloses him, nor can he thence return ;
 For such the furious indraught of floods ; 380
 To this seraglio of the sea, access
 Is ever open, egress ever shut.

Tancredo thus. For so the prison dark
 Was form'd by strange enchantment, that to all
 The entrance open lay, but to return 385
 Impossible, from that detested place
 Man never yet escap'd, with his strong hand
 Tancredo strikes the gate, but wastes in vain
 His strength ; mean time, he hears a voice exclaim.
 Yield thee a prisoner, to Armida yield, 390
 And fear not death ; for here thou shalt remain
 Bury'd alive, the residue of thy days
 And woeful years. It spoke, but no return
 The hero made, who overwhelm'd with grief
 Sigh'd from the bottom of his heart ; and love
 Accus'd, and fate, and his own foolishness, 396
 And the deceits of others ; to himself
 Thus silently. It were small loss to lose

The

The heavenly beam of the all chearing sun ;
But I alas, have lost the happy beams 400
Of my far brighter sun, and never more
Perhaps shall I return, where my sad soul
May those divine and charming rays, enjoy.
Then thought he of the huge Circassian,
And mourn'd ; and said, The combat now is void,
And there is reason he shou'd Tancred scorn ; 406
Mine is the fault, eternal the disgrace.

Thus did the cares of honour and of love
Prey on his soul ; and this fam'd warrior's heart
Oppress'd : while he afflicts himself in vain, 410
The rash Argantes, on his bed of down
Despis'd all rest, within his savage heart
Such was his hate of peace, such his desire
Of blood, and love of glory ; that he long'd
For the sixth morn, tho' yet his wounds unheal'd.
The night preceding, that expected day, 416
The furious Pagan unto sleep's soft power
Scarcely inclin'd his eyes : and from his couch
Arose, while darkness palpable, obscur'd
The hemisphere ; and e'er the mountain tops 420
Shone with the springing day : then to his squire
Exclaimed. Haste, Oh haste, and bring my arms.
His dreadful arms were brought : not those of old
The giant us'd to wear in fight ; but arms
By Aladine bestow'd ; a precious gift. 425
Thro' eagerness, he scarcely cast a look
To mark their excellence ; now sheath'd in steel
Argantes stood, nor with the weight inclin'd ;

His

His wonted sword he girds upon his thigh,
Of finest temper, and of ancient proof; 430
As with its horrible and sanguine hair
Shines a dire comet, thro' the scorched sky;
That changes kingdoms, and brings pestilence,
To guilty tyrants, a portentous light.

So shone the Paynim, blazing in his arms, 435
And roll'd his eye-balls, drunk with rage and blood;
His furious action, breathed all around
Horror immense; and threats of death, his looks
Cast upon all; none of his squires sustain'd
His fiery glances, but all trembling stood 440
At distance; o'er his head, his naked sword,
Threatning, he wav'd; and struck the empty air.
Then furiously began. That Christian chief
Who was so hardy, as to cope with me,
Conquer'd; shall sink upon the bloody earth, 445
And all his scatter'd locks be soil'd with dust:
Then living shall he see, this victor hand
Tear off his arms, to the reproach of Christ;
Nor shall he so intreat me with his prayers,
But vultures shall devour his mangled limbs. 450

Even as a lordly bull, whom jealous love
Irritates with his furious stings, doth roar
Over the fields, and with his bellowings
Augments his burning rage; striking the trees
With his strong horns, and threatening battle vain
To th' empty winds: he throws the sand around
And from afar, his eager rival dares 457
To mortal battle in the echoing wood.

Such

Such was the Paynim's indignation.

He calls an herald, and with haste commands.

Speed to the camp, and in my name defy 461

Christ's champion. As he spoke, He mounts his
horse

And brings his prisoner with him: thus he rush'd

Unto the hill, precipitate and rash.

Then blew a bugle shrill, that all the fields 465

Did loudly echo to the hostile noise,

Louder than thunder roaring from the clouds

It struck the hearers with amaze, the Lords

Who fought for Christ, the dreadful rumour heard,

That were assembled in the leader's tent; 470

The herald his defiance told; and first

Challeng'd Tancredo, but excluded none:

Godfredo cast around his cautious eyes

At leisure, with perplext and dubious thoughts;

And yet, tho' much he look'd, and much revolv'd,

Did no one undertake the great emprise; 476

Absent were all the flower of Christian Knights,

And tidings none, of Tancred since he went;

Boëmond far off, and banish'd from the band

Was that strong Prince who slew Gernando proud;

And those fam'd ten, that chos'n were by lot, 481

And all the flower, and glory, of the war

Follow'd Armida false; hiding their flight

In silent darkness: all the rest, of hand

And courage strong, quiet and blushing fat; 485

For none in such great peril, fought to win

Renown, fear conquer'd all the sense of shame.

O

Their

Their silence, down cast looks, and ev'ry sign
 Inform'd their leader of their secret dread ;
 Who, burning with a generous disdain, 490
 Rose from his seat, with sudden eagerness,
 And said : I deem that wretch unworthy life,
 Who dares not hazard it in glorious arms,
 Suffering this Paynim vilely to defy
 And scorn, the honour of the Christian host. 495
 But let my camp sit still in peace, and view
 Their leader's hazard in the list'd field,
 Idly secure ! haste, haste, and bring my arms.
 He spoke. His arms were in an instant brought.

But good Raymondo, now in years mature ;
 Mature in cautious counsel and advice, 501
 Than whom, in all the camp no chief was known
 For greater might ; advanc'd before the Prince,
 And gravely thus : Oh never let it be,
 Upon one head to venture all this camp ; 505
 Our leader thou, no single warrior,
 And publick and not private were the loss,
 Should'st thou miscarry ; upon thee our faith
 And holy empire rest, thou must destroy
 Proud Babel's kingdom ; labour thou, great man
 With prudence, and the sceptre of command ;
 To others leave the toil of arms and war. 512
 And I, tho' age hath bent your warrior down,
 Will yet repress this Pagan's insolence ;
 Let others shun the rage of war, I seek 515
 For no excuses in these silver locks ;
 Oh that I was, in the vigour of those years

That

That ye enjoy, who trembling stand around
 Refusing this adventure; yet unmov'd
 By shame, and indignation, 'gainst the man 520
 Who scorneth Christ, and mocketh at your power.
 Oh that I was as once, when in the fight
 Of all Germania, and the mighty court
 Of second Conrad, cruel Leopold
 I slew, in single combat; and obtain'd 525
 More glory, to have spoil'd a man so strong,
 Than if I shou'd, unarm'd and alone,
 Numbers of this ignoble foe destroy:
 Had I the same strength now and the same youth,
 This boasting Paynim, had not now surviv'd;
 But whatsoe'er I am, as yet my heart 531
 Faints not, and yet mine age is undismay'd.
 If on this bloody field I fall, the proud
 Argantes shall not boast his victory;
 Give me mine arms: this day shall to my life 335
 New honours add, and deeds illustrious.
 So spoke the noble Sage, and his sharp words
 Like spurs, impell'd the valour of the rest;
 They, who before were timorous and mute,
 Now with proud boasts, the dubious fight demand;
 Nor was there one refus'd the enterprize: 541
 Great was the clamour of the warriors
 Claiming the combat: Baldwin first arose,
 Rugier and Guelpho, both the Guido's fam'd
 In arms, and Stephen fierce, and Gernier strong;
 And Pyrrhus, who contriv'd the stratagem, 546
 By which great Boëmond conquer'd Antioch;

Then Eberard, Rodolpho, Rosimond,
A Scottish, Irish, and a British chief,
With many a boasting word the combat claim'd ;
Edward alike, and his Gildippes fair ; 553
Those wedded Lovers ! for the combat su'd.

But far above them all, the valiant sage
Express'd a burning eagerness for fight ;
All arm'd he stood ; all sheath'd in glittering steel ;
Except his helm, that shone like flaming fire. 556
To whom Godfredo thus : Of ancient worth
Thou living mirror ! thy great courage, adds
New strength to us, by inspiration strange ;
In thee the honour and the discipline, 560
And art of war, with glorious splendor shines.
If ten thy peers, in valour and in age
Amidst these numerous legions cou'd be found ;
Soon shou'd I Babel's pride repress, and spread
The Christian cross from Theule to furthest Inde ;
But now I pray thee yield, thy valour old 566
Reserve for times of greater need ; permit
The rest, within an urn, to cast their names,
And trust the judgment to impartial chance.
The chief, whom God in his high will elects, 570
Fortune and fate to him doth minister.

Nor yet Raymondo from his earnest suit
Took off his thoughts, but with the rest, his name
Impatient wrote : Godfredo in his helm
Gathers the scrouls, and tosses them and shakes ;
Then drew the lot ; and on the first, was writ
The name of Raymond, of Tolosa Lord. 577

The

The name of Raymond was by all receiv'd
With shouts of joy ; the rest, allow the choice
Nor blame their fate ; his front and countenance
New vigour fill'd, as if he had resum'd 581
His youthful Days again : even as a snake
Bright in the glitter of new scales, like gold
Resplendent shines, and sparkles in the sun ;
But chiefly, him the Christian Lord applauds, 585
And conquest prophecies, and gives him praise :
Then from his side, Godfredo took his sword,
And giving it Raymondo ; thus began :

This is the sword, with which in Saxony
Rubello, haughty Frank ! did use to fight ; 590
From him by force I took it, and his life
Took with it, by a thousand wounds : with this
Still have I conquer'd : take it warrior ;
And may it prove as fortunate with thee.

Mean while, of these delays impatient, 595
The proud Argantes threatning loud, exclaims :
Oh warlike people ! race invincible
Of Europe ! lo ! an Eastern warrior
Singly defies your hosts : let Tancred come ;
Tancred, whose valour is so terrible, 600
If in that valour Tancred can confide :
Or lies he on his pillow, till the night
Arrives, and once more shields him from my
power.

Then come some other, if he fears ; and band
By band come all together, foot and horse ; 605
Because none singly dares contend with me,

In all those boasting armed multitudes.
Behold! the tomb where lies Maria's son,
Why come ye not great men? Why not fulfil
The vows, that ye have made? Behold the way,
Or keep ye, for some greater need, your strength?

With such abuse the furious Saracen 612
Defy'd the Christian armies, and inspir'd
Rage in the hearts of all; but Raymond chief,
No longer could endure the dire disgrace; 615
Inflamed with his taunts; valour incens'd
Becomes more terrible, if sharpen'd keen
By challenges and treats. Breaking delay
He mounts his furious courser suddenly,
Strong Aquilino, from his swiftness nam'd. 620

The steed was bred by Tagus' flow'ry bank,
Where oft, the mother of the War-horse fierce,
When comes the glowing season of desire
That rouses transport, in her madding heart;
Casts up her head against the genial air, 625
And of the fruitful wind, receives the seed;
And thus, conceiving by the burning blasts,
Oh wonderful! she brings her offspring forth.
Had you beheld the rapid Aquiline,
You would have said the lightest wind of Heav'n
Had been his fire; so swift he was, his hoof 631
When o'er the sands he took his swift career,
Left not a tract behind; or when he turn'd
The ring, impetuous to the right and left:
Raymondo mounted on this furious steed 635
Rush'd to the charge, in Heaven his confidence.

Oh

Oh Lord ! that didest turn, against the curst
 Goliah, David's inexperience'd arms ;
 And broughtest that huge giant, Israel's plague,
 To his end, by a child's hand, and little stone 640
 Oh grant ! by like example and like grace,
 That this proud felon be subdu'd by me ;
 That feeble age may now oppress his pride,
 As feeble youth oppress'd the Philistine.

Thus pray'd the Count. His prayers strengthen'd
 with hope 645

In God secure ; arose before his throne
 Fervent, as th' element of fire ascends
 To Heaven, by its own nature. Him the fire
 Eternal heard, and from th' Angelick hosts
 Selects a seraph wing'd ; and gives in charge 650
 Raymondo to defend, and keep him safe
 From Paynim's might, and make him conqueror.
 The Angel, that was chosen for the guard
 Of good Raymondo by high Providence,
 From the first day, in which the chief began 655
 The dangerous pilgrimage of human life ;
 Soon as he heard, th' Almighty's new commands,
 That he shou'd take the weight of his defence ;
 Ascends a lofty rock, where all the arms
 Divine, were plac'd of the Angelick hosts. 660
 There is the lance perserv'd by which, subdu'd
 In fight, the dragon fell ; and there are kept
 The thunders bright against the day of wrath,
 And all the horrid plagues and fearful ills
 That fall on man unseen : The trident there 665

Is hung aloft, to wretched human race
 The terror first ; when e'er the season comes,
 When his angry arm the firm foundations shakes
 Of the vast earth, and cities overturns.
 He saw, among the arms that flamed there, 670
 A target of the brightest Adamant,
 So huge, that it cou'd cover all the lands
 And nations, from the hills of Caucasus
 To sky supporting Atlas ; by this shield
 Are holy cities kept, and Princes just. 675
 This took the Angel, and by Raymond stood
 Unseen, with the impenetrable targe.

Mean time, a various anxious multitude
 Cover'd the walls, and the Barbarian King
 Sent forth Clorinda, and a numerous band, 680
 Prepar'd for war ; upon the mountain's top
 To stretch their squadrons, nor descend below :
 On th' other side, a warlike troop advanc'd
 With expedition, from the Christian camp ;
 And left large space for the two combatants, 685
 Between the frowning files of either host.

Argantes gaz'd around, nor Tancred saw,
 But a new enemy in semblance strange :
 The count came on, and what he ask'd him, told ;
 That Tancred absent was, an happy chance 690
 For him, proud Saracen ! yet glory not
 (He said) in this, for I am come in arms
 To tame thy fury, and for him to fight,
 Or for myself, against Christ's enemies. 694

Smiled

Smiled the Pagan proud, and answer'd stern.
What glorious deeds ! doth this great Prince at-
chieve,

That thus he shou'd delay ; late with his arms
He threatned Heaven, now where is he conceal'd,
Trusting his safety, to his fear wing'd feet ;
But were earth's center, or the midst of sea 700
His lurking hole, he should not be secure.
Thou ly'st, he cry'd, to say a chief so brave
Is fled from thee, who all thy force excels.

The fierce Circassian raged, and return'd.
Take then the field, since in his stead you come,
And make it manifest, how you defend 706
Of your rash words, the folly so extreme :

Then to the fight they rush, and horrid strokes
Direct at once, against each other's helm ;
Even in his fight Raymondo struck his foe, 710
But struck in vain, he shook not in his seat.
The fierce Circassian, mis'd his destin'd stroke,
Strange chance to him ! far from the Christian
Knight,

The Guardian Angel, turn'd the mighty blow ;
Argantes bit his lips thro' rage and shame 715
And burst his lance, blaspheming in his grief ;
Then drew his faulchion, and on Raymond rush'd,
Furious, to find a second match in arms.

He urg'd his forceful courser to th' assault,
Even as a ram that bends his horned head 720
To strike ; but his attack Raymondo shunn'd
Turning his steed, and struck his front and past.
Again

Again the Egyptian warrior advanc'd ;
 Frustrate again, he but fatigues his steed ;
 Still on his helm the Christian champion smote,
 That helm whose temper was of Adamant. 726
 Still the fierce Paynim, who desir'd to join
 In closer combat, prest impetuous on :
 Raymond, who dreaded his resistless weight
 Wou'd force his steed to earth ; now shunn'd his
 charge, 730

And now his foe assaulding, at his will
 Combats in rings ; and even the least command
 His rapid steed obeys, following the bit ;
 Nor left his footsteps in the sandy plain.

As when a warrior, some high tower assails 735
 Within a marish, built upon an hill ;
 Thousand accessies he explores, and tries
 A thousand arts and ways. So fought the count,
 And when he cou'd not force the plaited scales,
 In which his proud front and his breast were arm'd,
 He struck his weaker parts ; and with his sword
 Pierced the steel and made a passage wide ; 742
 Or twice or thrice he clove his foe man's arms
 And dy'd them deep in blood ; himself the while
 Remain'd secure, and not a crest or plume 745
 Fell from his helm : mean time Argantes rag'd
 Implacable, tho' vain was all his strength
 And all his fury vain ; yet ceas'd he not ;
 But trusts on trusts redoubled, strokes on strokes.
 Among a thousand blows the Saracen 750
 Gave one ; and Raymond was so nearly prest,
 That

That not his Aquilino's swiftest speed
 Cou'd, from that danger huge, his Lord convey;
 But aid invisible was near; nor then
 The heavenly messenger to save him fail'd: 755
 The Angel stretch'd his arms, and the sharp steel
 Receiv'd upon the broad celestial targe.

The sword was broke; for mortal temper'd arms
 Cannot resist Divine, forged above
 Unmixt, of metal incorruptible 760

And everlasting frame; it fell on field
 In shivers; the Circassian, tho' he saw
 The glittering fragments on the earth, yet scarce
 Believed his eyes, amaz'd! and saw his hand
 Unarm'd, and wonder'd at the Christians mail,
 To find it to his force impenetrable. 766

He thought his sword was broken, by the shield
 Of his strong opposite; the target broad
 That Raymond bore! the Christian thought the
 same,

Nor saw the timely succour that from Heav'n 770
 Descended; but when he beheld, unarm'd
 His foe man's hand, irresolute he stood;
 And deem'd the praise ignoble, vile the spoils,
 That he, with such advantage, shou'd acquire.

Take (thus he wou'd have said) another sword.
 When in his heart a better thought was born;
 How he was chos'n out from all his Peers, 777
 The great defender of the common cause:
 Nor shou'd he an unworthy conquest gain,
 Nor thrust the honour of the Christian hosts 780
 To

To hazards new : while thus he dubious stood
 Against his face, Argantes hurl'd the hilts ;
 And forward furiously his courser spurr'd,
 Seeking to seize his foe man in his arms ;
 The heavy stroke upon the Christians helm 785
 Refounded, and the great Tolosan Lord,
 Raymondo wife, was pierced to the face :
 Yet he, whom nothing living cou'd affright,
 Leapt by, and shunn'd the strong Argantes grasp,
 Wounding the Paynim's hand ; that was stretch'd
 out 790

To seize him, dreadful as a tyger's paw.
 And now, the Christian wheels on ev'ry side
 With swiftest speed, now here now there assaults ;
 And ever, as he charged or retir'd,
 With rough and fatal blows the Pagan struck ;
 And all the strength he had, and all the skill, 796
 All his new anger, and his ancient scorn,
 He summon'd, to destroy his enemy :
 And Heaven and fate with Raymond then conspir'd.

Safe in his arms and courage, the great chief
 Unterrify'd, resists the furious blows. 801
 So without rule in a disturbed sea,
 So without sails or yards, a mighty ship
 Seems in the surge ; whose monstrous ribs of oak
 Fast bound, resist the swelling waters wrath, 805
 Nor yields unto the stern and stormy blasts
 Her bruised keel, nor of the event despairs.

Warlike Argantes, such thy danger was,
 When hell's black emperor, fought to give thee aid ;
 He

He form'd a spectre of an hollow cloud, 810
 Wond'rous to see, and made the vapour light
 Appear in mortal form, and take the port
 And seeming of Clorinda, warriorefs!
 In rich and blazing arms array'd; then adds
 Her speech; and tho' of understanding void, 815
 Her well known voice, her gesture and her tread.

The spirit, to experienc'd Oradine,
 The noblest archer then, hast'ned, and spoke:
 Oh chief renown'd! who certain as a line
 Can't wing the hissing quarrel to its mark; 820
 How great the loss, if such a noble Knight
 Judea's champion, shou'd be thus destroy'd;
 And greater were the shame, if his proud foe
 Clad in his spoils, in safety, shou'd return;
 Now prove thy skill, and tinge thine arrow's point
 In the foul blood, of yonder thief of France: 826
 Beside, the endless glory of the deed,
 Equal reward the bounteous King will give.
 Thus said the sp'rite, nor Oradine remain'd
 In doubt, excited by the hope of gain: 830
 But from his quiver huge, an arrow took,
 And set it in the bow, and bent the bow.

Twang'd the stretch'd nerve, with force resistless
 driven
 Flew the wing'd quarrel thro' the air, and hiss'd;
 It struck the warrior, where the buckles join'd 835
 Of his strong belt, and pierc'd; with its broad point
 Passing his hawberk strong, and just in blood
 The shaft was ting'd, and enter'd just the skin.

The

The heavenly warrior suffer'd not the point
Deeper to pierce, blunting the arrow keen. 840

Raymondo drew, the arrow from his mail,
And saw the blood forth streaming from the wound:
And then, with utterance full of grief and rage
Reprov'd the Pagan, for his breach of Faith:
But Godfrey, who his eyes had never turn'd 845
From his belov'd Raymondo, mark'd at once
The combat violated, deep he sigh'd:
For fatal he believed was the wound.

And with his looks, he urg'd his hardy Knights,
And with his words, the injury to revenge: 850
He saw, how all at once their visiers clos'd,
Let loose the reins, and put their spears in rest;
When in an instant, rush'd the squadrons fierce
From either side, unto the fatal strife,
And met in fierce encounter; heaps of dust 855
Rose from the field, and rolling all in clouds
Ascended to the heaven, obscuring all.

Of ringing shields and helmets, of breaking spears
A dreadful rumour roar'd on ev'ry side;
There lay an horse, another round the field 860
Ran masterless: there lay a warrior dead,
Another there, still breathing groan'd; loud sighs
Were heard; for fierce the combat, and the more
The squadrons mixt, the fiercer grew the fight.

Swift the Circassian leapt, amidst the croud, 865
And from a soldier forc'd an iron mace;
Then broke, the warring ranks, with furious sway,
And made a dreadful void; Raymond alone

With

With shouts he fought, and turn'd on him alone
His weapon, and ungovernable rage; 870
A greedy wolf he seem'd, that long'd to feed
His hunger, with the entrails of his foe.
But fatal hazards, in his way he found,
And fierce encounters oft his haste delay'd;
Orlando bold, he met, and Rugier fierce, 875
And Guido, and the Gerrard's fam'd in war;
Yet not the less his fury did abate,
But still became more fierce, the more inclos'd
By th' enemy; even as a fire confin'd
Burns violent, and ruins all around. 880

He slew Orlando; Guido from the press
Wounded retir'd; amidst the heaps of dead
Lay Rugier languishing; on ev'ry side
The crowds increas'd, and clos'd the armed files,
A dreadful circle of opposing arms: 885

But while by his own valour he maintain'd
The war, against advancing multitudes;
The Christian chieftain to his brother call'd
And said: Go lead thy squadron to the fight,
And where most mortal is the direful strife, 890
On the left flank, invest the enemy;
He spoke; the Knight advanc'd; and the assault
Was so resistless on the croud'd foe,
That th' Asian army overmatch'd, recoil'd;
Nor cou'd sustain the fury of the Franks: 895
Their ensigns all were rent; and men and horse,
Colours and standards, heap'd together lay.

From

From the same charge, the right wing turn'd,
and fled;

Nor was there one that made defence, except
The fierce Circassian warrior; with loose reins 900
They fled so fast, precipitate in fear;
He staid alone; and fac'd the victor host,
As if, an hundred hands, an hundred arms,
Had brandish'd fifty swords, and fifty shields;
Such, or yet greater, huge Argantes seem'd. 905
Of swords, of maces, and of lances strong,
And rushing horses, he sustain'd the shock;
And seem'd alone, sufficient to oppose
The Christian armies; and now here now there
He rush'd; his limbs were bruis'd, his armour broke,
He sweat, he bled; yet would he not retire; 911
But now, so close the Christian squadrons charg'd,
In spite of him, they forc'd the warrior back.

Before the fury of this tide of war
He turn'd, whose force had hurry'd him along;
Nor was his step or look like one that fear'd, 916
His deeds made manifest his daring heart;
His glaring eyes, their terrors still retain'd,
And all the threatnings of his native rage;
And ev'ry way, and ev'ry means, he fought 920
To stop the flying crouds, but strove in vain.
And this his valour did, the Paynim hosts
Retir'd more slow, in less disorder'd ranks;
Tho' consternation knows but little skill,
Little restraint, nor listens unto prayers, 925
Threats or commands: the pious Bulloigner

Who

Who mark'd, in his wise heart, how fortune turn'd
 To grace his soldiers with glad victory,
 Follow'd the road of conquest; and new bands
 Sent, to support his squadrons, in pursuit. 930

Yet this was not th' appointed day, ordain'd
 In the unchangeable decrees of Heaven;
 Else, had th' unconquerable Christian host
 That time, compleated all their holy toils;
 The raging powers of Hell, who in that strife
 Dreaded, the ruin of their tyranny, 936
 And kingdom false; at once the Heaven and earth
 Cover'd with clouds, and rais'd the stormy wind;
 Such was the high permission from above.

The light and glorious sun, from mortal eyes
 Were snatch'd away within a gloomy cloud; 941
 And 'midst the horror of infernal shade
 The Heaven all blazing seem'd, so terribly
 The lightning shone; the thunder's roar, the rain
 Collected turns to hail, waste are the fields, 945
 The country overflow'd; the tempests rend
 Huge boughs away, and shake the roaring oaks,
 And even the rocks and hills on which they grew.

At once, the rain, the tempest, and the wind,
 Against the Frenchmen's eyes with fury drove;
 The unexpected violence arrests 951
 With fatal consternation, all the troops;
 And few the warriors, that now remain'd
 Around the standards; which the clouds and storms
 Hid from the sight. Clorinda soon espy'd 955
 Th' advantage, and her courser forward spurr'd;

P

Exclaiming

Exclaiming to her troops : Fellows in arms !
 Heaven combats in our cause, and righteous aid
 Affords us ; from the fury of the sky
 Free are our looks ; our horses not oppos'd 960
 By these fierce blasts ; the fury of this storm
 Lights on the foreheads of our enemies,
 Averts their arms, and robs them of the day :
 Come follow me ; where fortune is our guide.

Thus she excites her squadrons, and secure 965
 From all the hail of that infernal storm
 Charges the Franks, with horrible assault,
 And scorns their idle blows : Argantes huge
 That instant turns, sav'd from the fierce pursuit
 Of the late victors ; who forsake the plain, 970
 And turn their backs unto the foes and storms.
 The fury of the Fiends, the Paynim's darts,
 Fall fore behind, upon the fugitives,
 And blood and rain commixt, in torrents roll'd ;
 The waters fall'n from Heaven, were chang'd to
 gore ; 975

Among the vulgar deaths, and wounded heaps,
 Pyrrhus and good Ridolpho slaughter'd, fell ;
 The first, Argantes of his life depriv'd,
 The ether's fall the virgin victor grac'd.
 Thus fled the Franks ; and all the Syrian bands
 And hellish spirits, terribly pursu'd ; 981
 Alone, against the foe, against the threat
 Of horrid hail, of thunder, and of storm ;
 Godfredo turned his audacious face,
 Blaming his Barons for their shameful flight. 985
 Before

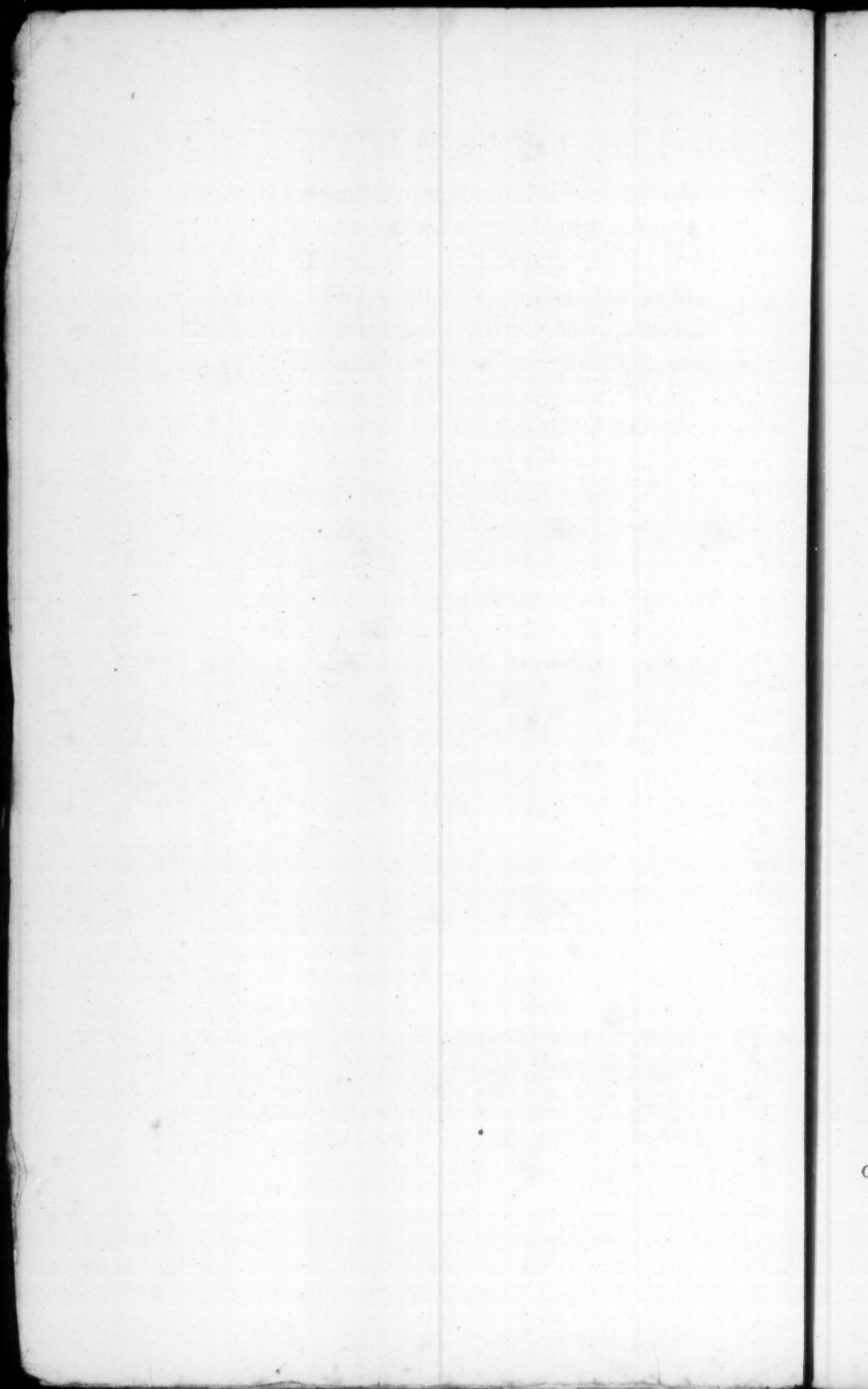
Before his camp's large gate, he stay'd his horse,
And gather'd in the trench the scatter'd bands.

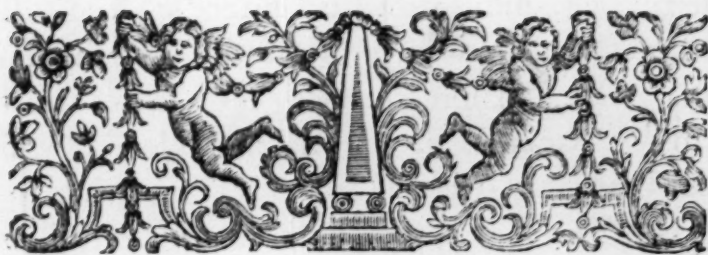
And twice, against Argantes terrible,
He drove his courser, and repress'd his rage;
And twice, with thirsty sword, the hero charg'd
Where thickest seem'd, the multitude of foes; 991
At last, within the bulwarks he withdrew,
And all his host, yielding the victory.

The Saracens return'd: within their camp
Rested, the weary and affrighted Franks. 995

Yet ceased not, the fury and the rage
Of these amazing storms; and now 'twas dark,
Now terribly the blazing lightning flam'd;
And ev'ry place, the wind and rain assail'd:
Rent was the canvass, the poles broke, and torn
The inner tents, and whirled far away: 1001
Roared the rain, the winds and thunders join
In horrid concert, deafning all the world.

The End of CANTO VII.





THE
A R G U M E N T.

C A N T O the Eighth.



STRAGOR, an infernal spirit,
sends Aleto to stir up discord in
the Christian camp; where an un-
known messenger arrives, and re-
lates, the death of Sweno Prince
of Norway, who was surrounded by the Arabians,

A R G U M E N T.

and cut to pieces with all his host, And that an Hermit sent him, with that Prince's sword to Rinaldo who must revenge his death. At the same time, a band of foragers bring into the camp, the arms of Rinaldo all broken and bloody, which fills the army with suspicion of his being murder'd. The fury appears in a dream to Argillano, under the semblance of Rinaldo's ghost, and excites him to revenge, telling him, that he was murder'd by the order of Godfrey; all the camp is in confusion; Godfrey prays to God, appears, and the mutiny is at once appeased.



T H E



THE
DELIVERY
OF
JERUSALEM.



NOW, were the thunders and the tem-
pests still,
And the fierce West-wind and the
stormy South
Had ceas'd to blow ; the morning fair arose
From her celestial tower, with gold feet
Crowned with living roses ; nor the sp'rites 5
Who rais'd, those rude commotions in the air,

P 4

Forbore

Forbore their arts ; one of th' infernal crew
Call'd Astragor, Alecto foul, address'd :

Behold Alecto, we have strove in vain,
To stay the coming of that trusty Knight, 10
Who hath escap'd alive the cruel hands
Of that great warrior, whose might upholds
Chiefly, our reign on earth ; he comes to tell
The fall of his great Lord, and of those troops
Th' allies of France ; so fatal is the news 15
He brings, the danger is so eminent,
That great Bertoldo's son will be recall'd.

Thou knowest the consequence ; therefore oppose
Such an attempt, with all thy craft and strength ;
Amidst the armies of the Franks descend, 20
And that, which wou'd advantage their proud chief,
Turn to his ruin ; scatter dire debate
And frenzy, pour thy poison, in the veins
Of the Italian, Switzer, British, bands ;
Move tumults and confusion, all the camp 25
Turn upside down, and fill with wild uproar ;
This act is worthy thee, and of the deed
Much mayst thou boast before our emperor.

Thus spoke the sp'rite accurst, and it suffic'd ;
The horrid fury undertakes the deed. 30
Mean time, within the camp the Knight arriv'd
Whose coming thus, the sp'rits of hell foresaw,
And said : Oh haste, illustrious warriors !
Conduct me to the presence of your chief.

There many strove, to guide him to their chief,
Desirous, first to learn the tidings strange ; 36
Lowly

Lowly he bow'd to earth, and humbly kiss'd
That honour'd hand, whose force proud Babel
fear'd,

Then thus began : Oh hero ! whose renown
The stars, and ocean's shores can only bound ; 40
Wou'd, that I might have happier tidings brought !
And there he paus'd ; then sighing told the news.

Sweno, the only son of Denmark's King,
The sole support of his declining age,
The only glory ; long'd to join the hosts 45
That underneath thy guidance fought for Christ :
Nor cou'd the fear of danger, or fatigue,
Nor cou'd the pleasures of voluptuous courts,
Or the entreaties of his King and Sire,
This ardour quench, within his generous breast ;
Urg'd on to learn, the dreadful art of war, 51
Of thee, great master, of that fatal trade :
For much the generous warrior disdain'd,
His glory should be obscure ; and now the fame
Of young Rinaldo's worth, was spread around, 55
Mature in blooming years ; but an high cause
Chiefly, excited him to this emprize,
The love of heavenly, not of mortal praise.

Without delay, precipitate, he march'd ;
And with him brought companions to the war,
A fierce and valiant band ; and bent his course 61
Unto Bizantium, haughty capital,
Imperial seat ! the Grecian Emperor
With splendid welcome, there the Prince receiv'd ;
And there thy trusted messenger arriv'd, 65
Who

Who told him, how strong Antioch was won,
 And how defended from the Persian hosts.
 Defended 'gainst Corbano, mighty chief!
 Who with innumerable bands in arms
 Besieg'd the city, and so many troops 70
 Brought with him, that he desert left of men
 The Persian empire; then he told thine acts;
 The deeds of many a warrior, till he came
 To young Rinaldo's praise, and there he stopt;
 Then told his glorious flying to the war, 75
 His great atchievements, and renown in arms.
 And then he added, how the warlike Franks
 At length, had sacred Solyma besieg'd;
 And how you pray'd him haste, to share the toil
 And glory, of this last great victory; 80
 His words, enflam'd young Sweno's generous
 heart,

That ev'ry tedious hour, he thought a year,
 Till on the Paynim's he had prov'd his sword,
 And mark'd, his unexperienc'd hands, with blood.
 Himself of meanness, he believ'd, reprov'd 85
 Hearing the fame of others, and the thought
 Prey'd on his soul; and whosoe'er advis'd
 His stay, or else entreated, he hears not,
 Or hearing scorns; nor peril did he dread,
 Unless delay, and not to share thy praise 90
 And danger, nought of hazard else he fear'd.

And thus, alas! his fortune urg'd him on:
 Fortune, to him and us, a fatal guide!
 The first rays of the early morn, beheld

His

His parting, best the nearest way appear'd ; 95
Such was the hero's, such the leader's worth,
Nor deserts difficult, nor forests vast
He shunn'd, nor countries full of enemies.

Now want of food, and passes rough and wild
They found, now ambush close, now open war ;
But ev'ry difficulty was o'ercome, 101

And kill'd were all our foes, or put to flight :
For, in the midst of peril and distress,
Of happy victory we were secure ;
The insolence of fortune ! till one day, 105

One fatal day, we pitch'd our glittering tents
Not distant, from the bounds of Palestine :

And there our scouts returning, tidings brought
That they had heard, the noise of coming troops,
And crowded ensigns seen ; therefore they deem'd
By many circumstances, that an host 111

Innumerable of their foes approach'd :
Nor yet his thoughts, his colour, or his look,
Nor yet his voice, the noble Sweno chang'd :
Tho' there were many, of his bravest chiefs, 115
Who at the fearful news their colour chang'd.

Now have we gain'd (the Christian hero spoke)
A crown of martyrdom or victory ;
Tho' conquest is our hope, yet not the less
Do I desire the other ; that bestows 120
A greater merit, and an equal fame :
This camp of our's, my brothers in the war !
Will be a temple to our memory,

For

For ever sacred ; where in future times,
To see our sepulchres, will pilgrims come. 125

He said, and cautiously dispos'd the watch ;
His separate duty unto each assign'd,
And will'd, that all beneath their arms shou'd rest,
Nor lay aside their glittering coats of mail.

It was the time, of quiet and of night, 130
To silence friendly, and refreshing sleep ;
When suddenly we heard, a barbarous noise
That shook the vast abyfs, and reach'd to Heaven.
They cry'd ; to arms to arms ; all sheath'd in arms
Sweno advanc'd, far far the rest before ; 135
His noble looks and visage, red as flame
With ardent resolution ; when the foe
Rush'd to th' assault, and with huge multitudes
Inclos'd us round ; a forest huge of spears
Arose, a cloud of arrows o'er us flew. 140

Unequal was the fight ; th' assailants fierce,
Twenty to one, in hideous numbers came :
There many wounded lay, and many slain
By darts, that blindly cut the gloomy air ;
But, for the shade obscure, cou'd none discern 145
The number of the dead ; with her black veil
Night hid our loss, and hid our noble deeds :
The mighty Sweno 'midst the hostile press,
Was yet distinguish'd by his glorious acts ;
Nor cou'd the darkness of the time prevent 150
His wond'rous actions, to be seen by all :
A stream of blood, a mountain high of dead,
A bulwark and a mote, he made around ;

And

And wheresoe'er he turn'd, he seem'd to bear
Confusion in his looks, death in his hand. 155

Thus fought we, till the golden morn arose,
And strewed roses o'er the eastern sky;
Soon as the horrid gloom of night dispers'd,
Which had conceal'd the ruin of the war;
The wish'd for morning, unto us disclos'd 160
A dismal guilty sight; for all our camp
Appear'd destroy'd, and all our soldiers slain.
Two thousand late, and scarce an hundred now;
When Sweno saw such blood and massacre,
I know not, if his fierce undaunted heart 165
Was, at this fatal spectacle disturb'd;
But yet he shew'd no change, and with loud voice
Exclaim'd: Come follow our late valiant friends,
That now in Heaven, far from Avernus lakes,
Have left behind, a bright tract, mark'd with blood.

The hero spoke; and glad of death so near, 171
For such his looks, and such his actions shew'd;
Against the barbarous multitude of foes
He rush'd, with constant and intrepid mind;
No temper, or of steel or adamant, 175
Cou'd then the fury of his strokes sustain;
His blows resistless, heapt the field with death,
Himself, streaming with blood, all over wound.
Nor was it strength, but courage that sustain'd
His undismayed body; blow for blow, 180
And wound for wound he gives, nor yet his force
Fails, but more fatal to his enemies
He grows, the more assaulted! when at last

A fu-

A furious Knight advanc'd, of members huge,
 Fierce looks and wrathful eyes ; that with the aid
 Of many a Pagan band, after long fight 186
 And obstinate, the noble Sweno flew.

Th' unconquer'd warrior fell, O bitter chance!
 Nor was there one among us that reveng'd ;
 Ye noble bones, of that much honour'd youth,
 And blood, so greatly lost ! witness for me 191
 That of my life, I had no longer care ;
 No hostile weapons and no wounds I shunn'd ;
 And, but it pleasing was to righteous Heaven,
 I merited the glorious death I fought. 195

I, only left alive, sunk to the earth
 Among my fellows slain ; nor seem'd I then
 To live, nor of the barbarous enemy
 Ought further did I see, for ev'ry sense
 Was lost ; and when I open'd my weak eyes 200
 That were so long with horrid shades, oppress'd,
 The night appear'd ; and to my feeble view
 Shone the small glimmer of a little flame :
 Nor was I of such judgment then possesst,
 As to distinguish things ; but I discern'd 205
 Like one, who half asleep and half awake,
 Opens and shuts his eyes ; and now the pain
 Of my late wounds, began to smart me fore ;
 Pinch'd by the night air, and the bitter frost,
 The earth's cold surface, and the open sky : 210

Near and more near, the glimmering light ap-
 proach'd,
 Approach'd, a whisper low ; and reach'd at last
 My

My side; 'twas then, I raised my feeble fight
With pain, and saw two men in trailing robes
With torches in their hands, advance; and thus
They spoke: Oh son! in that great Being trust
Omnipotent, whose grace prevents our prayers.

They said: and blessed with up-lifted hands
My prostrate corps, and soft and holy hymns
Repeated low, with accents hardly heard, 220

Less understood; and then they spoke: Arise.
Lightly and whole I rose, nor felt my wounds;
Oh noble miracle! Oh action strange!

I found my limbs with vigour new inform'd:
Senseless on them I gaz'd, nor cou'd my soul 225
Believe that done, which all so wondrous seem'd;
When one began: Oh! thou of little faith

Why do'st doubt? And why perplex thy thoughts?
For real are the forms, that you behold;
We are Christ's chosen servants, who have fled
The world's allurements, and deceitful sweets, 231
And live as Eremites in desarts wild.

Us, chosen for thy preservation

The Lord of Heaven and Earth hath sent; who oft
Doth his high will effect, by such weak means
As wondrous were to tell; his just decree 236

Permits not, that this noble warrior's corps
Shou'd lye unnotic'd, where the purest soul
Late dwelt; to whom again it must be join'd
Hereafter, in a bright unending bliss. 240

Illustrious Sweno's corps, for whom a tomb,
Equal to his great valour, is prepar'd;

To

To shew where lies that noble warrior,
By future times and nations reverenc'd:
But lift thine eyes, the starry host among, 245
And mark yon splendour, glorious as the day,
That with its living beams, shall thee conduct
Where lies the body of your noble Lord.

I turn'd, and saw from the resplendent orb
Of the night's paler sun, a beam descend 250
That mark'd the place, where lay the hero's corps,
As with a golden tract; such was the light,
And such the glory, that appear'd around,
That ev'ry wound, with wondrous lustre, shone
Distinguished, amidst a foam of blood. 255
Not prone he lay; but with the countenance
Of one, whose thoughts were ever fixt above;
His look was heavenward turn'd, even as a man
Who ever panted after God; he held
His right hand clos'd, as if prepar'd for war; 260
His Sword was grasp'd, and ready rais'd to strike;
His left hand on his breast, in humble sort,
As if he pray'd, and pardon ask'd of God.

Then while I bath'd his wounds, with stream-
ing tears,
Forth pouring the deep sorrows of my soul; 265
The holy sage, unclos'd his hand, and forc'd
The sword he held, away; and thus began:
This sword, so deeply dy'd in Pagan blood,
Of matchless temper, and unbruised edge,
Rich, strong, and sharp; never did hero bear 270
A weapon, that to this could be preferr'd.

There-

Therefore it is the great decree of Heaven,
Since death hath ta'en it, from its first great Lord,
That still it shou'd be terrible in war, 274
And from a strong hand, to a strong hand pass;
And grace a chief, who knows with equal skill
To wield the glittering brand, the dread of hosts!
With happier fates to friend, and vengeance take
With this, dire vengeance, for young Sweno slain.
By Soliman fell Sweno; Soliman 280
For Sweno's sake, by Sweno's sword must fall;
Take it and hasten, where the Christian camp
Beneath the walls of Solyma extends;
And fear not thou, amidst a country strange,
That ought can intercept thy destin'd way; 285
For he, who sends you thro' those dangerous wastes
Will guide you, with his arm Omnipotent:
And there it is his will, that you declare,
(Even with that voice which he for this preserv'd)
The piety, the valour, and the strength, 290
That in your honour'd master, you have seen:
How, with a purple cross he mark'd his arms,
Leaving a great example to the world;
And that his virtuous and illustrious race
Of glory ran, may fire succeeding times. 295
Now it alone remains, to know the Knight
That of this sword must be the noble heir.
It is the young Rinaldo, whose renown
In deeds of chivalry, and martial skill, 299
No equal hath. Give him the weapon bright,
And say, that heaven and earth of him demands
Q Revenge;

Revenge. While thus I listen'd all intent,
A wonder strange mine admiration drew.

For in the place, where lay the mangled corps,
Sudden a stately sepulchre appear'd, 305
Inclosing round the body; but unknown
From whence, and by what secret magick form'd;
And there in wondrous characters engrav'd,
The name and virtues of the warrior slain;
Gazing I stood, nor cou'd avert mine eyes 310
From the strange sepulchre or epitaph.

Here said the Sage, amidst his slaughter'd friends
Must lie the body of your murder'd Lord;
His soul amidst the spirits of the blest
Enjoys eternal bliss; but you have paid 315
The debt of sorrow, and his funeral
Accompany'd with tears. Now is the time
Of soft repose, come then and be my guest,
Till th' early morn can light you on your way.

He ceas'd; and over places high and deep 320
He led me, that I follow'd him with pain;
Until at last we stopt, where a rude cave
Hung in the rough side of a woody rock;
There did he dwell with his Disciple safe,
Amidst the rugged bears and howling wolves; 325
For holy innocence in naked breast,
Than shield or breast-plate, is a surer guard;
My food was roots, of moss and leaves the bed
On which I stretch'd my weary'd limbs; at length
What time the purple and the golden rays 330
Of morning, flamed in the Orient;

The

The vigilant Eremites with wakeful haste
 Rose to their morning orisons ; with them
 I rose, and of the holy Sage, took leave ;
 Then hitherward, as he advis'd me, went. 335

The Dane was silent ; sadly thus reply'd
 The pious Bulloigner : Oh faithful Knight !
 Thou bringest tidings dire and dolorous,
 Cause of affliction deep : since such a band
 Of brave illustrious friends, one fatal time 340
 Hath robb'd us of ; one luckless grave devour'd ;
 Even as the sudden lightning, hath thy Lord
 Appear'd in glory, seen at once, and lost.
 Yet such a death as his, is nobler far
 Than conquests vain, of realms, imperial spoils !
 Nor the proud capital of aged Rome, 346
 Did ever such a glorious triumph view.
 Inhabitants of Heaven they sit, their brows
 Crown'd with immortal wreaths of victory ;
 And to each other, shew their beauteous wounds,
 And glory, in a death so bright with fame. 351
 And thou, who yet surviv'st, amidst the toils
 Of this vain world and perils great of war ;
 Rejoice, in the high triumphs of your friends,
 And let contentment smile upon your brow. 355
 But, for you ask of great Bertoldo's son,
 Know that he wandreth from the Christian host,
 Nor would I have you take the doubtful course
 To find him, till we certain tidings learn.

Such words in ev'ry soldiers breast, renew'd
 Remembrance of Rinaldo, so belov'd : 361

Q 2

And

And thus they said: Ah! least the erring youth
 Shou'd fall among the wild Arabian bands;
 Nor was there one of his illustrious deeds
 But to the Dane they told, and the strange tale 365
 With terror and amazement fill'd his soul.

Now when remembrance of the warlike youth
 Had soften'd ev'ry heart; lo! there return'd
 Back to the camp, the bands of foragers,
 As custom is, sent out to plunder round; 370
 And with them in abundance back, they brought
 Large flocks, and herds, and corn, tho' that not
 much;

And provender to feed their noble steeds.
 They also brought, of misadventure dire
 Sure signs, of truth apparent; for they found 375
 The armour of Rinaldo strong, with blood
 Besmear'd, and pierced thro'; around the camp
 (For who can ever evil news conceal)
 A various and uncertain rumour spread;
 The vulgar soon assembled, anxious sad 380
 For tidings of their hero, and his arms.

They saw, and well they knew, the Orb immense
 Of his broad target, and the radiant blaze
 Of all his arms; the bird illustrious 384
 Who proves her royal offspring 'gainst the sun,
 And tries their infant plumes; that ensign seen
 So oft in ev'ry hardy enterprize
 Triumphant, now with grief and rage they see
 Cloven with blows, and all besmear'd with blood.
 While busy murmurs ran, thro' all the camp, 390
 And

'And variously the causes of his death
 The troops conjectur'd ; Godfrey, pious chief !
 Call'd Aliprando, he, who led the band
 Of foragers ; a man of noble soul
 Blameless in speech and just, and thus began : 395
 Inform me where you found those fatal arms ?

He answer'd : Distant hence, I think as far
 As in two days, an hasty post cou'd ride ;
 To Gaza ward, a little plain extends 399
 Inclos'd with mountains steep, nigh to the road ;
 And there, slow falling from the hills, a stream
 From break to break, doth slowly glide along,
 Gloomy, and dark with over-arching woods ;
 A place for secret ambush opportune. 404

Thither we went, in search of wandring herds
 That might perchance, unto the grassy brink
 Of that fair rivulet have stray'd ; and found
 The springing grass distain'd with blood, and saw
 A warrior murder'd on the river's bank ;
 His arms and ensigns, struck us with amaze, 410
 His arms, which well we knew, tho' foul with gore ;
 Anxious I hasten'd on, to view his face ;
 But found his fair head parted from his corps.
 His right hand lopt away ; and his large trunk
 Was pierc'd, with many a wound, from back to
 breast ; 415

Nor far remov'd his empty helmet lay,
 And silver eagle, who with shining wings
 Cover'd his crest ; and much we search'd to find
 Whom we might ask ; at last a clown advanc'd

Alone, but seeing us, with haste retir'd 420
 Surpriz'd, and suddenly, as full of fear.

We follow'd, seiz'd, demanded; and assur'd
 He answer'd: That the day before, he mark'd
 A band of soldiers in the forest's shade,
 Where he conceal'd himself; of whom one bore
 A bloody head, held by the golden locks, 426
 But late cut off; the face was fair and young,
 For much he gaz'd, and beardless was the chin;
 And how he bore it at his saddle bow
 Wrapt in a veil; and how the murderers 430
 Appeared by their arms, a Christian band;
 He told: and then the body I disarm'd
 Lamenting much, and bitter was my grief;
 For well I gueſt, the Lord of that bright ſhield.
 I brought away his arms, and in the earth 435
 With honours due, the noble trunk inhum'd.
 But if it be, the great Rinaldo's corps,
 A nobler tomb, a nobler funeral
 His worth demands. Thus Aliprando ſpoke,
 And ſlowly withdrew; for nothing more 440
 Of truth he had to tell; gloomy and ſad
 Remain'd the general, and deep he ſigh'd;
 And to aſſure his much deſponding heart
 Much did he wiſh to learn, by certain ſigns,
 Whoſe was the corps, and who the homicide. 445
 Darkneſs aroſe, and with her ample wings
 Cover'd, the broad and airy fields of Heaven;
 Sleep the ſoul's reſt, and th' eaſe of miſery,
 Bury'd in happy peace, each care and ſenſe;

Thou

Thou Argillan alone, by sorrow stung 450

Still wakest, musing deep on great events;

Nor sufferest sweet repose, or gentle sleep,

To steal upon thine ever watchful eyes.

This man was strong of limbs, and rash of tongue,

His genius, hot and headstrong; he was born

Upon the banks of Trento, and was bred 456

Amidst commotions, and rude civil broils;

Till driven to banishment, he fill'd with blood

The hills and publick ways, a robber fierce!

And now at length he came to Asia's wars, 460

And better glory gain'd, by daring deeds.

'Twas when the morn approach'd he clos'd his
eyes,

Yet was his sleep not sweet or undisturb'd,

But strange amaze; which the curst Fiend infus'd

Into his heart, as heavy and profound 465

His sleep as death, where all his vital powers

Within deluded were; nor took he rest,

Tho' he lay still and senseless; for the fiend

Horrible dream! appear'd before his sight,

And with the vision terrify'd his soul. 470

A murder'd body huge beside him stood,

Of head and right-hand both depriv'd; his left

Upheld the horrid visage pale and wan,

Defil'd with dust and blood; and yet tho' dead

It breath'd, and breathing spoke, and with these

words 475

Blood mixt with sobs did issue from its lips:

Fly Argillan, nor longer here delay,

Q 4

Fly

Fly from this cursed camp and wicked chief.
 Trust not, oh friends belov'd ! in him whose arts
 Hath murder'd me, his villain soul is gnaw'd 480
 By Guile's sharp tooth, and all his thoughts are bent
 To your destruction ; your's as well as mine :
 Yet if you hunger after great renown,
 If in your strength you trust, that giant strength
 Still found invincible ; fly not, appease 485
 My restless spirit, with the tyrant's blood.

I will be with you, and thy weapon whet,
 Enflame thy fury, arm thy dreadful hand,
 And strengthen thy resolve. The spectre spoke,
 And speaking, breath'd into his troubled heart 490
 Fury and wrath : he burst the chains of sleep :
 From his inflam'd and angry eyes the sparks
 Of venomous madness flew, arm'd as he was
 He hastes, and gathers all th' Italian band. 494

He brought them where the good Rinaldo's arms
 Were laid, and with proud speech, in furious sort
 Utter'd in bitter taunt, his hate : Oh friends !
 Is not this people tyrannous and unjust,
 Whom neither reason or religion bind ; 499
 Whose thirst's unquenchable of blood and gold,
 Whom no yoke boweth, and no bit restrains ?
 So much of hardship have we all endur'd
 Under this servile load, seven tedious years ;
 That for a thousand years, with shame and rage
 Fair Italy and noble Rome will burn ; 505
 I will not mention, how by art and arms

Cilicia's

Cilicia's kingdom, virtuous Tancred won,
Which Baldovin, injurious Frank! depriv'd
The noble warrior of, by treachery;
And now enjoys the fruit of valour's toil. 510

Nor will I mention, how at ev'ry hour,
Ev'ry occasion, prompt of hand, of mind
Resolv'd, and soul undaunted; we assay'd
Each danger, first to endure th' extremities
Of sword and fire; while the luxurious French
Divided, at their leisure and in peace, 516
The honours and the prey; nothing we gain'd
But toil and wounds; the triumphs and the fame,
The riches and the empires, were their own.

Yet all this season, could we not discern 520
These strange and heavy injuries, or else
As light offences bore; but now indeed
A brutal heavy blow, we have receiv'd:
They have Rinaldo murder'd; they have broke
All laws divine and human; in the heaven 525
Why sleeps the thunder? Wherefore doth the
earth

Not gape to swallow them in endless night?

Rinaldo they have murder'd; shall that chief
Who was the sword, and buckler of our faith
Lye unreveng'd? He does; upon the earth 530
Extended are his mangled limbs, to birds
And beasts a prey: and who will then disclose
The author of the deed? Alas! my friends,
And is it then a secret? Who not sees
That bloody Godfrey, and proud Baldovin 535
Do

Do envy the Italian chivalry.

What need we further proof? By Heav'n I swear,
By Heaven, that will not wink at foul deceit;

This night when darkness had obscur'd the earth,
I saw his murder'd spirit; pale it seem'd 540

And sad and wan: Ah me! a spectacle

Implete with horror; and the spectre told
Godfredo's barbarous frauds; I saw it plain,

It was no fancy'd vision; and before

Mine eyes, the apparition still appears. 545

What shall we do? Say, shall this cruel hand

Still rule us, foul with blood and villainy?

Or shall we hence depart, far far remov'd,

Where fam'd Euphrates overflows its banks?

Where dwells a race unwarlike, where the fields

With plenty smile, and croud'd cities rise? 551

There empires great, at ease we may subdue,

And distant from the Franks' curst tyranny;

There let us go; and let Rinaldo's blood

Illustrious innocent, be unreveng'd? 555

No, rather let our languid virtue, late

That in our bosoms froze, burst forth in flame;

And this pestiferous serpent, who, the prime

The flower of all the race of Italy

Hath swallow'd up; destroy; and make his end

A dire example to succeeding times. 561

I will, by Heav'n I will, much injur'd friends!

If what you dare design you dare perform;

With this right hand, tear out his curst heart,

The nest of treason false; thus spake the Knight

Disturbed

Disturbed and enrag'd. The rest obey'd 566

The headlong impulse of ungovern'd rage.

To arms, the frantick warrior cry'd; at once

The soldiers catch'd the sound, and cry'd 'to arms.'

Amidst the crowd; Alecto whirl'd around 570

Her baleful torch, envenoming the hearts

Of all; disdain and madness, and the thirst

Of human blood encreas'd; and in each breast

Grew terrible; the evil spread, and all

The tents of Italy with rage consum'd. 575

Thence to the Switzer's camp it past, and seiz'd

By force the Britons proud pavillions.

'Twas not the publick loss, the cruel death

Of their beloved warrior, that stirr'd

These stranger hosts to rage; but ancient wrongs

To those commotions, fit materials gave; 581

And nourished their fury, and awak'd

Each former cause of spite; cruel, unjust,

They call'd the French, and mixt with haughty

threats

Their hatred, which no longer they conceal'd.

As water in a cauldron, furious boils 586

Over the flame, and swelleth high, and smokes

With hollow noise, nor can the brims contain

The raging element, it overflows

And foams; nor could those few, whose temperate

minds

590

Wisdom illumin'd, the rash crowd restrain:

Camillo, William, Tancred, were far off,

And all whose power might moderate their rage.

The

The furious people ran precipitate
 To arms, in wild distraction ; while aloud 595
 Seditious trumpets rais'd their cruel voice
 In warlike clangors ; frighted and in haste
 Rash messengers to pious Godfrey speed,
 And cry ' to arms ; ' soon sheathed all in steel
 To aid his brother, Baldovin advanc'd. 600

The noble warrior, when he heard the cause,
 Heavenward erects his eyes, and on the Lord
 Fixes his hope, such ever was his wont
 In danger imminent ; and thus began :
 Thou know'st Almighty, how this hand abhors
 Blood, shed in civil broil ; and oh remove 606
 The darkness from their minds ! repress their
 rage ;

The innocence, thou know'st, make manifest.

He ceas'd, and felt infus'd in ev'ry vein
 A sacred heat unusual ; vigour strange 610
 And ardent hope, that in his countenance shone,
 And with strange awe, struck the beholder's eyes.
 Then by his friends surrounded, forth he went
 Against the head-strong rout, who fondly thought
 Rinaldo to revenge ; and tho' he heard 615
 The clam'rous multitude, exclaim ' to arms,'
 Unterrify'd, thro' threatening crowds, he past.
 Bright in his coat of mail, the hero blaz'd,
 And o'er his arms, a robe embroider'd hung
 Magnificent ; his hands were bare, his face 620
 Shone with celestial majesty, and cast

Strange

Strange splendors round ; flaming with gold, he
held

A sceptre ; and with arms like these he dares
Resist their rage rebellious. Such he seem'd
So wonderful, nor human were his words. 625

What foolish threats are these ? What idle noise
Of arms ? Who dares these rash commotions raise ?
Am I so honour'd ? Do ye thus revere
The chief so often try'd in dangers stern ?
Have ye not known me ? Who is there suspects,
Or who accuses Godfrey of deceit ? 631

Who dare, who can, these accusations prove ?
And do ye think that Godfrey will implore
And sue for favour ? Hope ye I should bow ?
Forbid it Heaven, that such indignity 635
Should ever my great name on earth disgrace :

This glorious sceptre, and my noble deeds,
Will still defend my truth and memory.
To mercy now, shall rigid justice yield,
Nor punishment fall heavy on offence : 640

For his deserts, this error I forgive,
And pardon you, for your Rinaldo's sake.
But Argillano's guilty blood, shall wash
Your common stain away ; rash criminal !
Who kindled this debate ; and with revolt 645

By slight suspicion did the rest infect,
And the same error. While he spoke, his eyes
Cast awful splendors round, and shed on all
Terror and awe ; that Argillano seem'd

Asto-

Astonished, and all his soul was fill'd 650
 With consternation, wondrous to believe!
 The rest, who rashly and irreverent
 Late threatned high, with words of rage and
 pride ;

Whose hands so ready were to seize the arms
 That fury minister'd, swords, torches, spears : 655
 Now heard in silence, their great leader's words,
 Nor dar'd, for fear and shame to raise their eyes :
 And Argillan they suffer'd to be bound,
 Tho' then environed with armed bands.

So when a lion, shakes his frightful main 660
 And roareth proud and fierce, if chance he sees
 His dreaded ruler, him, who first subdu'd
 The native fierceness of his savage heart ;
 Submitting freely to th' ignoble yoke, 664
 He fears his threatnings, and his harsh command :
 Nor his rough hair, huge teeth, and armed paws,
 The feat of strength ! excite him to rebel.

Glory, that very instant they beheld
 With fierce and threatning semblance ; in one hand
 The winged warrior, stretch'd a mighty targe 670
 Before the pious hero ; a bright sword
 The other brandish'd high, from whose sharp point
 Huge drops of blood distill'd ; it was the blood
 Of cities and of kingdoms, who provok'd
 With their offences the slow wrath of Heav'n. 675

The tumult ended, all laid down their arms,
 And with their arms their anger soon resign'd :

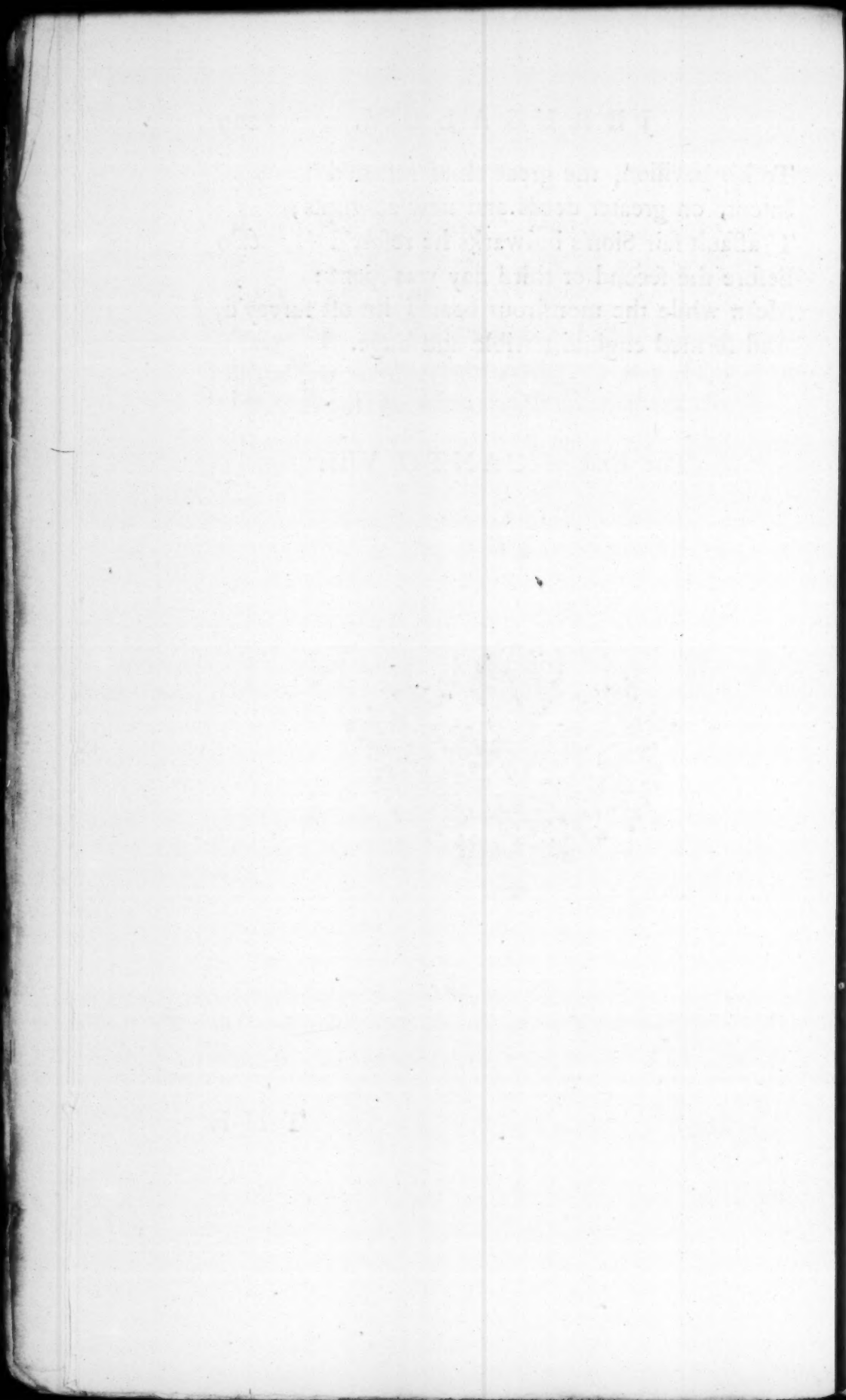
To

To his pavilion, the great chief return'd
Intent, on greater deeds and new attempts;
T' assault fair Sion's bulwarks he resolv'd 680
Before the second or third day was spent :
Mean while the monstrous beams he oft survey'd,
And formed engines terrible and huge.

The End of CANTO VIII.



T H E





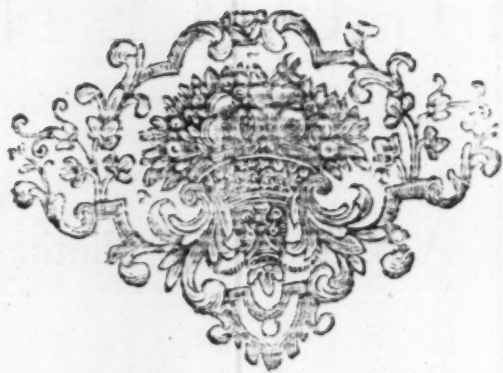
THE
A R G U M E N T.

C A N T O the Ninth.

 H E fury, being disappointed in her
designs, flies to Soliman, and excites
him, with the Arabian army, to
attack the Christian camp by night:
This Prince obeys; he falls upon
the Christians by surprize, and the Paynims make
R a fally

A R G U M E N T.

a fally at the fame time from the town ; all is slaughter and confufion. God fends down the Angel Michael to command the infernal fpirits to quit the battle ; the Angel drives them to Hell ; after which the Saracens are repulfed into the town ; and by the fudden arrival of Tancred, and the Knights who had follow'd Armida, all the Arabian army is deftroy'd, and the Soldan compell'd to fly.



THE



THE
DELIVERY
OF
JERUSALEM.



At length the horrid fiend, who now
beheld
The tempests ceas'd, and all the tu-
mults past ;
Who ever strove against the will of fate,
And sought to change th' immutable decree,
Departed thence ; and blasted as she went

R 2

5
Fair

Fair Sion's vales, and dimm'd the glorious sun;
 Spreading her horrid wings, she fought the rest
 Of the infernal bands, new broils to raise,
 The dreadful minister of other ills.

She knew her hellish sisters had entic'd, 10
 By their false arts, far from the Christian host
 Bertoldo's mighty son, and Tancred brave,
 And all the most renown'd in martial skill;

Then thus! What fitter season for revenge?
 For the strong Nicene Emperor to bring 15
 Dire unexpected war? Or vain my hope,
 Or great will be the Soldan's victory
 Over a foe, divided and at strife:

She spoke, and flew impetuous, where the chief
 Amidst his wandring bands delay'd the war; 20
 Fam'd Soliman, of all Christ's enemies
 Greatest his strength and resolution;
 Like him were none of all the giant crew
 Earth born, that mountains upon mountains pil'd,
 And war'd with Heaven: proud Turkish Emperor,
 And Nice was late his haughty capitol. 26
 His kingdom stretch'd along the Grecian shores,
 From Sangar's mouth to fair Meander's stream;
 Where they of Misia, Phrygia, Lydia, dwell'd,
 Bythinia's nations, and the Pontick bands; 30
 But when against the Turks and Infidels
 The Christian armies into Asia past;
 The Prince was from his potent kingdom driven,
 And in two mighty battles overcome.

When, fortune he had oft in vain assail'd, 35
 And

And wasted fruitlessly his empire's force ;
 He fought the court of Egypt's dreaded King,
 Who welcom'd him with pomp and courtesy ;
 Rejoiced, that so fam'd a warrior
 Was joined in the hazardous emprise ; 40
 For, with his hosts, he purpos'd to defend
 From all the Christian Knights, fair Palestine.
 But e'er the monarch openly proclaim'd
 The destin'd war, great Soliman he sent
 To assemble the Arabian tribes, and gave 45
 For that design, prodigious sums of gold ;
 While he united all the Asian hosts
 With Africk's multitudes. The Soldan came
 And easily the greedy Arabs won ;
 For ever, wandering mercenary tribes. 50
 Thus made their general ; he over-run
 Wasted, and spoiled wide, Judea's land ;
 Having cut off all passage 'tween the sea
 Extending, and the numerous Christian camp ;
 And now he 'gan to mourn his former loss, 55
 And the dire ruins of his ancient power ;
 Greater attempts in his enflamed mind
 He roll'd, but unassur'd, on nought resolv'd.
 To him the fury came, and took the form
 Of one, for venerable age rever'd ; 60
 Bloodless his cheeks and hoary were his looks,
 His chin close shaven, bearded were his lips ;
 A turban with innumerable folds
 Cover'd his head ; and from his knees, his large
 Majestick robes, descended to his feet ; 65

A radiant scimeter his side adorn'd,
 And at his back the quiver hung, implete
 With feather'd shafts, and in his hand the bow.

Then thus the fiend began : Far have we
 march'd

Thro' sterile sands, and desert wildernesses, 70

Yet spoil or booty, have we not obtain'd,

Or glorious victory, or worthy praise ;

Godfrey, mean time, fair Solyma assails,

And rears his towers against her nodding walls ;

If longer we delay, involv'd in fires 75

This glorious city will fall ruinous ;

Are sheep coats burnt, or preys of flocks and herds,

Sufficient trophies for great Soliman !

Wilt thou recover thus, thy kingdom lost,
 And can'st thou thus revenge thine injuries ? 80

Be bold, be bold ; and sheltred by the night,

Affault the Christian tyrant in his camp ;

Believe Araspes old, whose sage advice

Thou hast prov'd, in exile and prosperity ;
 Godfredo nothing looks for, nothing fears, 85

From these ill arm'd and mercenary tribes

Of scorned Araby ; nor thinks a race

To rapine and to flight inur'd, can dare

Such high exploit : Arise ; turn all thy rage

On yonder fearless camp, that lies secure. 90

The fury spoke, and pour'd into his breast

Her poisons dire, then mixes with the air.

Raising to Heaven his hands, the warrior stern

Exclaims :

Exclaims : Oh thou ! who hath inflam'd mine
heart

With ten fold indignation ! mortal sure 95

Thou art not, nor a mortal dost thou seem :

I follow where thou leadeft ; mountains huge

Thou shalt behold, where late the vallies lay ;

Mountains of slaughter'd men and arms ; of blood

Rivers shall flow around ; be thou my guide 100

And point the war, in darkness, where to rage.

He ceas'd ; and muster'd all his multitudes ;

Reprov'd the coward, rous'd the negligent ;

And with the ardour of his own desires

Enflam'd the camp, to follow him to war. 105

Alecto's self, the martial trumpet blew,

Sonorous clangor ! and her hands unfurl'd

Th' imperial ensign, which full high advanc'd,

Stream'd glorious to the winds : the armies march

With expedition, and before flies Fame. 110

The fury left them then, and took the form

Of a swift messenger, that tidings brought ;

It was the time, when the retiring day

And rising darkness, made the face of things

Seem dubious ; into holy Sion's walls 115

She past, thro' mournful crowds ; and to the king

Told the huge numbers of the Soldan's host,

His bold designment, and th' assault by night.

Now griesly darkness spread her horrid veil,

And all the clouds seem'd stain'd with sanguine

spots ; 120

Large drops of tepid blood did fall on earth,

Instead of night's cold dew ; the gloomy air
 Was full of prodigies, and portents strange ;
 While the malignant spirits howl'd around :
 Hell's gloomy sultan, desert left his realms, 125
 And changed night's sweet shadows, to the gloom
 That reigneth in the pit of Tartarus.

Thro' horror thus immense, the Soldan stern
 March'd to the camp of his great enemies ; 129
 And night's pale car now reach'd the silent noon
 Of darkness, and with swiftness, 'gan descend
 Head-long the western hill ; when distant scarce
 A mile, from where the army of the Franks
 Repos'd secure, he stopt ; refresh'd with food
 His labour wasted army ; with bold words 135
 Assur'd them, and provok'd to the assault.

Behold a camp, full of unnumber'd spoils ;
 Behold a camp, strong only in report ;
 That like the sea in its devouring gulph,
 Hath swallow'd up the wealth of Asia : 140
 At length the favourable lot is our's,
 Our's without danger ; all their wealth and arms,
 And horses proud, caparison'd for war ;
 All, all are ours, without resistance ours.
 Not here are those unconquerable troops, 145
 That Persia's mighty armies overthrew
 And Nice subdu'd ; these, in so many wars
 Various and long, are wasted ; all the prime
 Of Christian hosts are dead ; and had they still
 Remained undiminish'd, yet their arms 150
 Are now decay'd, and they o'erwhelm'd with sleep ;
 And

And soon is he overcome, who is oppress'd
With slumber, little differs death from sleep.
Warriors arise; this sword thro' yonder host
Shall hew you out a way; we will o'erpass 155
Their dreaded rampires, on their bodies slain;
Let ev'ry soldier's falchion strike like mine,
And learn from me the arts of cruelty;
This hour, the boasted realm of Christ shall fall,
Asia shall gain her freedom, you renown. 160

Thus he inflam'd his armies to the war,
And led them thro' the silence of the night.

Him soon, the watchful centinels descry'd,
By the uncertain brightness of the stars;
Nor did he find, as firmly he believ'd, 165
Unware the Christian leader: with huge cries
The watch retir'd, alarming all the camp
With terrible report, of mighty hosts
Seen thro' the gloom advancing; firm in arms
The nighest guards, for mortal fight prepare: 170

The Arabs loud their jarring trumpets blew,
Convinc'd they cou'd not now advance unseen;
To Heaven their horrid cries ascend; the neigh
Of trampling courfers roar'd, whose iron hoofs 174
Shook the firm earth; the mountains rocky sides
Resounded with the noise, and the green vales,
Which echo back from all her caves return'd;
Alecto with the torch of Phlegethon 178
Token'd to them, that dwell'd on Sion's mount.

Before the frowning van, all sheath'd in arms
Prick'd forth the Soldan stern, and bent his force
Against

Against the guards, not yet for combat form'd ;
 As rapid as the turbid storm, that bursts
 From cavern'd hills its passage ; strong as floods,
 Whose raging inundation tears away 185
 Houses and trees ; as thunders terrible
 That strike the tow' red city to the earth,
 And all consume ; huge earthquakes that affright
 A guilty world, not match'd his fury great :
 Nor did he give a stroke but hit his foe, 190
 And ev'ry time he hit, he made a wound,
 Nor did he give a wound, but gave a death ;
 More wou'd I say but it would seem untruth ;
 And he no wound received, or else it pain'd
 Him not, or else his courage would not feel ; 195
 Yet like a bell, with blows his helmet rung,
 And thence flew horrid sparks of sudden fire.

His single prowess, had nigh turn'd to flight
 The first advancing squadrons of the Franks ;
 When like a deluge, of a thousand streams 200
 And mountain torrents join'd, the Arab bands
 Came pouring on to battle ; with loose reins
 The beaten Christians fly ; the conqueror
 Enters the camp, amidst the frighted rout,
 And fills their tents with ruin, horror, blood. 205

High on his blazing helm, the Soldan bore
 An hideous dragon, arm'd with many a scale,
 With iron paws erect, and wings display'd,
 Her forked tail was twisted in a ring,
 A tripple tongue she brandish'd, round her jaws
 A froth of poison lay ; dire did she hiss, 211
 Or

Or seem'd to hiss, and as the Soldan burn'd
With rage of battle, so the monster burn'd,
Vomiting dreadful clouds of smoke and flame.

Amidst such brightness strange, the Soldan stern
Seem'd horrible to all; so, when huge storms
Impend, by night the raging seas appear 217
To sailors, and each billow seems to cast
A thousand lightnings forth: Some trembling fled
His fury, others with intrepid hand 220
Against him bent their weapons; gloomy night
Mixt all things in tumultuous ruin, hid
The danger, and the danger still encreas'd.

Among the rest, who with undaunted hearts
Oppos'd the Soldan, was Latinus old, 225
Born upon Tyber's banks; nor cou'd fatigue
Subdue his weary'd limbs, nor age his strength;
Five sons the warrior had, and from his side
They never shrunk, in danger or in war; 229
Even in their earliest youth, they clad their limbs
In heavy arms, and cas'd their heads in steel.
Urg'd by the bold example of their fire
They sharpen'd keen, their rage and swords, in
blood;

Come let us go (the aged father cries)
Where yonder haughty Knight with death pursues
The flying Christians; onward let us haste, 236
By slaughter not apall'd; danger that strikes
Others with dread, adds ardour to our souls;
That honour, oh my sons! is vain and vile
That is not grac'd with peril, nobly past; 240
The

The furious lions her savage sons,
 (E'er on their crests their rugged mains appear,
 Before their dreadful jaws are arm'd with teeth,
 Or sinews huge unto their paws give strength)
 So leadeth forth to prey, and dangerous spoil; 245
 And learns by her example to defy
 The hunter, who disturbs the forests wild,
 Driving the more ignoble beasts to flight.

The hardy, but uncautious warriors
 Follow their noble father, and invade 250
 On ev'ry part the angry Saracen;
 All rush'd against the Soldan, as inspir'd
 By one determination, and one soul,
 Pushing their spears; the eldest boy resigns
 His broken lance, and bold, alas too bold! 255
 Drew forth his flashing sword, and strove in vain
 To kill the courser of the Paynim chief;
 But as a promontory huge, assail'd
 On ev'ry side by storms and raging seas,
 Firm in itself, sustains the thunder's stroke, 260
 Heaven's fury, the vast waves and dreadful winds;
 The Soldan thus, against their swords and spears
 Stood unremov'd, and that ill fated youth
 Who struck his horse, clove from the head to chin.
 His brother Aramant, nigh whom in death 265
 The warrior fell, extends his friendly arm
 Him to support, oh useless piety!
 That to another's ruin joins its own;
 Upon his arm descends the Soldan's sword,
 Divides the arm, and him it wou'd support; 270
 Both

Both fell, and one upon the other dy'd,
 Mixing together their last sighs and blood;
 Then Sabin's slender lance he cuts in twain;
 Sabin, whose lance at distance him annoy'd;
 He spurr'd his steed, and rush'd upon the youth,
 He overturn'd him, trembling, to the earth; 276
 And trampled him, o'erturn'd; forcing his soul
 With painful strugglings from his corps so young;
 Sadly it quitted life, and all the joys,
 The beauties, and the bliss of happy youth. 280
 Still Pico, and Laurentè still, surviv'd,
 Whom at one birth their beauteous mother bore;
 A pair so much alike, that oft they caus'd
 A pleasing error; nature at their birth
 Form'd them without a diff'rence, but dire war
 A sad distinction made; the Soldan's sword 286
 At one huge blow, this headless laid on earth,
 And pierc'd the other brother thro' the breast.

Their aged father, father now no more,
 (Ah cruel fate! that had at once depriv'd 290
 The fire of all his sons) in their five deaths
 Himself so often murder'd, all his race
 Extinct; yet, strange to tell! his hoary age
 Even then held up, against a weight so huge
 Of misery; and still he liv'd, and fought; 295
 Perhaps he did not see the dying pangs,
 Nor heard the groans of his dear slaughter'd sons.
 Night spread her friendly veil, between his eyes
 And such a cruel sight; tho' much he mourns,
 And thinks he conquers, if he dies reveng'd; 300
 Of

Of his own blood he is a prodigal,
 And for his foes insatiably he thirsts :
 Nor can the warrior tell, whether his wish
 Is greater, or to kill, or to be kill'd.
 Then to his foe he cries : Say is this arm 305
 So weak, that thou disdain'st me ? Is't in vain
 That I provoke thy fury, and defy
 Thy giant force ? He ceas'd, and struck so huge,
 It pierc'd the plated mail, and metal bright,
 Ent'ring the Paynim's side with horrid wound, 310
 Whence gush'd, in streams, the red blood to the
 earth.

The proud Barbarian, at the cry provok'd
 And sudden wound, his fury and his sword
 Turns on th' unhappy fire ; and cleft in twain 314
 His breast-plate, piercing thro' his mighty targe,
 Lined with seven bull hides, and plung'd his sword
 Deep in his bowels ; the unhappy man
 Groaned, and from his mouth, and from the
 wound
 Alternately, forth vomited his blood.

So an huge tree, on tow'ring Appenine, 320
 That scorns the warring fury of the winds,
 If with a sudden whirlwind overturn'd,
 Sinks down, and ruins all the woods around :
 Thus fell Latinus, with a waste as great,
 O'erwhelming, in his fall, the nighest foes ; 325
 An end well worthy such a warrior,
 And dying, spread a glorious ruin round.

Mean

Mean time, the Soldan strove his inward rage
 To glut with Christians slain; the Arab bands
 Taught by his dire example, ev'ry tent 330
 With blood and murder fill: there fam'd in arms
 Fell Henry, English Knight! and Olipherne
 Bavarian; by the fierce Draguto's hands
 Gilbert; and Philip, born upon the banks
 Of mighty Rhine, by Ariadeno dy'd. 335
 Albazar with his mace, Ernesto slew;
 Under Algazar's sword, sunk Ergerlan;
 But, Oh! what tongue can tell the multitudes
 Of Christians slaughter'd, and their horrid deaths
 Describe? At the first clamour, from his bed 340
 Godfredo started; nor the dire surprize
 Stay'd him an instant, all in arms he cas'd
 His mighty limbs; assembling instantly
 A squadron strong, the warrior advanc'd.

Distant he mark'd, the tumult of the war 345
 Each moment to increase, with horrid noise;
 And soon conjectur'd that th' Arabian bands
 With sudden inroad, had assail'd his camp; 348
 For well the warrior knew, their wandring tribes
 Spoiled the countries round; tho' still he thought
 Such troops, cou'd never dare such high attempt;
 But while the chief advanc'd, sudden he heard,
 'Arm, arm,' to echo from another part:
 At once upreared to the firmament
 Thunder'd a barbarous howl; Clorinda this 355
 Who led the hosts of Aladine to war,
 Argantes by her side: Godfredo turn'd

In

In haste to noble Guelpho, and requests
Him to sustain, this danger imminent. 359

You hear these new alarms of war, that break
Forth from the town, and thunder from the hill ;
Us needeth much your valour and your art,
To check the fury of their first assault :
Go thither noble soldier ; head a band 364
Of these brave troops ; while with the rest, I march
Else where, th' Arabians fury to sustain.

Resolving thus, each mighty hero seeks
An equal danger, by a diff'rent way :
Illustrious Guelpho hasten'd to the hill,
And Godfrey, where th' Arabians unoppos'd 370
Slaughter'd his troops ; each instant, as he march'd
Squadrons came pouring in, to swell his host ;
Till with a mighty army he approach'd
Where Soliman, a deluge shed of blood.

Thus, from the top of Vesſulus the cold, 375
Tumbles the huge Po, to the sandy vale,
And greater grows, the farther from its source,
Proud with increasing streams : the river rears
Above the broken banks, his horned front
Drowning the country round, and strikes against
The Adriatick with prodigious force ; 381
Seeming to carry war, not tribute pay.

Godfredo mark'd his soldiers disarray'd
Fly from the slaughtering foe ; he hastens on,
And threatning cries : What shameful fear is this ?
Oh whither do ye fly ? Consider, stay, 386
Whom do ye shun inglorious ? From a band

Of

Of wretched cowards, men who cannot dare
 Give or receive a wound : turn on your foes, 389
 Your armed looks will drive them all to flight.

Raging the warrior spoke, and spurr'd his steed
 Where he beheld the Nicene Emperor
 Huge slaughter spread around ; thro' blood and
 dust,

Thro' arms and wounds and death, with his broad
 sword

And terrible assault, he opens wide 395
 The squadrons, thick with men, and breaks the
 ranks :

On ev'ry side, beneath the hero fell
 The armed Saracens, and barbed steeds.
 O'er hills of dead he past, horrible scene 399
 Of murderous war ! him, dreadful thus in arms,

Th' intrepid Soldan mark'd, and how he came
 With fury ; yet not shunn'd him, nor declin'd
 The dubious combat ; high in air his sword
 Blaz'd terrible, and to the fight he rush'd : 404

Those mighty chiefs, such was the will of fate,
 Advanc'd to war, from the world's distant ends :
 Virtue with rage in single combat strove
 For the vast Asian empire ! Who can tell
 How strange their force ! how cruel were their
 blows ! 409

How furious was the combat ! now great deeds
 In arms were done and dreadful, but the shade
 Of night obscur'd them all ; actions whereat
 The sun might wonder, and the earth admire.

The Christians, by their chiefs example taught,
 Resum'd their wonted ardour, and compos'd 415
 Of their best armed troops, a mighty band,
 That charg'd the Paynim homicide : nor less
 The Pagan armies to the combat rush'd :
 Dire was the charge, the slaughter equal rag'd,
 Now these, now those, were victors, and o'ercome,
 Alike the numbers, and alike the loss. 421

With equal courage, and with equal strength
 They met, and fought ; as when the Southern wind
 Meeteth, in battle strong, the Northern blast ;
 Nor Heaven nor Ocean yields, but clouds to clouds
 And waves to waves, with ruin are oppos'd ; 426
 So from this obstinate combat, either host
 Shrunk not, and oft with frightful shock they
 charg'd,
 Shield to shield, helm to helm, and sword to sword.

Nor less the battle rag'd, toward the walls 430
 Of sacred Solyma ; and slaughter there
 Stalk'd equally, between the shouting hosts ;
 Legions of spirits, and of damned fiends,
 Filled the turbid regions of the air,
 And gave the Pagans fury ; of retreat 435
 None thought, nor shrunk they from the stroke of
 death :

Alecto's torch inflam'd Argantes heart,
 To his own fury, adding hellish rage :
 Where e'er the giant turn'd, the fearful watch
 Retire confus'd, and o'er the trench profound 440
 With one vast leap, the mighty Pagan sprung,
 And

And fill'd the ditch with heaps of slaughter'd men ;
 Levell'd the hill, and easy made th' assault :
 His shouting troops pursue, and die with blood
 The white pavilions ; furious by his side 445
 Clorinda rush'd, and scorn'd the second place.

Now fled the French, when Guelpho and his
 troop

Came opportune, and forc'd the fugitives
 To turn their faces to the storm, and stand
 The fury of the foe. Sternly they fought ; 450
 Blood ran in streams alike, on either side,
 And equal was the war. Mean time the King
 Omnipotent, from his eternal Throne
 Bent, on this combat, his all-seeing eyes.

There does he dwell, and to all nature gives
 Holy and gracious laws ; blesses all things, 456
 Produces all ; far, far above the mean
 Confines, of this small spot of earth, above
 Our sense and comprehension ; there apart
 From all eternity, together beam'd 460
 The glories three in one ; under his feet
 Fortune and nature, motion, space immense,
 His ministers, sit everlastingly :

This is the place, from whence, like dust and
 smoke,

The glories, wealth, and kingdoms of the earth
 He scattereth, and changeth as he list ; 466
 Nor doth Almighty goodness scorn to make
 Mankind his care, in uncreated light
 He hides his glories, which the purest eye

Of Angels can't sustain; on ev'ry side 470
 Immortal spirits, without number stand
 Of different orders, equal all in bliss;
 With harmony of their celestial psalms
 Echo the azure palaces of Heaven. 474

Michael th' Eternal calls; in diamond arms
 The Seraph stood, all blazing; him, adrefs'd
 The power Supreme: Behold! the hosts of hell
 Against my faithful and beloved flock
 Rage horrible, and from the pit of Hell
 Arise, all dreadful to disturb the world; 480
 Bid them fly hence, and leave the care of war
 To mortal warriors, as doth best pertain;
 The kingdoms of the living let them shun;
 Bid them, forbear to darken Heaven's fair light;
 Bid them, retire to horror and to hell, 485
 Fit seat for them, the seat of pain and woe:
 And let them there, themselves and damned souls
 Torment: Thus I command, and thou perform.

This said, the winged warrior low inclin'd
 At his Creator's feet, with reverence due; 490
 Then spreads his golden pinions to the storm;
 All thought his flight exceeds; he past the Heavens
 Of fire and light, where the Angelick bands
 Hold their unmov'd abodes; the circle pure
 Chrystaline, and the glorious firmament 495
 Where shine the fixed stars, the Angel saw:
 Unlike in action, and unlike in form,
 Upon his left, he view'd the planets bright,
 Saturn and Jove: and all those other Orbs

Untruly

Untruly errant call'd, since he errs not 500
Who moves them and informs ; then the pure fields
He past of everlasting day, where rain
Is born, and whence the thunder gives its voice ;
Where heat and cold contend, and seasons fierce
Wage war, and all things ruin and restore. 505

He came, and with his everlasting wings
Scatter'd the horrid shade and darkness deep ;
His eyes celestial, with surprizing flames
Guiled the night, immortal splendours flash'd
Around ; after a storm, the glorious sun 510
So spreadeth forth his rays, and the wet clouds
Paints with a thousand colours ; so a star
Falls down to earth, cleaving the vast serene.

Approaching now, where all the hosts of Hell
Enflam'd the Pagans fury, in mid air 515
The Angel stay'd his flight, and shook his lance ;
Then thus : Are you to learn how terrible
Burneth the thunder of the world's great King ?
Or in eternal torments, are ye still

Rebellious, proud in misery supreme ; 520
Heaven hath decreed, that to the holy cross
In yon bright standards streaming, Sion's walls
And brazen gates shall open ; strive ye then
With his high will ? And dare ye irritate 524
Heaven's wrath ? Depart ye cursed to your realms,
The realms of torment, and perpetual death ;
And in the depths of Hell, your prison doom'd,
Your battles wage, your horrid triumphs form ;
There tyrannize ; and on the guilty souls

Wreck all your rage, amidst eternal cries, 530
Gnashing of teeth, and noise of iron chains.

He ceas'd ; and with his lance, for they appear'd

Reluctant to depart, the Angel drives
Their furious bands away ; sighing they leave
Those happy regions of delightful day, 535

Where Hesperus doth lead the silver stars ;
And towards Hell, dispread their dragon wings,
To sharpen all the torments of the damn'd ;
The birds, that follow still the burning sun,
Pass not the sea in such vast multitudes 540

Seeking the hottest climes ; nor fall so thick
Th' Autumnal leaves, when winter nips the trees
With his new frosts ; earth from such horrors freed,
Recall'd her beauty, and her joy resum'd :

But not for this, in the disdainful breast 545
Of terrible Argantes rage decay'd ;
Altho' the Fury ceas'd to breath her flames
Into his foul, and wav'd her hellish torch
No more ; aloft he whirl'd his dreadful blade,
And on the thickest ranks of enemies 550

Flung himself headlong, underneath his strength
The weak, the valiant, fell ; the brave, the proud,
Alike his murdering blows, equall'd in death.

Nor distant far, the fierce Clorinda rag'd, 554
Nor less, with mangled bodies, heap'd the plain,
Scattering their limbs around ; her fauchion pierc'd
The breast of Berlingier, quite thro' his heart,
The seat of life ; and that fell blow, she struck

So

So sure, the bloody point appear'd behind,
 Even in the mouth: young Albin then she smote,
 And Gallo's visage with her faulchion clove; 561
 Then Gernier's hand, the raging maid with force,
 Lopt from his shoulder; from his arm she late
 Receiv'd a wound; the hand still held the sword,
 And half alive the trembling fingers stirr'd; 565
 Even as a serpent's tail, when lopt away,
 Strives to be join'd unto the trunk once more.
 The championess, thus left the wounded Knight,
 And on the huge Achilles turn'd her sword;
 Upon his neck descends the fatal blow, 570
 And cut at once, the sinews and the throat;
 The head sunk down, and roll'd upon the earth,
 And soil'd the frightful visage in the dust;
 The headless body horrible to see,
 Still in the saddle sat, until his horse 575
 That felt the reins at large, flung wild about,
 And tost the mangled burthen on the plain.

While this unconquerable championess,
 Scatter'd, and broke the squadrons of the west;
 Gildippes fair and brave, amidst the troops 580
 Of Saracens, an equal slaughter made;
 The same their sex, their beauty was the same,
 Alike their youth, their valour, and their strength;
 Yet fate forbad, that they shou'd meet in fight,
 And each were doom'd, to fall by mightier foes;
 Yet oft they strove to join, but strove in vain, 586
 So terrible between them was the throng:
 The generous Guelpho, on Clorinda turn'd

His sword, and stern advanc'd, deep in her side
 He struck, and dy'd his faulchion with her
 blood ; 590

The virgin soon a sudden wound return'd,
 Between his ribs the furious blow took place ;
 A second stroke, the angry hero made
 But hit her not ; by chance, between them past
 Osmida, Palestine, another's wound 595
 The luckless chief receiv'd, that cleft his front ;
 Mean time, unnumbered bands, whom Guelpho led,
 Gather'd around the noble combatants,
 And thither many a Paynim Squadron rush'd,
 Mixt in dire battle, and inflam'd the war. 600

Mean time, the morning blushing purple red
 Lookt from her Eastern tower, upon the world ;
 And in the tumult, Argillano stern
 Broke from his prison, and his giant limbs
 Sheathed in arms, in arms that chance him
 gave, 605

And rush'd, without permission, to the fight ;
 Resolv'd, for his late errors to atone
 By glory, greatly fought, and bravely gain'd.

The war-horse thus, breaks from the regal stall
 Where he, for battle long, had been reserv'd ; 610
 He flies, and rushing o'er the fields at large
 Seeketh the herds, the well known streams, and
 flowers ;

His curled main plays on his ample neck
 And covers his proud crest, his armed hoofs
 Thunder in the career, his nostrils burn, 615
 And his loud neighings fill the spacious plains.

Such

Such Argillano seem'd ; his ardent looks
 Blaz'd terribly, his front uplifted huge,
 Intrepid was his port ; lightly he springs
 And seems to fly, nor left a print behind 620
 In the light dust : till now approaching near
 The enemy, he shouts ; even as a man
 That mockt their strength conjoyn'd. Ye out casts
 vile

Of earth, ye coward hosts of Araby,
 Whence is it, that you thus so greatly dare? 625
 Too weak ye are t' endure or helm or shield,
 Unfit to sheath your limbs in glorious arms ;
 Trembling and naked to the fight ye run,
 Your blows are wind, your safety lies in flight ;
 Your actions and your noblest enterprize 630
 Are deeds of darkness ; night is your defence,
 The night is fled, and where is your support ?
 Now better arms you need, and better hearts.

He spoke , and struck with fury at the throat
 Of strong Algazar ; clove the giant's jaws 635
 And stopt his speech, as fain he wou'd have spoke ;
 Death o'er his eyes his sudden darkness spread,
 And horrid coldness ran thro' ev'ry vein :
 He fell, and with his teeth the earth up tore,
 And dy'd as full of fury, as he liv'd. 640

Then by his puissance, strong Saladine,
 And Agricault, and Muleaffes, dy'd ;
 Proud Aldiazal his resistless sword
 In twain divided ; thro' the breast he clove
 Fierce Ariadine, whom dying, with sharp taunts 645
 The

The conqueror insulted ; his faint eyes
 The dying warrior rais'd, and thus in death
 Answer'd, to Argillano's brutal scorn ;

Nor thou, whoe'er thou art, dire enemy !
 Shalt boast thy conquest long ; the same sad fate 650
 Awaits thee, from a stronger hand, that low
 In dust will shortly lay thee, near my side.

Sternly the other smil'd and said ; let heaven
 Of that take care, mean time die thou, expos'd
 To hungry vultures and devouring dogs : 655
 Then with his foot he press'd the prostrate lord,
 Tore out the sword, and breathless left the corps.

Amidst, the crowd of archers and the knights
 Of Soliman, there rode a gentle page ;
 On whose fair chin, the spring time of his age 660
 Yet blossom'd out her flowers ; the drops of sweat
 That spread upon his fair and tender cheeks,
 Seem'd pearls, or morning dew on lillies white ;
 Unto his flowing locks the dust gave grace ;
 And fierceness mixt with beauty in his looks ; 665
 His courser, was as white as purest snow
 That falls on top of aged Appenine ;
 Nor was the light'ning or the storm, so swift
 As he, to run, to stop, to wheel in flight :
 Held in the midst, he shook a Moorish spear, 670
 And a short cutlax by his side he wore ;
 Thus in barbarick pomp he shone, array'd
 In purple robes, o'er fret with gems and gold :

The boy, (for thirst of fame in arms allur'd
 His youthful breast) assay'd his idle strength 675
 'Gainst

'Gainst ev'ry crowd and troop, nor danger found
As great, as that he fought ; till Argillan
Who cautious, watch'd fit season, as he wheel'd
To turn on him his lance ; with a swift blow
Did unawares his snowy courser kill, 680
He fell, and underneath him lay the youth :

And 'gainst his face, where beauty suppliant
mourn'd,

(But beauty and compassion nought avail
Amidst the rage of arms) the victor bent
His hand inexorable, to destroy 685
The fairest piece of nature ; even his sword
Seemed to feel, the pity he not felt,
And turn'd, and only struck him with the flat ;
But all for nought ; he aims a second blow,
The point succeeds, where late the edge had
fail'd : 690

Not distant far, the mighty Nicene king
With great Godfredo fought, soon as he view'd
The danger ; he forsakes his foe, and spurs
His furious steed, where first he saw the youth
In peril imminent ; the warring ranks 695
Dividing with his sword ; and soon arriv'd
For vengeance, but too late to give him aid :
Upon the earth his Lesbine murder'd lay,
So lies upon the plain a new cut flower ;
He saw, his eyes in tender languors fade, 700
His Iv'ry neck upon his shoulders sink ;
Deep paleness wander'd o'er his cheeks, and death
Itself, took pity of a form so fair ;

The

The foldan's heart, till now as hard as stone,
 The soft impressiön felt ; and midst his wrath 705
 Forth flow'd the manly grief. Oh Soliman !
 Thou weepest, who without a tear beheld
 Thy throne o'erturn'd, and all thy kingdom lost !
 But, when the murderer's hostile sword he saw
 Yet smoking, with the blood of the lov'd youth, 710
 All pity vanish'd ; rage and ire inflam'd
 The furious monarch's mind, and the big tears
 Stagnated in his breast ; with his rais'd sword
 On Argillan he rush'd ; and cleft his shield
 His helmit, and his head, down to his throat ; 715
 The blow was worthy Soliman's revenge.
 Nor yet with this content, off from his steed
 He lights, and furious tears the carcass dead ;
 Even as an angry dog that bites enrag'd
 The stone that struck him : Consolation vain
 For grief so mighty ! thus to wreck thy rage 720
 Upon a senseless heap of earth. Mean time
 Godfredo, did not waste his rage or blows
 Against the crowding troops of Soliman ;
 A thousand hardy Turks, cas'd in steel
 From head to foot, a dreadful phalanx stood ; 725
 Patient of labour, and untam'd by toil,
 Of daring spirit, and in danger try'd ;
 Part of the Nicene monarch's former hosts,
 Still faithful to their chief, thro' Araby
 They follow'd him, in all his sad exile, 730
 Nor from his side, in death or danger shrunk ;
 All these, in thickest order, join their ranks,
 Nor

Nor yielded to Godfredo's furious charge :
 The fierce Corcutes on the face he struck ;
 Rosteno in the flank ; one furious stroke 735
 Lopt Selin's head away ; Roseno's hands
 Fell on the ground ; the boldest warriors
 Of all that chosen band, sunk to the earth
 Beneath the chief, or wounded fore, or slain.

While thus, amidst the Paynim hosts he rag'd, 740
 And all their blows sustain'd, e'er fortune quite
 Forsook the barbarous foe, and still they hop'd
 For victory : Behold ! a cloud of dust
 Came rolling on, and in its womb contain'd
 A mighty band, at once the blaze of arms 745
 Shone forth ; the Paynim hosts recoil'd amaz'd.

These fifty warriors, midst whose ranks, uprais'd
 The ensign of the cross, triumphant stream'd,
 In silver field pourtray'd ; vain were the task, 749
 Had I an hundred mouths, an hundred tongues,
 An iron breath and voice, to tell how great
 The slaughter that they made ! what numbers fell
 Beneath their rough encounter ! low on earth
 The unwarlike Arabs lie, the Turkish troops
 In vain resist, and only nobly fall. 755

Horror, and cruelty, dismay and grief
 Run thro' the field ; death in a thousand forms
 Triumphant, stalks around the horrid plain
 Drowning the earth with blood ; the king, mean
 time

Of Holy Solyma, advanc'd from far 760
 Surrounded by his guards, for much he hop'd

A for-

A fortunate event ; high on a bank
He stood, and mark'd the hazard of the field.

But when he saw, the innumerable hosts
Of Paynim's, shrink, he founded the retreat, 765
And by repeated Messengers commands
Argantes and Clorinda, to retire :
The furious warriors, both at once, refus'd,
Made drunk with blood, and blinded by their rage.
At last they yield, and joining, strive to stop 770
The multitudes, that fled in broken ranks.

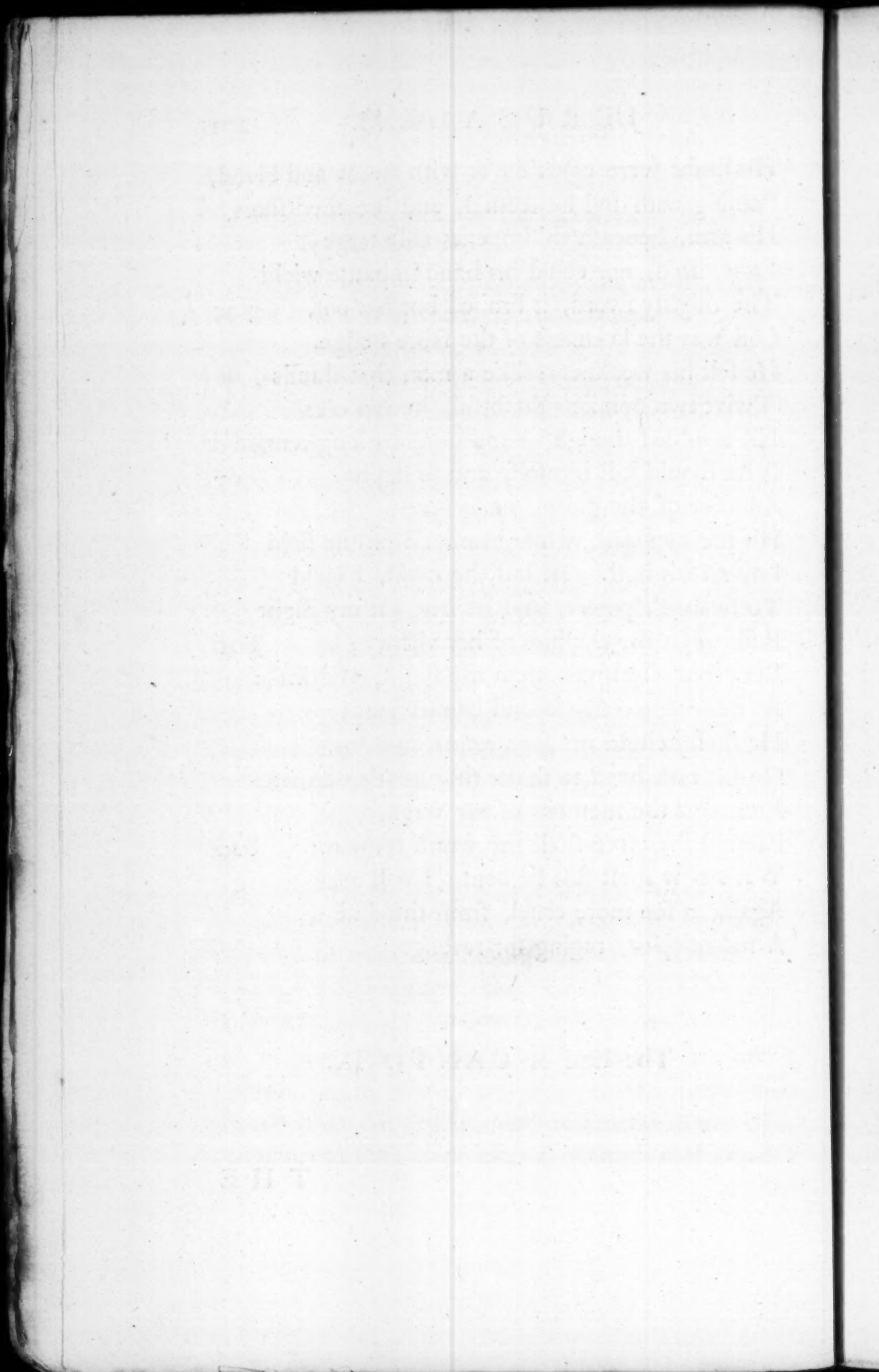
But who can govern cowardice or fear ?
From rank to rank confusion ran, and all
Disorder'd fly ; this casts his shield behind, 774
That flings his sword away, their arms are thought
Delay, and not defence ; an hollow dale
Between the city and the camp there lies,
From west to South extended ; thither fled
The squadrons, and in clouds of dust involv'd 779
Throng'd headlong, with confusion, to the wall :
While down the bank, they crowd precipitate,
With slaughter huge the Christian Knights pursu'd ;
And when they climb'd the hill, with all his guards
Old Aladine advanc'd ; on that steep bray 784
The prudent Guelpho, wou'd not risk his troops
At such a disadvantage ; there he stay'd
The swift pursuers, safe within the walls
The King, brought back the remnant of the
fight. 788

Mean time the Soldan, had perform'd in war
As much, or more, than human strength cou'd do ;
His

His limbs were cover'd o'er with sweat and blood,
Panting with toil he seem'd, and breathed short,
His arm, beneath th' impenetrable targe
Languish'd, nor cou'd his hand in battle wield
The mighty sword, it bruised but not cut, 795
Loft was the keenness of the sabre's edge.
He felt his weakness; like a man that stands
'Twixt two opinions doubtful, he ran o'er
His troubled thoughts, and dubious long remain'd
If he should kill himself, and so deprive 800
Another of the glory; or secure
His life by flight, while murder'd on the field
Lay all his host. At last, he cry'd, I yield
To fortune's power, and let her, on my flight
Build high the trophies of her victory; 805
Let proud Godfredo view my flight, and smile
At mine unworthy second banishment;
He shall behold me soon return in arms,
On his rash head to shake th' unsettled crown;
Eternal is the memory of my wrongs,
Eternal therefore shall my wrath remain; 810
War's bow shall still be bent; I will arise
Again, a foe more cruel, from the dust;
A naked spirit, raging for revenge.

The End of CANTO IX.

T H E





THE
A R G U M E N T.

C A N T O the Tenth.

OLIMAN having retired, after the battle, to a solitary forest, the magician Ismeno appears before him, and at length prevails on him to repair to Jerusalem, and assist in the defence of that city ; they are carry'd, covered in clouds thro' the air, in an enchanted chariot to the walls, and enter the city and palace, by a secret passage, known only to the magician ; where they
T find

A R G U M E N T.

find the old King in council with his peers, whom Soliman encourages to defend the city to the last extremity. The Christian Prince, being retired after the victory, desires to be informed, by the band of adventurers who had returned during the late battle, what had happened to them in their absence ; the Prince of England, relates to him, how they were enchanted by Armida, and at last sent by her, as prisoners, to the Caliph of Egypt ; but were met by Rinaldo on the way, and by him delivered from their enemies ; the assurance of that hero's being alive, fills the whole camp with joy ; Godfredo prepares to assault the city, and the Eremiter Peter foretels the glory of Rinaldo, and the mighty actions of his descendants.



T H E



THE
DELIVERY
OF
JERUSALEM.



WHILE thus he spoke, a noble courser
came
Nigh to the furious warrior, without
lord ;
At once, upon the reins he laid his hand,
And mounted ; tho' he weary was, and weak ;
The dreadful crest, that on his helmet rose 5
Was struck to earth, dishonour'd in the dust,

T 2

His

His Robes were rent, and of his kingly pomp
And regal ornaments, no sign remain'd.

Even as a prowling wolf, chac'd from the fold
Flies off to hide his head, and tho' he had gorg'd 10
His greedy paunch with food, yet hungers still
For more, and ravens after flesh ; his tongue
Forth hanging from his jaws, licks up the foam,
With famine unappeas'd. Thus retir'd

The furious Soldan from this bloody fray, 15
His rage for slaughter still unsatisfy'd.

Such was his fortune, that he past secure
Thro' thousand arrows that around him flew
A dreadful cloud ; unnumber'd spears and swords
Against him blaz'd, dire instruments of death ! 20
Yet safe he 'scaped, and retir'd unseen
Thro' desert paths and lonely ; as he went
Revolving in his troubled thoughts, what course
Was best to take, in such immense distress.

At length the Prince resolv'd, to shape his way 25
Where, his innumerable hosts, the King
Of Egypt now assembled ; and to join
With him in arms, and once again to try
Fortune, in a new fight. Determin'd thus
He stay'd not, but pursu'd his road in haste, 30
(For well he knew it, tho' without a guide)
The road, to ancient Gaza's sandy shores.

Nor, tho' he felt the torment of his wounds,
And faint and heavy were his limbs, the chief
Stop'd to repose, or lay'd aside his arms, 35
But

But travell'd all the day, with ceaseless step ;
At length, when darkness had obscur'd the world,
And every object dy'd with dismal shades,
He lighted, and up bound his wounds, as best
He cou'd, and from a palm-tree shook down
dates. 40

On them he fed, and on the naked earth
Sought to refresh, his labour weary'd limbs ;
He made a pillow of his broken shield,
And strove, if possible, to ease the grief
Of his distemper'd mind ; but little ease 45
It was, he felt, continually his wounds
Did smart him sore ; his haughty breast was gnaw'd
Within, and torn and rent his grieved heart
By those dire vultures, sorrow and disdain.

At length, when heaven and earth were hush'd
and sunk 50

In midnight silence deep, o'ercome with toil
And weariness, he 'gan to drown his cares
In dull oblivion's streams, and in a short
Unquiet rest, his languid members took
Repose, and closed were his weary'd eyes : 55
While thus he slept, a voice severe and grave
With accents strange, thus thunder'd in his ear.

Oh Soliman ! Oh Emperor renown'd !
Till better season, now reserve thy rest ;
A foreign people, underneath the yoke, 60
That country hath subdu'd, where once you reign'd ;
And sleepest thou here, forgetful, that the bones
Of thy poor mangled friends, unburied lie,

And witness, thy reproach, and foul defeat,
While thou, thus idly, waiteth for the morn? 65

The King awak'd, and rais'd his eyes, and saw
A man, that seem'd old and reverend,
A writhen staff, his aged steps upheld
Guiding his tottering limbs. And what art thou?
(The Prince in scorn reply'd) What phantom
vain? 70

Importunate, to break upon the sleep
Of weary travellers? or what to thee
Belongeth, my disgrace, or my revenge?
I am (the Sage return'd) to whom thine intent
And purpose new, is known; and one, who cares 75
For thee, and for thy welfare, better far
Than yet thou thinkest; all my services
This hour I proffer; therefore is my speech
Thus sharp and cutting, for disdain is found
Often, to sharpen virtue; Sir, accept 80
My words, in gracious sort, that are but meant
As spurs, thy former courage to provoke.
Now, to the great Egyptian Emperor,
Or much I err, you purpose to retire;
A dangerous journey, fruitlessly and rash, 85
Such do I prophecy, you undertake:
For shou'd you stay, not less the mighty host
Of Saracens assembled, will advance;
Nor will you find occasion there, to prove
Your prowess fam'd, against your enemies; 90
If me you follow, into Sion's walls,
Where now in leagure lie the Christian camps,
Safe

Safe will I bring you ; nor an hostile sword
 Your entry shall oppose, I promise this ;
 And there, great warrior, you may gain renown 95
 By arms, in dangers imminent rejoice,
 There Solyma defend, until the hosts
 Of Egypt, to renew the war, arrive.

While thus he spoke, the Turk with wonder
 mark'd

The looks, and accents of the aged man ; 100
 And from his countenance, and haughty soul
 Lay'd by his pride and anger, then reply'd.
 Father ! I willing am, and prompt to go
 Where e're thou leade'st, guide me in the way,
 I follow ; that advice still seems the best, 105
 That hath most peril in it, and fatigue.

His words the Sage approv'd, and, for the air
 Nocturnal, pain'd his wounds, a quintessence
 Therein he pour'd, that all his force restor'd ;
 That stopp'd the blood, and the incision clos'd ; 110
 And, for he saw how fresh Aurora, strew'd
 Her early roses, in the orient
 Before the car of Phæbus—It is time,
 (He said) to part ; for Tytan's rays appear,
 And, to their wonted labour, summon all. 115
 Then in his chariot, which not distant stood
 Attending, with the Nicene Emperor
 He mounts, and took the reins, his mastering
 hand

Rules the fierce steeds : So rapidly they go,

T 4

That

That on the sandy plains, they leave no mark 120
Of wheels or horses feet ; they seem, to smoke
And pant, with the impetuous course, while all
Their mouths, are whiten'd with a fleecy foam.
Wondrous to tell, the air around them roll'd
In heaps of solid clouds, invironing 125
The magic car, yet could not mortal eye
The subtle mist discern ; tho' not a stone
Hurl'd from a mural engine, cou'd transpierce
The thick surrounding vapours ; yet cou'd those
Who hurry'd were, within the hollow gloom, 130
See all things ; and the sky was then serene :
His frowning brows, the chief astonish'd, bent
And wrinkled up his front, and stared wild
Upon the cloud, and chariot, as it past
Over the earth ; so swift, that it appear'd 135
To fly ; the other that beheld his looks
Immoveable and wond'ring ; suddenly
Broke silence, and the mighty Soldan call'd.

The monarch rous'd him, and at length began :
Oh ! whosoe're thou art, that far above 140
The ways of nature, hath these actions great
And wonderful, perform'd ; that know'st the deep
Intents and purposes, which secret lie
Within the human heart, if thou hast arriv'd
To such vast knowledge, from above inspir'd, 145
To tell th' event of things, remote and dark ;
Oh say ! what issue hath the heaven's decreed
To these commotions dire of Asia.

But

But tell me first thy name, and by what art
 Thou do'st these wonders strange, that fill my
 soul 150

With deep astonishment; oh! first remove
 Doubt from my troubled heart, then may I hear
 And understand, the marvels thou may'st spake.

The wizard smil'd and said, easy it is
 In part, great Sir, to satisfy thy will. 155

I am Ismeno, the great Syrian Mage,
 Such title, from my secret skill, I gain'd;
 But, to reveal the future, and unfold
 Th' eternal annals of dark destiny
 And things to come, too rash is your desire, 160
 Your wish too bold; such knowledge, never fell
 To mortal lot; wisdom and strength, are given
 To shun the evils, and the woes of life;
 And still it happens, that the wise and brave
 Make for themselves, an issue fortunate. 165

That puissant arm, which well can shake the strength
 Of the usurped empire of the Franks,
 And not alone protect, alone defend
 From this fierce People, the besieged walls
 Of Solyma, the preparation great 170
 Of sword and fire opposing; much I hope
 Great actions shall attempt, great things perform.
 Know this to thy contentment, which in clouds
 Obscure, of distant ages, I foretel.

I see, or think I see, e're the bright sun 175
 Eternal planet, in his annual course
 Shall many years revolve, a Prince arise

That

That with his deeds illustrious, shall adorn
 All Asia, and in fertile Egypt hold
 The imperial sceptre: of his fame in peace, 180
 And policy, I spake not, of his rule,
 And thousand virtues which are yet obscure;
 Let this suffice, that he shall subjugate
 The Christian forces, and their power destroy;
 From its foundation, their great empire 185
 Usurped, shall be overthrown; the small
 Afflicted remnant, in a narrow land
 Sea-girt, themselves shall fortify. From thee
 Shall spring, this Lord of fortune, and of war.

Ended the Mage, great Soliman return'd. 190
 Oh warrior blest! elect to such renown.
 He ceas'd, and envy'd much, and much rejoic'd.
 Then said: Let fate, with good or bad aspect
 Behold me, as the power supreme decrees;
 Over my mind, she hath no sov'reignty, 195
 Nor ever shall she look on me subdu'd:
 First, shall yon silver moon her course forsake,
 Yon stars their orbits pale, e'er Soliman
 Will be diverted, from his firm resolve. 199
 He spoke, and speaking seem'd to breath out fire.

Thus did they parle, till nigh approach'd, they
 saw
 Uprear'd, the white pavilions of the French;
 How cruel was the spectacle, how dire?
 In what a thousand shapes, did death appear?
 Furious, and full of flame, became the eyes 205
 Of this fierce warrior, while the gushing woe
 Stained

Stained his cheeks. Alas! with what regret
Saw he, his standards proud, sunk in the dust
Inglorious, now no longer terrible. 209

Then deeply sigh'd, and sudden drew his sword,
Leapt from the car, and purposed to rush
Upon his fate: but him, the hoary Mage
Recall'd, with grave rebuke, and soon appeas'd
His foolish rashness; once again, the King
Remounts the chariot, to the hill sublime 215
On drove the aged fire, and hastening on
They left, the Christian Leaguer, far behind.

Then they alight; while from their view at
once

Vanish'd the empty Car, the present path
They follow now on foot, yet still the cloud 220
Inviron'd them around. On the left hand
Down went they, in a valley all obscure,
Until they had approach'd, where to the West
The hill of Sion, turns it rocky sides;
There the Magician stopt, and on the steeps 225
Embrown'd, with pierceless thickets, bent his eyes.
Far in the craggy stone, an ample cave
Extends, from longest time, by mortal hands
Hollow'd, but by disuse, the vault was stopp'd
By plants and bushes hoar, that lay around 230
The rocky passage: here the sage removes
The rude obstructions, thro' the narrow pass,
Exploring entrance; with one hand, he sought
The passage, with the other led the Prince.

The

The Soldan thus : What secret place of stealth ?
 What hidden vault, behoves it me to pass ? 236
 This sword, can find a passage, better far
 Than that which thou can'st shew me ? Soon re-
 ply'd

The other : Let thy cautious soul not scorn,
 With daring steps, to tread this secret path ; 240
 For this, of old the mighty Herod us'd,
 He, that in arms and war was so renown'd.
 This hollow cave, the potent monarch made,
 When his proud subjects, he in bondage held :
 By this, he cou'd from yonder fortress strong, 245
 (Antonio call'd, from his lov'd Antony)
 To all invisible, direct his steps
 Into the midst of the temple old ;
 And enter thence the city, secretly,
 And mighty armies introduce, unseen. 250
 But now, this dark and solitary way,
 To me, of all mankind, is only known ;
 By this we pass, to where great Aladine
 Amidst, his sage and potent counsellors,
 More than he ought, dreadeth the threats of
 chance, 255

And sheweth signs of terror ; in fit time
 You come, to hear their grave debates, to spake
 Bold words, or silence keep, as time shall serve.

He spoke : the giant warrior, past at length
 The narrow entrance, and thro' passages 260
 Of everlasting darkness, follow'd on
 His sage conductor ; low at first the way
 Inclined,

Inclin'd, yet as they went, the grotto spread
 More spacious still, the further they advanc'd ;
 So that upright they walk'd, e'er they had reach'd
 The middle of that cavern, dark and strange.
 Ismen, at length, unlock'd a little door, 267
 And up a long disused stairs they climb ;
 Dim was the light, and clouded was the air,
 The light, that faintly from on high came down ;
 Out of the hollow cave, at last they came 271
 Into a rich illumin'd hall, and there
 With diadem and sceptre, high advanc'd
 Sat, the sad King among his nobles sad.

The furious Turk, within the hollow cloud
 Remain'd unseen, yet all distinctly saw, 276
 And heard these heavy speeches, which the King
 Thus utter'd, from his throne magnificent :
 Oh faithful friends ! what ruin terrible
 Did yesterday, unto our reign, bring forth ? 280
 Now are we fall'n, fall'n from our highest hopes,
 Nor ought, but aid from Egypt, now remains ;
 And well you see, how distant is that hope,
 The danger yet how near ; for your advice
 This council have I summon'd, and that each 285
 May, what he thinks, deliver. Thus he spoke ;
 A whisper faint arose, gentle as winds
 That stir the groves of spring, when with bold
 look

And chearful, from his seat Argantes rose.
 Oh King magnanimous (for thus began 290
 The stern and unsubdued warrior)

What

What words are these? Why dost thou try our faith
And courage? What strange doubts dost thou
conceal?

Yet this I say, in me your safety place,
For confidence in virtue never harms; 295
Make her your shield, from her, assistance ask,
Nor let us love life, more than she allows.
I say not this, because I ought misdeem
Of Egypt's certain succours; to appear
Doubtful, of my great master's promises, 300
Not justice were nor duty: but these words
I only utter, for the warm desire
Of seeing still, in some of us, a soul
Unconquer'd by adversity; that thus
We might, for every fortune, be prepar'd, 305
For glorious victory, or glorious death.

This and no more, the noble warrior said,
As one, who spoke not, in a doubtful cause.
Orcano then, of great authority
And princely lineage, rose; a man esteem'd 310
In former days for arms, and newly join'd
In marriage, to a fair and youthful bride;
Young were his children, he averse to war,
Mov'd by a parent's, and an husband's love.

Dread sov'reign (thus he said) I not accuse 315
The fervour, of these words magnificent,
That come from noble ardour, which the heart
Cannot contain; altho' in highest terms
Of haughtiness, our good Circassian friend
Is only us'd to spake; to that I grant 320

Allow-

Allowance, for his deeds invincible
 Nobly, respond unto his boasting words :
 Yet, if it you beseeem, whom length of years
 And long experience, have made cautious ;
 With your grave council, to restrain the heat 325
 Of headstrong youth, that hurries him away ;
 In equal ballance weigh, those distant hopes
 With dangers near and imminent ; compare
 Those new rais'd bulwarks, and those walls decay'd,
 With th' arms and fury of your enemies : 330
 If without blame, I may declare my thoughts,
 Sion, by nature and by art, is strong ;
 But engines, huge of frame, and violent
 Of force, 'gainst these defences are prepar'd ;
 I know not the event, much do I hope, 335
 And much I dread th' uncertain chance of war.
 If longer we're besieg'd, our food will fail ;
 For all the flocks and herds, which yesterday
 You brought, within the walls, while the fierce foe
 Raged in blood, and heapt the plain with death 340
 Victorious, only are a little bait
 For famine's empty maw, a poor support
 For this great city, if the leagure lasts ;
 And it must last, till the prefixed time
 When Egypt's mighty armies shall arrive. 345
 But what if they are slow ? Or grant, they come
 As we expect, and they have promised sure ;
 The victory is yet not ours ; not yet
 Oh Sir, from ruinous siege, is Sion freed ;
 Great King ! with that Godfredo still we fight, 350
 With

With the same leaders, and unconquer'd hosts,
Who have so often, routed and dispers'd
Turks, Arabs, Persian, Syrian multitudes.
Valiant Argantes ! thou can'st well report
(For oft hast thou before their force retir'd, 355
And often turn'd thy back) how terrible
The Christians are, and in thy winged feet
Hath been thy safety : This Clorinda knows,
And I, and all, who fled ; for none had cause
To boast, above his fellows, noble deeds ; 360
Nor blame I any, for in every fight
The greatest valour on our side was shewn.
This must I say, tho' this redoubted chief
Disdains, the threats of nigh approaching death,
Disdains, the voice of truth ; yet I foresee 365
The certain marks, of ruin imminent
From this dire enemy ; no town so strong,
No people so renown'd in war, t' impede
Godfredo's victories, and destin'd reign ;
Therefore I say, and be my witness heaven, 370
Urg'd, by my country's love, and fervent zeal ;
That prudently the King of Tripoly
Peace from the Franks obtained, and his crown :
But the Nicean Soldan, obstinate
Is either dead, or overwhelm'd with chains ; 375
Or else, in fearful exile hath he fled,
And lives to prove th' extreme of misery ;
When yielding part, part of his empire
He might have kept, by tribute and by gifts.

Thus

Thus spake Orcanes, and with doubtful words
 He glanc'd obliquely at his vain intent, 381
 Which was, to sue for peace, or yield himself
 A slave ; nor dar'd he openly to give
 Such council. This the Soldan fierce disdain'd,
 Nor cou'd with-hold his indignation 385
 Tho' wrapt in clouds. Him, Ismen thus address'd :
 How Monarch these reproaches can you bear ?

Oh let me spake (he cry'd) against my will
 Am I conceal'd, with rage and shame I burn.
 He said, and suddenly the veil of clouds 390
 Which cover'd them from human sight, was torn
 And vanish'd into air ; in th' open day
 The mighty warrior shone, and with fierce look
 Refulgent, in the midst of those great peers
 Who sat in council, suddenly began. 395

Of whom you spake, behold ! the Nicene
 King,

Not timorous nor fled, and on that wretch
 That he's a coward and a lyar vile
 This hand shall prove in combat : I who've shed
 A river huge of blood, and heapt up hills 400
 Of slaughter'd Christians ; I, who in their camp
 Inclos'd, still fought when all my hosts had fall'n ;
 I, that inglorious coward fugitive.
 If this, or any coward vile as this,
 False to his faith and country, dares to speak 405
 Of composition, base and infamous ;
 Your pardon mighty King, here shall he die :
 Sooner shall wolves and lambs together feed

In the same fold, and serpents dwell with doves,
 Than Asia and the towers of Solyma 410
 Have friendship with the Christian infidels.

While thus he spoke, he bar'd his dreadful
 sword

And threatening, rais'd his arm ; dumb stood the
 knights

So dreadful was his word, astonish'd, still,
 The fury of his soul was in his looks. 415

Gently at last, to Sion's aged Lord
 He turn'd, and calm'd his rage, and thus began :
 Nor yet despair great Prince, for lo ! I bring
 No trivial succour, I am Soliman.

Swift from his throne, old Aladine arose 420
 And thus address'd the Prince : Oh how I joy
 To see, my much lov'd and much honour'd friend ;
 Now feel I not the loss of all my troops
 Late slaughter'd in the field, nor longer dread
 Th' uncertain fate of war ; thou my weak state 425
 Shalt 'stablish, and in time, again restore
 Thy kingdom overturn'd, if heaven consents.
 He spoke, and clasp'd the Soldan in his arms.

Their greetings o'er, to the great Emperor
 Of Nice, his Throne old Aladine resign'd, 430
 And on the left, in a rich seat, adorn'd
 Magnificent, reclin'd ; Ismeno sage
 Beside him sat, of whom he ask'd, what way
 They came ? which he declar'd : Clorinda fair
 First, to great Soliman, her rev'rence paid, 435
 Then

Then all the rest advanc'd, with low salute ;
 Among the prime, Ormusses, valiant chief,
 Who led a band of Arabs, and, while rag'd
 The battle, turning thro' unused ways,
 And aided by the silence, and the night, 440
 Arrived safe within fair Sion's walls ;
 And there of oxen and of plunder'd herds
 A convoy, to the famish'd soldiers, brought.
 With stern disdainful looks, sullen, and sad,
 The strong Circassian sat ; and lion like 445
 Rolled his fiery eyes around, nor rose
 From off his seat ; nor durst Orcanes view
 The furious Soldan, with a down-cast look
 Contemptible, and thoughtful, he remain'd ;
 Thus, with their lords and chiefs in council sat 450
 Judea's Tyrant, and the Turkish King.

Mean time, the pious Bulloigner pursu'd
 The glorious conquest, and the flying foe,
 And open'd all the passes ; then perform'd
 To his slain warriors, the last sad right 455
 Of pious, and of solemn funeral ;
 Then order'd that his armies be prepar'd
 Upon the second day, to give th' assault ;
 While with destruction still more terrible
 Of ruinous war, he threatens the besieg'd ; 460
 And, for he knew that dreadful squadron
 Who aided him against the Infidels,
 To be his dearest friends, and that brave troop
 Which follow'd late, the fair enchanting maid ;

And with them Tancred, that was late confin'd 465
 In prison, by Armida, faithless dame !
 In presence of the holy Eremite,
 For the most prudent and esteem'd, he sends,
 Then thus began. Some one of you declare
 Your fortunes, and uncertain wandrings late ; 470
 Tell us, what way you found, to bring us aid
 In peril so extreme. Blushing they cast
 Their looks on earth, for to the noble heart
 Sharp is the sting, of even a little guilt ;
 At length, the youthful son of England's King 475
 The silence broke, and rais'd his modest eyes.

We, not elected to that great exploit,
 Each by himself, by secret flight retir'd,
 Following, I not deny, the fraudulent torch
 Of love, and beauty's fair enticing charms ; 480
 We went, thro' ways perplexed and unknown,
 And full of discord, and of jealousy ;
 Her treacherous words and charmed looks, too soon
 Alas discover'd, nurs'd our love and scorn ;
 At last, we 'gan approach that horrid clime 485
 Where lightning fell, in horrid flame, from
 heaven,

To take a dire revenge, for nature's sin,
 Against a race, so harden'd in offence ;
 The land, before so fruitful and so fair,
 Was now a barren lake, of smoking waves 490
 Bituminous ; and as the waters toss,
 The air's compress'd, and stench infects the sky ;

This

This is the lake, where nothing that hath weight
 Sinks to the bottom down, but like to cork
 Or scatter'd leaves, men, stones and iron float 495
 Upon the slimy surface ; there a tower
 Stands eminent, to which, save by a bridge
 Narrow and short, all entrance is deny'd ;
 Thither Armida brought us, fair within
 Th' enchanted castle smil'd, by wondrous art. 530
 Soft was the air, and all serene the sky,
 Beauteous the trees, the meadows bright, and sweet
 The waters ; for within the thickest shade
 Of myrtles green, a chrystal spring forth pour'd
 A silver flood, that made a tinkling sound 505
 The flowers and herbs among, mixt with the noise
 Of rustling leaves ; the birds sung hymns of love ;
 Nor spake I here, of marble, or of gold,
 Nor all the charms, of workmanship, or art ;
 Under the thick and over-arching shade, 510
 Beside the brook, and on the velvet grass,
 With vases high emboss'd, a table stood
 Of silver form'd, and furnish'd sumptuously
 With choice and costly viands, all things there
 Did furnish out the banquet, which the earth 515
 Presented, or the sea brought forth, all things
 That art cou'd form ; and there an hundred
 maids

Beauteous and young, did at the table serve.

She with sweet words, and false enticing
 smiles,

Infused

Infused love, amidst the rich repast ; 520
 And from empoison'd cups, each amorous youth
 Drank love and long oblivion : Then she rose,
 And cry'd, I'll soon return ; she soon return'd,
 But with a changed, and a furious look ;
 One hand, a charmed rod, the other, held 525
 A book, in which she murmur'd horrid spells ;
 The fair enchantress read, and chang'd I felt
 My thoughts, and my intentions chang'd, my
 life

And place of habitation ; pleasures new
 I sought, amazing potency ! and leapt 530
 Into the flood, and to the bottom plung'd ;
 My legs and feet both into one were shrunk,
 Mine hands and arms, into my back were turn'd,
 My form contracted, o'er my body grew
 An harden'd scale ; the man is now a fish. 535
 My friends, with me at once, like shape assum'd,
 And drank the living silver of the stream ;
 And such, to my remembrance, were my thoughts
 As when, we dream of vain disturbed things ;
 At length, it pleas'd her to restore our shape, 540
 When full of wonder and of fear, we stood
 Before her presence silent, when the dame
 With ireful look, thus threat'ned us dismay'd.

Ye have experienc'd, my strange potency,
 And what a sov'reignty o'er you I hold ; 545
 Within my will it lies, to make you loose
 In woeful prison, the blest light of heaven

For

For ever ; I can change ye, into birds,
 Or trees, upon the top of craggy rocks
 To endure an endless winter ; all your limbs 550
 My power can harden into stones, or melt
 You into waters cold, or change to beasts ;
 And yet, you may avoid mine heavy wrath,
 If, to Armida's will, you yield accord,
 And with your swords, the Pagan's feeble
 power 555

Assist, and 'gainst the guilty Bulloigner
 Defend my crown. At once we all refus'd
 Loathing the curst conditions, all, but one,
 Rambaldo false ; us in a dungeon then
 She cast, in darkness chains and misery. 560

Within short while, to the same castle came
 Tancred, and was with us a captive made ;
 Some time in thralldom, the enchantress false
 Detain'd us there, (and if I heard the truth)
 A messenger, from Idraotte, obtain'd 565
 At length, to take us from that curs'd place,
 And with an hundred knights, disarm'd and bound
 To carry us to Egypt's mighty King.
 Our journey we pursue, as providence
 Divine, had all things settled and ordain'd ; 570
 When good Rinaldo, he, whose courage high
 By perillous attempts, to fame ascends
 Exceeding human thought : The convoy met
 That led us captive, fought, and overcome
 The knights and guard ; then in their harness
 strong 575
 He

He arm'd us ; harness that at first were ours ;
 This glorious hero, all of us beheld,
 We saw his valour, and his voice we heard ;
 False is the rumor that abroad is spread
 Of dangerous import, safe the hero's life 580
 Which fortune long preserve ; thrice hath the sun
 In glory rose, since us he left, and rode
 To Antioch ward, but first he left behind
 His arms, that cloven were, and dy'd in blood.

Thus spoke the Briton Prince ; the Eremite 585
 Mean time, with awe, did lift to heaven his eyes,
 And chang'd his colour, and his countenance
 chang'd ;

How full of holy venerable grace
 Then shone his visage bright ! the deity
 Possess'd him whole, ravish'd with pious zeal 590
 Up to th' angelick harmonies of saints
 Approach'd his soul, the future present past
 Was all reveal'd, the vast eternal round
 Of infinite years, and ages yet to come ;
 His tongue in more than human accents told 595
 The great events that destiny decreed ;
 All turn'd on him their looks, and trembling stood ;
 To the unusual thunder of his voice
 Attentive, while he spoke. Rinaldo lives ;
 The arts and lies of feminine deceit 600
 Are now explain'd ; he lives, and Heaven will
 long

Preserve his youthful days, for greater fame ;
 These

These actions yet are trivial, and presage
 How Asia's Kings shall shrink, but at his name;
 For well I prophecy, in future years 605
 That he shall tame the guilty Emperor,
 And with his eagle's silver wings, o'er-shade
 The Church and Rome, from Cæsar's dreaded
 bird,

The talons shall be broke, and sons be born,
 Sons of Rinaldo, noble as their sire. 610

His children's children from his hardness
 And great attempts, shall bright example take;
 Shall, from rebellious Emperors unjust,
 The sacred temples, and the mitre, save;
 Shall raise the humble, and depress the proud, 615
 The guilty punish, guard the innocent;
 These be their arts; and far as shines the sun,
 The eagle of the house of Este shall fly,
 The brightness, and the truth, her eyes behold,
 And mortal thunders unto Peter's aid 630
 She bears, and spreadeth her victorious wings
 Where, for the cause of Christ, his Christians
 fight;

This virtue, Heaven's high providence bestows
 By fateful laws, so 'tis ordain'd above,
 From whence, her sacred origin she drew, 625
 That she to this great enterprize be call'd.

By words like these, the holy Eremite
 Dispell'd their fears, of great Rinaldo's death;
 Amidst the common joy, still silent stood

The pious Bulloigner, immers'd in thought ; 630
Mean time the night arose, and o'er the face
Of earth, her veil extended ; all the rest
In tents enjoy'd repose, save he, whose cares
Still slumber, from his weary eyes, repell'd.

The End of VOL. I.

